

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS.

Jemima Jacobs.

A STORY OF PRISON LIFE.

I am married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago I was an assistant matron in a prison for female convicts, situated on the south side of London. I am not inclined to give its particular name, though I got reports and a fair share of promotion in the establishment, and left it with the character of an efficient officer; for the story I am about to tell might appear somewhat compromising, in the eyes of strict lady superintendents, if it ever came across them.

Well, I had been about a year in the service, and got fully acquainted with its duties, when a Jewess named Jemima Jacobs was placed in my ward. She was young—not over twenty, I should say—but not at all handsome, being coarse-featured, squat, and of a dirty-brown complexion, which the prison dress did not improve, as you may imagine. Her trial had taken place at the central criminal court, on a charge of stealing plate and jewelry to a large amount from a wealthy Jewish family in which she had been kitchen-maid. The evidence was clear against her, the family being the chief witnesses. Jacobs was convicted, and sentenced to one year's penal servitude,—a lenient sentence, as it was thought for her offence. But the family, while they appeared against her, were unanimous on the subject of her previous good conduct, and showed a laudable anxiety to mitigate her punishment by all the means in their power.

After her arrival within our penal walls, no visiting-day elapsed without some of them coming to see and converse with their unlucky kitchen-maid. As my readers are (as I hope) without experience of prison discipline, I may mention that such interviews take place through two opposite grates,—the convict standing at the inner, her friends at the outer one, and a prison officer seated in the space between them, to see that nothing is said or done contrary to regulations. I frequently occupied that post, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole family, for they came in turn by ones and twos.

Let me premise that their name was Josephs, and their place of business a notable one in Cheapside, with a jeweler's shop in front, and a pawnbroker's office round the corner. They consisted, as far as I ever knew, of a father and a son, a brother and two daughters. The father, a tall thin stooping man, who looked as he had cried "Cle" in his time, was always rather shabbily dressed. The son was exactly like him, only some inches shorter; to me he did not look many years younger, though, of course, he must have been; and I cannot say how I found out that his name was Samuel. Probably it was from hearing his mother call him so, for he came with her on the first day. She was an enormous woman, dressed in expensive but half-soiled finery. Her two daughters were handsome, dashing girls, with full faces, an abundance of jewelry, and very fashionable bonnets, they mostly came in their carriage to the end of the road in which the prison is situated; there it waited for them till the interview was over, and father, mother, son or daughters never stayed more than five minutes. The sight of Jacobs and the exchange of a very few words with her seemed to satisfy them, but one and all accosted her with the same sorrowful kindness, as if deeply grieved by her unfortunate position. There was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and consider them all for her good, and a declaration that they would take her again to their service, at the expiration of her sentence, if she behaved well. Jacobs made suitable responses and very humble acknowledgments; but one thing struck me as remarkable, and it was never omitted in one of their visits,—they never vent without asking if she had come to a proper repentance of her great sin yet, and Jacobs as invariably answered—"I'm afraid I have not." This was so regularly one, that I at last concluded it must have some religious signification only to the Jews. The conduct of the Josephs toward their convicted kitchen-maid was certainly more amiable than Gentiles generally show in like circumstances. But the matrons and assistants soon began to hint that the cause might be found in Jacobs herself. A more civil or submissive creature no prison-officer could desire to have in charge. In fact, Jacobs required little care; she scrubbed the stone floors, made the rough bags, was locked up at night, and even attended chapel, with the same unmurmuring hum-

mility. Jacobs gave no trouble; and anybody accustomed to look after female convicts will have an idea of what a rare jewel she must have appeared in our eyes, and what a contrast she presented to the other women of the ward.

I am not going to enter on the woes of an assistant matron; but the unexampled good behavior of my new prisoner, while it spared my nerves and temper, could not but gain my best regards. I positively liked Jacobs before she had been a fortnight under my charge, and the poor Jewess seemed to return my good will. There was no trouble she would not have taken, no haste she would not have made, to serve me; she ran without being bidden; and when allowed to clean my room, as a reward for good conduct—because it conferred additional liberty,—she made everything as bright and polished as if it had been new. I was pleased, of course; but cleaning and scouring appeared to be Jacobs's hobby,—an uncommon one for a Jewess, and still more rare among the inhabitants of our wards. All the time she could spare from prison-work was devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing up her own cell in the corner. Walls, floor, even the ceiling, got the benefit of her exertions; she reached them with an agility which nobody would expect from her squat figure. Almost the entire ward was indebted to her in this way,—which brings me to the only troublesome inclination Jacobs ever showed.

There was no such thing as getting her to rest or remain in a cell more than two or three weeks; once it was fairly secured out, and there was nothing more for Jacobs to clean; not a speck of dust left on its bare walls or in its four corners, she became uneasy, restless, always imploring leave to change with her next neighbor. Prison rules do not recognize such humors; but as in the workings of every system rules will be relaxed and modified according to character and circumstances, so in female convict prisons, the good will of officers, the consideration of directors, and sometimes the general desire for as much of a quiet life as can be got in such places, admit of small matters and allowances beyond the strict regulations. Jacobs seemed to understand the fact, and took her measures accordingly. The only request she ever made to directors, lady superintendent, or chaplain, the only privilege she ever coaxed from me in return for her spontaneous services, the only approach to intimacy with her fellow prisoners she ever tried, was for leave to exchange her cell. There was a report among us—I knew not how it originated—to the effect that the Josephs had made interest in her favor with the prison authorities. Whatever the influence brought to bear on the case might be, certain it was that Jacobs's request was always granted; she got leave to exchange. I could not be more obdurate than the directors to a creature who served me with such zeal; and as for her fellow prisoners, though by no means inclined to assist or gratify each other generally, they were willing enough to oblige Jacobs. In short, before half the time of her sentence had elapsed, she had made the round of the entire ward; and last requested, with her usual perfidious humility, an immediate transfer to No. 49, the last cell at the extreme end of the corridor, and the only one she had not tried.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was out of the way, and partly because there was a dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison, a division of the building much more ancient than the rest, which, in former times, had been on certain occasions appropriated to male convicts, and a noted burglar was said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell. Such stories never can be told out, but it was hushed up as far as possible, to save the officers trouble in case the cell should be wanted. That did not happen, to my great satisfaction, and No. 49 was left in its emptiness till Jacobs took a fancy to occupy it. Whether she had heard the tale or not, I had no certainty; it was very likely that some old inhabitant of the prison would make her aware of it. I advised the Jews against her meditated exchange; told her she could not expect to have another, after going round the ward as she had done; warned her that No. 49 was the most solitary, and probably, from its long emptiness, coldest of all the cells. But my advice and warnings were alike in vain; humbly obstinate as ever, Jacobs would go and in she went. I determined, in my wrath, that she should

not make another flitting in a hurry, whatever recollections of the burglar might arise. But, to my agreeable surprise, Jacobs appeared to think nothing about him; she scrubbed and cleaned and polished No. 49 with as much energy as she had shown in her former apartments,—if possible, I thought, rather more. The ward-women were unanimous that she knew all about the burglar; but in the cell Jacobs remained, as if perfectly satisfied at last; and when nearly a month had passed, I congratulated myself on the prospect of no more removals.

In the meantime, the Josephs kept on coming to see her at the gate, chiefly the mother and daughters; indeed, I observed that the gentlemen of the family, having doubtless more business on their hands, were but rare visitors, particularly the son Samuel. The dialogue was always the same, concluding with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every day. Their ex-kinchmaids did not seem to share their grief; she made the accustomed response humbly and calmly, as if certain the requisite amount of contrition would come in good time; and I could not help thinking it a sort of Jewish penance which made her take to the scrubbing and scouring of her out-of-the-way cell more resolutely after every visit.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. It was mid-winter, and, besides being unusually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants. Whoever has had to do with female-convict establishments will be aware that in the dark December, or rather the Christmas and New-year times, there is always a disposition to small riots among the inhabitants of the cells. Whether it arises from the remembrance of former festivities, contrasting with the monotony of prison life, or from some occult influence of the season acting on the spirits and tempers of those difficult subjects, I cannot say; but certain I am, from woful experience, that more windows are then broken, more blankets and sheets torn up, more fierce battles fought, and more women carried off screaming to the dark cell, than at any other period of the year. We had nothing of the kind as yet, and were hoping to get over the troublesome time in comparative quiet; but increased watchfulness was nevertheless considered necessary, and those who did the night duty were enjoined to make the round of the wards more frequently than usual. A dreary business it was for the assistant matrons, to whom the work generally fell, to pace about, all the winter night, through those gloomy stone passages,—wrapped in a cloak, and with lantern in hand,—listening for every sound, looking in at the inspection-hole above every cell-door, and anxiously waiting for the six-o'clock bell, which would relieve their watch.

I was on duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds, and found everything quiet, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock on the morning, the weariest hour in the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into or even approached No. 49. The cell, as I have said, was out of the way; there was a sort of bend or angle in the passage, which led to its door, and might have suited for its ancient use—the condemned-cell of the old prison. Jacobs had never given any trouble, and was certainly not a breaking-out subject. I felt it no neglect of duty to leave her alone from hour to hour, while all the rest of the wards were duly inspected; but, for regulations' sake, I felt that I ought to see the door of No. 49, as this was almost my last round. Back I went in its direction,—and let me remark that I had on a pair of list slippers, which were thought perfect treasures to a matron on the night-watch, for their noiselessness;—but judge of my amazement and confusion when, on softly approaching the cell of my model prisoner, I caught a low rasping sound, as if something were being done with a file or chisel. There was a faint light, too; I shaded my lantern, and looked through the inspection hole. The gas was burning very low; and crouched in the corner, with her face close to the door, but working with both hands and a small bit of broken iron, as if to widen a crevice she had made between it and the wall, I saw the hitherto quiet and most manageable Jacobs. She had not heard and could not see me; and great as my surprise was, my curiosity to know what she could be about, or intend by making that noise, was still greater. I stood for a minute or two watching her work, and soon

perceived that her object was to get her fingers in or to get something out. The effort seemed desperate, for her hands were scratched and bleeding in many places by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the stone and the broken bit of iron; but at length she succeeded in getting two fingers into the crevice, and with them came a string of beads so brilliant that they flashed like so many drops of fire in the faint gas-light.

"What on earth are you doing, Jacobs?" said I, speaking out my astonishment; and the Jewess turned round with a far less amazed look than mine must have been.

"You have caught me, miss," she said, in her customary low and humble tone; "I knew you would. But you won't be hard on me;—you are a merciful lady; the Josephs will make you any present you like; and maybe you would be good enough to take this," she continued, coming close to the locked door, and presenting to me, through the inspection-hole, a small but very brilliant pin.

"No, Jacobs," said I, "I will not take any bribe from you, and I want nothing from the Josephs; but I want to know what you have been doing up at this hour in your cell, and what that was you took out of the crevice between the wall and the floor."

"I'll tell you all, miss, and leave my case to your charity," replied Jacobs. "Thank my stars, the women are too far off to hear a word."

I knew that was correct, and it made me stand at the inspection-hole, to hear her tell, in the dead silence of the winter night, one of the most singular tales of device and endurance that ever came to my knowledge.

The string of brilliant beads was an old-fashioned diamond necklace, valued at—I forgot how many thousands. It had been sold or pawned—Jacobs could not decidedly say which, but I believe the latter—to a grand-uncle of the Josephs, who carried on a business similar to their own, but on a much more extended scale by a certain Russian countess, who came in the train of the Emperor Alexander, when the allied sovereigns visited England. The transaction was a private one, to be kept from the knowledge of the lady's family, and doubtless the Josephs' grand-uncle had his own reasons for keeping a strict silence on the subject. Yet some intimation of the diamonds and their whereabouts must have reached a noted gang of burglars, who infested London early in the Twenties, for they made an attack on his premises one night, and carried off, among other spoils of less value, the Russian countess' necklace. The grand-uncle had pursued them with all the force of law, and with all the power of riches. Many of the gang were taken, and among them the leader, in whose possession the diamonds were believed to remain. But no bribe, no promise that the Jewish attorney employed for the purpose could offer, would induce him to give the smallest information regarding the place of their concealment. The man was a strange and desperate character, and owed the firm a grudge on account of a brother in the same trade, whom they had been instrumental in bringing to justice, for an unsuccessful endeavor after those very diamonds. He stood stoutly against every persecution. The Jew should get no knowledge out of him; he would not be executed; and the burglar kept his word, in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell invested with traditional terrors for all future prisoners. But the Josephs' attorney, in the course of his frequent conferences with him and his associates, made one discovery, or rather, guess. From hints inadvertently dropped, and looks involuntarily cast, he took a suspicion that, in spite of prison-searchers and other improbabilities, the diamonds had been snuggled in with the chief of the robbers, and hidden in some crevice of his cell. Like a prudent son of Israel, the attorney had kept the surmise for his own future benefit; but years passed, and no opportunity for acting upon it came within his reach. He grew old, infirm, and ready to retire from business, in which it appeared he had not realized much money; and then it occurred to him, as a proper and profitable course, to sell his suspicion for a respectable sum to the surviving relatives of the diamond-robber. According to Jacobs, the bargain had been a stiff one, though owing to the lapse of time, the failure of memory, and the alterations made in the old prison, it was impossible for the attorney to say what cell the burglar had occupied. By judicious inquiries, however, the Josephs found out that such a cell still existed,

marked and made memorable by its peculiar legend; and their kitchen-maid, Jemima, being of pure Jewish race, and a distant relation, volunteered to recover the family treasure by an expedient and for a reward which nobody but a descendant of him who served the fourteen years for Laban's daughter would have thought of.

It appeared she had fixed her affections on their son Samuel—whether on account of his being heir of the house, or for some special attraction she had discovered in him, Jemima did not make clear to me; but on the strength of a promise that she should be made Mrs. Samuel Josephs, if her scheme proved successful, this true daughter of Jacob (of course with the contrivance of the family) stole plate and other valuables, concealed them in her box of clothes, incurred suspicion and search, was committed, tried, and sentenced to a year of penal servitude within the prison where the diamonds were believed to be hidden. She depended on her own ingenuity for getting into the dreaded cell, and discovering the hiding-place; hence her frequent removals, her scrubbing and scouring propensities, and, I sincerely believe, her humble service to me. How she contrived to bribe the women to those exchanges with small articles of jewelry brought to the prison, and retained in spite of hair-cutting and changes of clothes, Jacobs frankly confessed, for the pin she offered me was one of them. But the most curious part of the business, to my thinking, was the Josephs' regular question concerning her repentance, which was nothing less than the agreed-on signal, and meant—"Have you found them yet?" Jacobs made a perfect clean breast,—there was nobody within possible earshot,—and when she had told me all, the poor Jewess concluded with that sad and simple appeal—"I leave my case to your charity, miss."

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, in an assistant matron; but notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was but a young woman at the time; moreover, I was keeping company, on my Sundays out, with Mr. Adams, my present lord and master; we were engaged in waiting only till he got a step higher in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects. My own little romance made me sympathize with poor Jemima more than I ought to have done, according to strict regulations. I promised, on the spot, never to report, never to reveal, her secret; and after a good long look at the diamond necklace, which certainly was magnificent enough to purchase the heart and hand of any Jew, I left her and it safely locked up in No. 49, believing that the energy which had recovered the long-lost gems would keep them securely, made another round, thinking over her exploit, and heard the six o'clock bell ring with accustomed satisfaction.

When the Josephs came next visiting day, there was a variation in the dialogue. Jemima solemnly assured them of her complete repentance, and the unfeigned joy which sparkled in their Jewish eyes would have given any body unacquainted with the secret an immense opinion of their moral principles. After that, no stone was left unturned, no effort spared, to abridge the time of Jemima's penal servitude. Every official, from the Home Secretary downward, was besieged and appealed to for the commutation of her sentence, which was never made known to me, but Jacobs got her sentence commuted, and was released from my ward and custody within one month, reckoned from that memorable night.

She went her way exactly as she came; there was nothing remarkable in the deportment of the Jewish maid but an unusual amount of humble thanks and acknowledgments to all the prison matrons, especially myself. The next sight I got of her was on one of my Sundays out, when the Josephs' carriage passed me in Cheapside, I presume from the family mansion, and there was my model prisoner seated beside the large mother and quite as well overlaid with finery. If Mrs. Samuel recognized me, she did not appear to do so. Our ways were different, and we never came in slightest contact; but two years after, when Mr. Adams and I were thinking of going to church together, a very handsome wedding-dress was sent home for me, with a small brilliant stuck in one corner of it, and I knew the gift came from Jemima Jacobs.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A gentleman taking an apartment, told the landlady, "I assure you ma'am, I never left a lodgings but my landlady shed tears." She answered with a very inquiring look "I hope it was not, sir, that you went away without paying?"

Job work of all kinds, done at this Office.

WOMEN KILLED WITH CARE.—Every woman must have a best parlor, with hair cloth furniture, and a photographic book; she must have a piano, or some cheaper substitute; her little girls must have embroidered skirts, and much mathematical knowledge; her husband must have two or even three hot meals every day of his life; and yet her house must be in perfect order early in the afternoon, and she prepared to go out and pay calls, with a black silk dress, and card-case. In the evening she will go to a concert or lecture, and then, at the end of all, she will very possibly sit up after midnight with her sewing-machine, doing extra work to pay for little Ella's music lessons. All this every "capable" woman will do or die! She does it, and dies, and then we are astonished that her vital energy gives out sooner than that of an Irish woman in a shanty, with no ambition on earth but to supply her young Paddy with adequate potatoes.—[T. W. Higginson.]

THE FARMER'S CREED.—A local cotemporary gives the following: "We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to eat as well as its owners, and ought therefore to be nurtured. We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farm and the farmer rich at once. We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep ploughing, and enough of it—all the better if with a scissort plow. We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without this, lime and gypsum bones, and green manure, marl or plaster, will be of little use. We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm house, good stock and a good orchard. We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, and a clean cupboard, dairy and conscience. We firmly believe in farmers that will not improve, in farms that grow poorer every year, in starved cattle, in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants, in farmers' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers who are ashamed of their honorable vocation."—[Scientific American.]

HOW LONG SHOULD COWS GO DRY?—In answer to this question the editor of the Boston Cultivator remarks:

"When cows are kept for the manufacture of butter and cheese it is not desired to have much milk in cold weather, as neither butter nor cheese can generally be made to advantage on a large scale except under a mild temperature. Hence the object is to have all the cows "come in" near the commencement of butter or cheese-making seasons, and they are usually dried up at its close, or at the recurrence of cold weather. By this course the cows do not require so high feeding as they would do if milked longer. Good hay, in connection with proper shelter and care, will be sufficient to sustain them in fair condition. Their constitutions will not be impaired, their calves will be born strong and healthy, and all the essential requisites of a thrifty and profitable stock secured. We might say, then, that where it is intended to rear stock, and the keeping of the cows is not superior to good hay in winter and grass in summer, both the cows and their progeny will do better to go dry not less than two months."

THE UNMARRIED MAN.—"Frazer's Magazine" has this: "Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly."

One evening Douglas Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned upon epitaphs. Jerrold gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than one or two words, including the name. When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed he was in earnest, Chas. Knight, who was present, handed a piece of paper and a pencil to Jerrold, and begged him to write his (Knight's) epitaph. Jerrold took the paper, and instantly wrote down two simple words, "Good night!"

The Chinese in California are said to embrace the Christian religion. Sabbath Schools have been formed at San Francisco, but the attendance is very small. To induce a large number of Celestials to attend, the magic lantern and some other apparatus have been brought in as auxiliary aids; these have been used in endeavoring to give profitable as well as entertaining instructions.

Gen. Fremont has at last written a letter of withdrawal, which is the most sensible thing he ever did in his life.

The Middlesex Journal,
AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

The Decline in Gold.

Starting and unexpected has been the recent decline in gold. No one pretends to give any satisfactory account for it. It is supposed, however, by some, that the better prospects of peace in the nomination and vigorous support, by the Democrats, of Gen. McClellan for the Presidency, is one cause, and that the recent glorious victories, in the taking of Atlanta, and the defeat of Gen. Early in the Shenandoah Valley, is another. The diminished imports may have contributed to the decline, and the produce ready to be shipped to Europe, of the present year's growth, may have exerted an influence in a similar direction. The scarcity of money owing to the high prices of everything, calling for immense sums to carry on trade, manufactures and commerce, has probably given a check to the extravagant speculations of the hour, and reduced the price for gold.

Whatever the cause or causes of the depreciation of gold, a most exciting consequence has been the rapid falling of prices of merchandise. Those having large stocks of goods on hand, may well be alarmed, and buyers may be expected to pause before they purchase in a market that has been so suddenly and greatly affected, and may be still more so in a downward direction.

To those whose means are limited, and who have stood aghast at the rising scale of prices, the decline of gold will be welcome news, and they will hope and pray that it may fall still lower. One extreme leads to another and an opposite one, and gold may go down much lower.

The condition of things is not very comforting. Bank bills no longer are redeemed in specie, and paper money, even in the smallest fractions, is now the only circulation. It is desirable to have a change and that soon, but while the war continues we have no reason to hope for an improvement.

Very great losses must have been sustained by speculators, and those whose importations have been paid for at a high figure in gold, will have to mark their goods down some 30 or 40 per cent. There is, we understand, a great dullness in trade on account of the present state of the gold market, and it must continue so until something more permanent takes the place of the present uncertainty. The government will be enabled to buy at lower prices, and contractors will rejoice who found prices advancing so high above the scale prevailing at the time of their contract.

As gold has declined suddenly it may also suddenly advance, and perhaps even go up higher than ever, reaching 300 per cent. Changes may come over the political world to make the prospect of peace small and distant, and render necessary the issuing of more government currency. Like the Kilkenny cats the two contending parties may finally have nothing left but the tip of their tails after the fight, and a little scrap of gold may buy up five or twenty times its usual value in paper currency. He who builds his hopes upon men acting rationally, when they get their tempers raised, or when they are under a mental hallucination, builds on an airy foundation. After the present conflict is over, and the parties have had time to cool and to reflect, they will see their errors, and repent of their follies. Gold, then, having resumed its par value, and trade and commerce having settled in old and safe channels, society will move on prosperously.

The best advice to be given now, is to buy and sell charily, or in small quantities. Make no great ventures and sail near the shore, that in a sudden storm you may hasten into port. Business is in a feverish state, and, as in a fever, the patient is uneasy, distressed, and disordered in his head. Things do not appear in their true light, and shapes portentous pass to and fro around the couch of the sick man. If he recovers he may sail boldly out upon the sea and steer for the most distant port, and, if he dies, of course there is an end of trade and speculation, and gold, high or low, is a matter of no consequence.

But we hope the country will survive and be united and prosperous as before. But all is in God's hands to do as he pleases.

Our Winchester subscribers will hereafter find their papers at the Post Office. They have heretofore been left at Dr. Brown's drug store, and those who have not received all their papers, can find the missing numbers there.

The Republicans of Woburn have established their Headquarters in the rooms over the Woburn Bank. They have put up their "sign," and everybody is invited to participate in their deliberations.

The Democratic Head Quarters in Woburn are established at the room over the Post Office. Meetings of the McClellan Club are held every Monday evening at the Town Hall.

A Richmond paper advertises a cow for sale—price \$3000.

THE PACIFIC COAST is contributing most generously to the Sanitary Commission, more than a million dollars having already been received from that quarter. Nevada has given about a quarter of a million, and liberal contributions continue to come in. Rev. Dr. Bellows has raised nearly \$200,000 during his brief stay in California, for this national charity. In a recent address, delivered in San Francisco, Dr. B. stated the following facts, as reported in the Bulletin:

The workingmen of Nevada are presenting Sanitary bricks—one just received from the Gould & Curry workmen weighs two hundred pounds, and is the biggest ever cast. Such bricks the speaker did not object to put in his hat. With them he could build a noble hospital, wide as the country, for the care of the suffering soldier. A little mining community in Warren's Diggings, Idaho, sent down a gold brick, lately, worth over three thousand dollars. The people of this coast everywhere seem to be alive to the needs of the Commission, and to have the patriot soldiers, their brethren, ever in mind. They do not need prompting, and give without begging. The speaker said he had received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in Gould & Curry since he came to this cost. California has earned the title of 'The Soldiers' Nurse,' and her motto, Eureka, should be explained to mean that she has found the way to do good, to bind up the wounds and heal the diseases of the brave soldiers of freedom. It is proposed to methodize the contributions of the State hereafter; to organize them everywhere through the interior, on the basis of monthly subscriptions, which everybody will pay, and so keep the benevolent stream of California's gold pouring into the treasury of the almoners of her patriotic bounty—the devoted, unsectarian Sanitary Commission, which asks not what a man's religion is, but if he is suffering and in need of help.

THE LATE SURGEON HEATH.—A private letter from an officer of the 2d Mass. Infantry, now in Atlanta, says: "Dr. Heath's death has been a sad and unexpected loss to the regiment. You remember his kindness to me; and many others have great reasons to remember his disinterestedness and devotion in similar cases. He fell in the line of his duty, a willing sacrifice to the welfare of others and the good cause. God knows where we shall find a better man or an able physician."

To the Editor:

I see in your paper of the 10th inst., a statement of your correspondent "Excelsior," that the suit long pending against the town of Winchester, by the Lowell Five Cent Savings' Bank, has been passed upon by the Supreme Judicial Court.

I am glad that this has been done, as the seal of silence is now removed from my lips. I can now speak without prejudicing the interests of either the town or the bank. Newspaper controversies of this nature are never profitable. This is a matter strictly between the town of Winchester and myself. How the notes came to be given, and for what purpose, and did the Selectmen sign them freely and deliberately. I shall be in Winchester (my life and health being spared) at the annual town meeting in November next; prior to that day, I shall ask for the insertion of an article in the *Town Warrant*, so relating to this matter that I can then and there be heard in a full, frank, and open statement of the whole subject, of which I have nothing to conceal, and nothing to withhold. I shall make charges, and furnish evidence that the loans were made, known, and urged by the Selectmen; one of them, against my judgment, as being illegal. That many thousands of dollars had been borrowed before (and paid) with their knowledge and consent.

N. A. RICHARDSON,
Ex-Treasurer and Collector of the Town of Winchester,
Virginia, Sept. 22d, 1864.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.—See special notices.

MADAME DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.—This is a very valuable work for the ladies who desire to keep posted on the fashions of the day. A new feature has just been added to the magazine, and the choicest literature of the age now fills up a good portion of its contents.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The October number is a good one, and we have read it with pleasure and profit. The price of this magazine has been advanced to \$4.00 per year, which is cheap enough in these times of high prices.

THE SPECULATORS BITTEN.—In alluding to the panic in the merchandise markets by the fall in gold, the New York Herald says that in some articles which were bought largely some time since on speculation, such as coffee, &c., the prevailing quotations indicate losses to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars. On the one item of losses some of the leading speculators, if compelled to sell now, would sink nearly or quite \$800,000 to \$1,000,000.

Two men and one woman were killed and several others were wounded in a political riot at Cincinnati Saturday night.

THE SPECULATORS are in a bad way. They are receiving the wages of their iniquity. The long continued success that had attended their movements had given them confidence that they would continue to fatten on the sufferings of their fellow men, and that still greater gains were in store to satisfy their cupidity and love of luxury. Sugar and molasses, hides and leather, silks and satins, cotton and wool, potatoes and corn, coal and wood, butter and lard, and recently flour and bread, have risen in turn into the regions of extravagance, and meats have for a long time been on the ascending scale. But now comes the fall in gold, and all these must have a tumble. These speculators are no better than pickpockets. They are swindlers in trade, and feloniously and deliberately hold the products of the earth at prices beyond the reach of the poor. Our country, through their labors, is fast progressing to be in the condition of the despots of the old world, when the middle classes of society shall be depressed to the situation of the poor, and bloated wealth and ostentatious grandeur shall only be contrasted with the poor and dependent serf or white slave, who shall kiss the foot which kicks him and lick the hand that deals a blow. There will be a general rejoicing when these speculators are utterly used up and overthrown by the retributive vengeance of the people. A thief taking a loaf of bread to appease his hunger, is forthwith arrested and sent to jail, but these well-dressed plunderers of the public are permitted to go at large, and ride in their carriages, and receive public homage, because there is no statute-law to reach them; but the law of trade, so long outraged, is now rapidly gaining its wonted ascendancy, and the whole vile horde of public plunderers, we believe, are destined to receive their reward. God, in his retributive vengeance, will speedily overtake this band of wolves, who fatten on human misery, and drag them down to the dust, from which we trust they may never rise again.

Our Army Correspondence.

FORT MCHENRY, Sept. 26, '64.

Mr. Editor.—On the evening of the 20th inst., orders were issued for all troops not necessarily on other duty, to be paraded on the parade ground at 9 o'clock the next morning, to witness the execution of one Sergt. George McDonald, alias M. M. Dunning, Co. F, 3d Md. Cav., who had been tried as a deserter, at a court martial held in Baltimore, and sentenced to be shot. Accordingly the next morning at 9 o'clock, we were on the parade ground. The Regulars took the right; the 91st were next, and then C and G, of the 5th, (the only Cos. now here). We were drawn up on three sides of a hollow square with opened ranks. We waited but a moment before the drum corps began playing a dirge, and the prisoner was marched from the prison. With measured step they marched to the right and then between the ranks to the left,—the drum corps ahead followed by a portion of the guard, then came four men bearing the coffin on their shoulders, and behind them walked the prisoner with firm and steady step, beside the chaplain. The remainder of the guard brought up the rear. Having marched before all the troops they took their position in front. The coffin was placed on the ground and the prisoner stood beside it while the Adj't. Gen. read the charges against him; the chaplain then made a short prayer, after which the prisoner made a few remarks, and closed with a prayer. The Provost Marshal, Capt. McDennet, 91st N. Y., then placed him upon his knees at the foot of his coffin and blindfolded him. At the commands, ready! aim! the prisoner straightened up, threw his chest forward, and at the command, fire! he fell backwards and never afterwards moved muscle. There were twelve rifles discharged at him, one loaded with a blank cartridge. Eight of the balls pierced his body, and the Dr. said that any one of six of them would have killed him. The body was removed to the dead house, and afterwards buried. Major Grammer had charge of the execution.

The same day we received the news of Gen. Sheridan's glorious victory, and a salute of one hundred guns was fired at noon. On Saturday a salute was fired at Fort Federal Hill in honor of his later victory. Gen. Early must have ere this come to the conclusion that he is not *Early enough* for Sheridan.

Squads of prisoners are daily arriving and leaving here. Eight hundred "Johnnies" passed here on board a transport last night en route for Point Lookout. And since I've been writing two more transports have passed loaded with rebel prisoners. More at another time.

IRA.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society, which is composed of delegates from all the Unitarian Sunday Schools, will be held in the town of Leominster, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct 4th and 5th. Those attending the Convention will be furnished with return tickets, free. Rev. Dr. Hill, of Cambridge, will give the sermon, and essays will be read by Rev. W. T. Clarke, and others.

The rain yesterday was very acceptable, political riot at Cincinnati Saturday night.

Acknowledgments.

The books so handsomely contributed by the Centre and North Woburn people for the Hospital Library at Readville, will be assort and sent off next week.

Mr. Marellus Littlefield sent a handsom box of preserves to the Portsmouth Grove Hospital, where his timely donation will be very acceptable.

Miss R. M. Leath received a long letter of thanks, for a package of very useful articles, from Albert W. Haskell, (belonging to Beverly, Co. K, 40th Mass. Reg.) at the Knight's Hospital. He was severely wounded and says he shall never forget the kindness.

James Stanton, Co. E, 56th Reg., belonging to Springfield, acknowledges from Knight's Hospital, to Mrs. John Cummings, Jr., a well-filled box, which he needed much, as, poor fellow, he has but few relations to assist him. Mrs. Thomas Richardson received a very interesting letter, full of gratitude, from Warren Hatch, of Hingham, a member of Lieut. Tidd's Co., 32d Mass. Reg. Mr. Hatch writes from Carver Hospital, Washington. He says the good people at home little know how joyfully a soldier receives such a box. Mrs. M. F. Winn, and Mrs. Charles Nichols, each received a despatch from Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis, Boston, each for a box of useful articles for the disabled soldiers; the same ladies also forwarded to the front some good supplies.

Mrs. S. E. Davis received an acknowledgment for a box from a 15 year old soldier, Lyman S. Wheeler, Co. I, 25th Reg., belonging to Melrose, wound at the Wilderness, Va. Many of the boys of the 5th Mass. Reg., were made happy by a good cap. Mr. Timothy Winn and Mr. Elijah Wyman, 2d, were among the dons. They got another box of a good many parcels, made up in Mr. G. R. Gage's store, and still another one, presented by Mr. Schwabe, who sent three boxes to the 5th Mass., a few weeks ago for different companies, Woburn and Stoneham included. Mrs. Thomas J. Pierce received many thanks from T. S. Strong, (Co. C, 37th Mass. Reg., Knight's Hospital,) for a package of useful articles. He writes it just what he needed,

Alfred A. Carver, (Co. A, 20th Mass. Reg.) writes from City Point Hospital, Va., to Miss A. S. Johnson, "Your box, sent by Mrs. Otis, of Boston, was not only of use to me but some 20 others; every article was of use; it was well packed and alleviated the suffering of many a soldier. A little drummer boy, was robed in a dressing gown. He is but eleven years old. Mrs. E. W. Husband and Mrs. Abijah Thompson, received a long and very interesting letter each, from Rev. Mr. Crane, Chaplain U. S. A., of the 1st and 2d Bat. of Invalid Corps, each, for a box of useful contents for invalids. The Chaplain is very thankful and says they were needed much. He asks if the Woburn people could not send some hymn books for his Chapel. He has some 1700 attendants. Our boys on Gulloups Island, in the 11th Reg., have also been remembered. Mrs. John L. Parker and Mr. Schwabe, each, sent a well filled box with which the boys were much pleased. The reverend gentlemen of Woburn each added handsomely from their libraries to the Readville Hospital Library.

MILITARY.—Musician Henry G. Weston, of Woburn, who has been attached to the Brigade Band of the 2d Army Corps, is at home on furlough. He has been transferred to the 16th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, stationed at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Dudley Nason, of Woburn, of the Invalid Corps, (formerly of Co. F, 22d Mass. Regiment,) has returned home, his term of service having expired.

Private Ferley M. Griffin, of Woburn, who returned home with the 6th New York Independent Battery, after having served three years, left town on Friday last week, to accept a position as Clerk in the Quartermaster's Department, at City Point, Va.

Daniel O'Connor, of Woburn, Corporal of Marines on board U. S. Sloop-of-War "Hartford," has returned home, his term of service having expired. Corporal O'Connor was on board the Cumberland when she was sunk by the Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, Va., March 8th, 1862.

Corpl. Charles E. Richardson, of Woburn, a member of Co. K, 59th Mass. Regt., has been transferred to the hospital at Readville, Mass.

Private Philip Doherty, of Woburn, a member of Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., who was wounded at the battle of the Weldon Railroad, has arrived home on furlough, from the U. S. General Hospital, Bucks' County, Penn.

Mr. William H. Childs, of Woburn, has enlisted in the 11th Mass. Regt. Mr. Childs served three years in Co. D, 1st Mass. Regiment.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.—Arrangements have been made for the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic Temple, corner of Tremont and Royalston Streets, Boston, on Friday, the 14th day of October. There will be a procession, embracing the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, Encampments, Chapters and Lodges of Boston and other cities and towns in the Commonwealth. A large gathering of the fraternity is expected, and banquets, levees, &c., will be given for their entertainment.

WAR NEWS.

Since the defeat of Early, at Fisher's Hill, Gen. Sheridan has been closely pushing after the rebels, and on Saturday he was at Mount Jackson, where he was unable to bring on an engagement. His cavalry are scouring the country, and capturing a large number of stragglers. Twenty pieces of artillery were captured at Fisher's Hill, 1100 prisoners, and a large amount of caissons, intrenching tools, &c. All the towns on the route are filled with rebel wounded. Official intelligence has since been received that Early evacuated Mount Jackson, and is retreating towards Lynchburg, where it is supposed he will be reinforced.

GEN. GRANT MOVING.—Despatches from Gen. Grant, announce that he has made a forward movement against Richmond. Gen. Ord's corps advanced on the morning of the 29th, carried the very strongly fortified long line of entrenchments below Chapin's Farm, with some 15 pieces of artillery and from 200 to 300 prisoners. Gen. Ord was wounded, though not dangerously. Gen. Birney advanced at the same time from Deep Bottom and carried the Newmarket road and entrenchments and scattered the enemy in every direction, though capturing but few.

President—Hon. Oliver R. Clark. Vice Presidents — William A. Stone, Dr. Alonzo Chapin, S. P. Bartlett, A. K. P. Joy, Stephen A. Holt, George H. Chapman, Jr., C. J. Bishop, Dr. Frederic Winsor, H. K. Lawrence, Secretaries—Stephen Thompson, Charles F. Lunt. Treasurer — H. K. Stanton. Executive Committee — William Simonds, K. W. Baker, C. H. Dunham, S. W. Twombly, Summer Richardson, J. C. Johnson, Wm. H. Carlton. Marshal—A. Thompson, 3d.

The nominations were confirmed, and the officers assumed their several positions. The President elect returned, in brief, his thanks for the honor conferred and urged the importance of united and vigorous action in the campaign.

John S. Sayward, Esq., editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, in Maine, was introduced and gave a very interesting account of the *modus operandi* of the work of the Union party in his State, and earnestly enforced upon his hearers the duty of securing a full vote in the coming election, as the best and most sure method of finishing the rebellion.

Vice President Stone, accepted his office in a few well chosen remarks.

Some fifty names were obtained to the Constitution this evening, and the Club will hold weekly meetings in Lower Lyceum Hall.

ACCIDENT.—Last Monday afternoon our fellow townsman, Mr. David Alden, was accidentally shot at his place of business, No. 1 Tremont street, Boston. It seems that one of the young men in the store was handling a pistol, unaware of its being loaded, when it accidentally went off, the ball striking Mr. Alden, who was sitting in a chair with his hand up to his head, on the side of the head, the ball passing through a portion of the scalp and lodging in the hand. He was conveyed to the hospital, where the ball was extracted and the wound dressed. He was able to go home in the next train, but has since been confined to the house.

The wound is not thought to be serious, but it was a narrow escape. Had the ball passed a little further into the skull it would have caused death. The frequent occurrence of these accidents, should serve more effectually as a warning and prevention against similar occurrences.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—A Convention of delegates from the fifteen Churches and Sabbath Schools comprised within the limits of the Woburn Association of Orthodox Churches, was held last Wednesday in the Cong. Church in this town. The weather was fine and a large attendance was secured. Rev. J. C. Bodwell, D. D., of Woburn, was chosen President of the Convention, and Rev. E. P. Hooker, of Medford, Secretary.

Brief reports were made by the Superintendents of the present condition of respective schools, showing them to be flourishing and doing a good work. "The relation of the Sabbath School to the Church," and "The best method of conducting the Sabbath School Concerts" were discussed by Messrs. Barrows, Reading, Swallow, of Burlington, Clark, of Winchester, Byington, of Stoneham, Pollard, of Woburn, Allen, of South Reading, Bodwell, of Woburn, Bliss, of South Reading, and Richardson, of Winchester.

After the discussion, a Committee, of which Rev. Mr. Robinson is Chairman, was appointed to make arrangements for having the convention held permanently at least once a year. A recess was then taken for the purposes of refreshment, and the Winchester Society furnished a simple collation in their vestry for those not otherwise provided for.

In

injured several persons, and may prove fatal to one at least of the parties.

It seems that the road repairers, six in number, were engaged in transporting some iron rails over the road on a small car used for that purpose, and to facilitate their progress they hitched on to the 7 o'clock train at Winchester, and when near Brook's bridge in West Medford, one of the wheels of the small car broke, with the train going at its usual speed, and the car and its occupants were thrown in various directions. The parties injured were Leonard Patterson, Patrick Holland, Jas. Kelcher, and Richardson, of this town, and Mr. Sullivan, of Woburn.

The four first named were taken on board the train, and on its arrival at West Medford, Patterson, Kelcher and Richardson, were taken back to Winchester, where their wounds were dressed. Holland was taken to the hospital in Boston. The Lowell train took on board Sullivan, who appeared to have been most seriously hurt, having received a blow on the left side of the head, and on arrival of the train in the city he was conveyed to the hospital.

It would seem to be apparent that great risk would be incurred in following on after a train in this way, but it is said to be frequently done, and Patterson and Holland have been employed upon the road for a great many years, and are thoroughly competent for their work and versed in all such matters.

EXCELSIOR.
We learn that Mr. Sullivan died on Thursday night.—[ED.]

SOUTH READING.

MAIL ACCOMMODATIONS.—Has it not occurred to the many letter writers in South Reading that their convenience requires that two mails should leave town daily as well as two mails be received? Our accommodations in this respect are not what they should be. Our mail leaves the office about 12 o'clock for the 12:45 train, and would not be likely to reach the office in Boston, and be distributed before 2 o'clock. By that time the banks in the city are closed and most of the business men have visited the post office for the last time for the day. But if a letter should reach its destination in the city immediately after its arrival, the afternoon mail for South Reading would be made up before an answer could be deposited. Besides, our letters reach Boston too late for the great mails which leave at noon in so many directions. This is quite a consideration in these times of constant communication with Washington and the armies of the South and West. In case the proposed amendment should be adopted, the morning mail could leave at 8:15 or 10:20, and the afternoon at 2:50, or later if there should be a suitable train for it. This arrangement might add a little to the labor of our accommodating post master, but he likes business, and would halve an increase of it with pleasure. As it is, many letters are sent to Boston to be mailed, that they may reach their destination sooner than they could do by our afternoon mail. If the proper person will move in the matter, perhaps something will be done to give us additional mail accommodations.

SCHOOL MATTERS.—Miss Sarah J. McKay has resigned her position as teacher in the senior school in the West District, to accept an appointment to one of the public schools in Charlestown. This vacancy has been filled by Miss Lizzie B. Newhall, former teacher of the same school, but more recently of the North District, she having considerably recovered her health. Mrs. H. J. F. Adams, of this town, now Assistant in the High School in Portland, Maine, has been appointed Assistant in the High School in this place, to commence her new duties next Monday morning. This place in the High School was made vacant some weeks ago by the resignation of Miss L. M. Sweetser, who was elected to the place of Assistant in the High School at Melrose. The hour for commencing the schools will be changed next Monday, to 9 A. M., and 1-2 P. M.

SOUTH READING BANK.—A semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent, exclusive of government tax, has been declared, payable on Monday Oct 3. On the same day will be held the annual meeting of the Stockholders for the choice of officers, &c.

DELEGATES.—The following persons have been chosen delegates to the Republican Conventions yet to be held:

Congressional—Lilley Eaton, E. S. Upham, B. Burbank, John G. Aborn.

Senatorial—Edward Mansfield, C. W. Eaton, S. Lufkin, Geo. R. Morrison.

SUNDAY SERVICES.—Rev. Dr. Cushman will supply the Baptist pulpit next Sabbath, (Oct. 2) in the absence of Rev. Mr. Bullen, pastor.

READING.

A Lincoln and Johnson Club was inaugurated some two weeks ago, and the Hon. H. P. Wakefield was chosen President, and B. M. Hartshorn, Esq., Secretary. A large town committee was also chosen, every one of whom will be up and doing.

Copperheadism is scarcely to be seen here now, and if the noble Sheridan should use up Little Mac's friends for a few weeks to come as he has for a few days past, methinks we will have to

vertise in vain for a real copperhead. It is curious to notice the difference between such Democrats as Grant, Sherman, Dix, Logan, and others like them, as compared with those of the more modern type. The one goes for freedom and the whole country, while the other says, give us slavery and a Southern Confederacy.

In a former communication allusion was made to the fact that the rogue charged with having stolen goods from C. D. Brown, Esq., had been transferred from the jail to the navy. I am now informed that he has been reinstated in his former quarters. Why the card did not work I am unable to tell.

Three men employed in the shoe manufacturer of C. D. Brown, were arrested last week, handcuffed, and invited to accompany Mr. Sheriff Lovejoy, they having been suspected of entering the store of one Abbott, of Andover, and abstracting goods therefrom.

Rev. Mr. Wilcox is still unable to preach.

The scarcity of water is becoming almost a serious matter in several localities in town. It is with great inconvenience many people can obtain enough to supply absolute necessities.

Rev. Mr. Whittemore, Chaplain of one of the Mass. Regiments in General Sherman's army, spoke with fine effect at the monthly meeting of prayer for the country, at the Bethesda Vestry, last Sabbath evening. He alluded very forcibly to the dependency and apathy so prevalent for some time past in the northern states, and its effect upon the brave soldiers.

He thinks the clouds are breaking, and the light of peace not far distant.

LENO.

Coal has declined \$2 per ton in New York.

In Affliction.

Come near, oh friends, and see if there has been a grief like this of ours; While we were looking on the pleasant scene, A Reaper took our flowers.

A vacancy is made Time ne'er can fill, And still our eyes grow dim, Though God the Reaper sent to His will, And take our flowers to Him.

These human hearts forever more will yearn, These human lips will cry In weariness, oh, might the dead return, Return and never die!

For clouds and darkness are around our God, Mysterious was His way, When more than life we laid beneath the sod, With those we miss to day.

As through a glass how darkly do we see, How weak our faith has grown! And face to face with him we long to be, To know as we are known.

How like a tottering infant ere it stands, Are we without God's grace; So, Heavenly Father, take us by the hand, Through this dark, rugged place.

Special Notices.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY.
A dwelling house of moderate pretensions, with stable and garden, for which cash will be paid. Must be centrally located. Inquire at the Middlesex Journal office.

Woburn, Oct. 1st, 1864.—24*

NOTICE.

The Chapel of the INDEPENDENT BAPTIST CHURCH will be re-opened for public worship, on the first Sabbath in October (to-morrow). Elder Wm. I. Putington, of Washington, will preach at half past 10 A. M., and at 2 o'clock P. M. Seats free. Woburn, Oct. 1st, 1864.

TREASURER'S NOTICE TO SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

Persons who are entitled to draw State aid to families, are hereby informed that in all cases it will be payable on the first day of each month; and it is earnestly desired that parties interested, will be punctual in drawing it at that time.

All persons claiming their subscriptions, which it was voted by the town to refund, are requested to call on the Treasurer and receive their money, on or before the first day of October next, as that account must be closed up.

GAWIN R. GAGE, Treasurer.
Woburn, Sept. 24th, 1864.

A NUMBER OF YEARS have elapsed since the introduction of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS to the public. The prejudice existing in the minds of many persons against what are denominated "medicinal" nostrums, first grew up, and is still, but as its virtue and merits became known, this barrier of prejudice was overthrown, and the demand increased so rapidly that in a few years it became a universal remedy in the United States, in which it has since remained, and the demand for it, arising from the use of the "Bitters," and at the present day there are to be found in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD vouchers for the great merits of the article. No greater cure for Dyspepsia can be found.

See advertisement.
For sale by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere.

TO THE YOUNG OR OLD
Male or Female,
If you have been suffering from a habit indulged in by the YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES,
SYMPTOMS.

It unites them in Marriage,
And is the GREATEST EVIL which can befall
MAN OR WOMAN.

See symptoms enumerated in Advertisement,
Cut out the advertisement and send for it at once.

Delays are dangerous.
Ask for Helmbold's take no other.
Cures guaranteed.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

oct—2m

GREEN AND PURPLE HAIR
Are often the result of applying the ordinary dyes. The only safe article which invariably produces any shade of color desired from a due amber brown to the intense black is

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR DYE.

It precludes every fibre from the root to the tip with the tinge required, and actually feeds the hair with the cement which is requisite to promote its growth, its lustre, its permanence, and its beauty.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$2 per box, according to size.

oct—2m

Ready-made Overcoats, \$30, \$35, \$50, \$45, \$60, \$65, \$80, \$85, \$95, \$100, \$110, \$120, \$130, \$140, \$150, \$160, \$170, \$180, \$190, \$200, \$210, \$220, \$230, \$240, \$250, \$260, \$270, \$280, \$290, \$300, \$310, \$320, \$330, \$340, \$350, \$360, \$370, \$380, \$390, \$400, \$410, \$420, \$430, \$440, \$450, \$460, \$470, \$480, \$490, \$500, \$510, \$520, \$530, \$540, \$550, \$560, \$570, \$580, \$590, \$600, \$610, \$620, \$630, \$640, \$650, \$660, \$670, \$680, \$690, \$700, \$710, \$720, \$730, \$740, \$750, \$760, \$770, \$780, \$790, \$800, \$810, \$820, \$830, \$840, \$850, \$860, \$870, \$880, \$890, \$900, \$910, \$920, \$930, \$940, \$950, \$960, \$970, \$980, \$990, \$1000, \$1010, \$1020, \$1030, \$1040, \$1050, \$1060, \$1070, \$1080, \$1090, \$1100, \$1110, \$1120, \$1130, \$1140, \$1150, \$1160, \$1170, \$1180, \$1190, \$1200, \$1210, \$1220, \$1230, \$1240, \$1250, \$1260, \$1270, \$1280, \$1290, \$1300, \$1310, \$1320, \$1330, \$1340, \$1350, \$1360, \$1370, \$1380, \$1390, \$1400, \$1410, \$1420, \$1430, \$1440, \$1450, \$1460, \$1470, \$1480, \$1490, \$1500, \$1510, \$1520, \$1530, \$1540, \$1550, \$1560, \$1570, \$1580, \$1590, \$1600, \$1610, \$1620, \$1630, \$1640, \$1650, \$1660, \$1670, \$1680, \$1690, \$1700, \$1710, \$1720, \$1730, \$1740, \$1750, \$1760, \$1770, \$1780, \$1790, \$1800, \$1810, \$1820, \$1830, \$1840, \$1850, \$1860, \$1870, \$1880, \$1890, \$1900, \$1910, \$1920, \$1930, \$1940, \$1950, \$1960, \$1970, \$1980, \$1990, \$2000, \$2010, \$2020, \$2030, \$2040, \$2050, \$2060, \$2070, \$2080, \$2090, \$2100, \$2110, \$2120, \$2130, \$2140, \$2150, \$2160, \$2170, \$2180, \$2190, \$2200, \$2210, \$2220, \$2230, \$2240, \$2250, \$2260, \$2270, \$2280, \$2290, \$2300, \$2310, \$2320, \$2330, \$2340, \$2350, \$2360, \$2370, \$2380, \$2390, \$2400, \$2410, \$2420, \$2430, \$2440, \$2450, \$2460, \$2470, \$2480, \$2490, \$2500, \$2510, \$2520, \$2530, \$2540, \$2550, \$2560, \$2570, \$2580, \$2590, \$2600, \$2610, \$2620, \$2630, \$2640, \$2650, \$2660, \$2670, \$2680, \$2690, \$2700, \$2710, \$2720, \$2730, \$2740, \$2750, \$2760, \$2770, \$2780, \$2790, \$2800, \$2810, \$2820, \$2830, \$2840, \$2850, \$2860, \$2870, \$2880, \$2890, \$2900, \$2910, \$2920, \$2930, \$2940, \$2950, \$2960, \$2970, \$2980, \$2990, \$3000, \$3010, \$3020, \$3030, \$3040, \$3050, \$3060, \$3070, \$3080, \$3090, \$3100, \$3110, \$3120, \$3130, \$3140, \$3150, \$3160, \$3170, \$3180, \$3190, \$3200, \$3210, \$3220, \$3230, \$3240, \$3250, \$3260, \$3270, \$3280, \$3290, \$3300, \$3310, \$3320, \$3330, \$3340, \$3350, \$3360, \$3370, \$3380, \$3390, \$3400, \$3410, \$3420, \$3430, \$3440, \$3450, \$3460, \$3470, \$3480, \$3490, \$3500, \$3510, \$3520, \$3530, \$3540, \$3550, \$3560, \$3570, \$3580, \$3590, \$3600, \$3610, \$3620, \$3630, \$3640, \$3650, \$3660, \$3670, \$3680, \$3690, \$3700, \$3710, \$3720, \$3730, \$3740, \$3750, \$3760, \$3770, \$3780, \$3790, \$3800, \$3810, \$3820, \$3830, \$3840, \$3850, \$3860, \$3870, \$3880, \$3890, \$3900, \$3910, \$3920, \$3930, \$3940, \$3950, \$3960, \$3970, \$3980, \$3990, \$4000, \$4010, \$4020, \$4030, \$4040, \$4050, \$4060, \$4070, \$4080, \$4090, \$4100, \$4110, \$4120, \$4130, \$4140, \$4150, \$4160, \$4170, \$4180, \$4190, \$4200, \$4210, \$4220, \$4230, \$4240, \$4250, \$4260, \$4270, \$4280, \$4290, \$4300, \$4310, \$4320, \$4330, \$4340, \$4350, \$4360, \$4370, \$4380, \$4390, \$4400, \$4410, \$4420, \$4430, \$4440, \$4450, \$4460, \$4470, \$4480, \$4490, \$4500, \$4510, \$4520, \$4530, \$4540, \$4550, \$4560, \$4570, \$4580, \$4590, \$4600, \$4610, \$4620, \$4630, \$4640, \$4650, \$4660, \$4670, \$4680, \$4690, \$4700, \$4710, \$4720, \$4730, \$4740, \$4750, \$4760, \$4770, \$4780, \$4790, \$4800, \$4810, \$4820, \$4830, \$4840, \$4850, \$4860, \$4870, \$4880, \$4890, \$4900, \$4910, \$4920, \$4930, \$4940, \$4950, \$4960, \$4970, \$4980, \$4990, \$5000, \$5010, \$5020, \$5030, \$5040, \$5050, \$5060, \$5070, \$5080, \$5090, \$5100, \$5110, \$5120, \$5130, \$5140, \$5150, \$5160, \$5170, \$5180, \$5190, \$5200, \$5210, \$5220, \$5230, \$5240, \$5250, \$5260, \$5270, \$5280, \$5290, \$5300, \$5310, \$5320, \$5330, \$5340, \$5350, \$5360, \$5370, \$5380, \$5390, \$5400, \$5410, \$5420, \$5430, \$5440, \$5450, \$5460, \$5470, \$5480, \$5490, \$5500, \$5510, \$5520, \$5530, \$5540, \$5550, \$5560, \$5570, \$5580, \$5590, \$5600, \$5610, \$5620, \$5630, \$5640, \$5650, \$5660, \$5670, \$5680, \$5690, \$5700, \$5710, \$5720, \$5730, \$5740, \$5750, \$5760, \$5770, \$5780, \$5790, \$5800, \$5810, \$5820, \$5830, \$5840, \$5850, \$5860, \$5870, \$5880, \$5890, \$5900, \$5910, \$5920, \$5930, \$5940, \$5950, \$5960, \$5970, \$5980, \$5990, \$6000

[By Request.]
Farragut's fleet, Mobile Bay, 1864.

BY JAMES F. GELDERT, U. S. NAVY.

ABE: YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.

Not long ago, my brave comrades, I sung of deeds of fame,
Done by us of this bold fleet, Western Gulf by name;
The song was long, but not enough to tell of half was done,
Another one three times as long, would not reach Port Hudson.

But now again, my brave comrades, more deeds of high renown,
Which will be sung from South to North, in every Union town,
I'll sing to you in a new song, this August sixty-four,
And when I'm done, I know you'll say, our fleet could do no more.

Before us lay Fort Morgan, a fort both great and strong,
And nearly opposite Fort Gaines, correct me if I'm wrong,

As strong a fort, so have heard, both mounting heavy guns,
But not enough to daunt the hearts of true brave union men.

Although we knew we had to run, and fight our way by them,
Torpedoes lying in the way, determined sink or swim,
We started on the 5th, my lads, about 7 o'clock A. M.,

And trained our guns upon those forts, with true and steady aim.
In order, thus we steamed along, four monitors ahead,

The first by name the "Tecumseh," who boldly took the lead,
Then after her "Winnebago," "Manhattan," "Chickasaw,"

Then boldly followed in their wake, our noble sloops of war.

The "Brooklyn," "Hartford," "Richmond," too, who the same who led the way,

Past New Orleans to Fort Jackson, that well remembered day,

When we achieved such victory, that children yet unborn,

In future years with pride may say, "I'm an American son."

Lashed side by side, ships and gunboats, pursued the bold Farragut,

Our good Admiral Farragut, in "main top" without fear,

With speaking trumpet in his hand, he sent his orders forth,

Which were obeyed by willing souls, from East, and West, and North.

As on we sped, facing those forts, fighting each inch of way,
A torpedo exploded, beneath the "Tecumseh,"

And as she sank just off the fort, with most of all her crew,

Each noble heart of our bold fleet felt vengeance doubly due.

While shot from "Morgan" struck our sides, passing thru and thru.

And others making sad slaughter, of many of our crew,

We passed the forts, sending broadsides among the rebel hordes,

Who swarmed those forts armed to the teeth, with battle axe and sword.

But lads, the strife had just begun, for lo! ahead we see,

The rebel rams, among them too, the monster Tennessee.

Boldly they come with butting prows, our wooden walls to meet,

And boldly too with iron shot, those devils we did greet.

But ah, our shot had no effect, they glided harmlessly.

From off their sides; but see, what's that, one meets the "Tennessee,"

"Sacawana" with 12-knot speed, strikes hard against her side,

With such a force that fast she stuck into her iron hide.

"Lower, lower your boats," our Admiral cries, "the Sacawana sinks."

"But no, below, that now they part, the Tennessee methinks,

Has had a shot electric like, my noble ship also,

Well done Marchand, at him again, you have an ugly foe."

Then wheeling round the "ram" did try, to get a chance to but,

The "Sacawana" also turned, bold Marchand cries "Tut tut!"

You're brave "Buchanan," but I swear, you're life hangs on a strand,

Take THAT, THAT, revenge my lads, avenge the "Cumberland."

With wondrous aim our gunners sent the shot into her port,

Maneuvering well we showed to them, we were of the right sort,

To make them see, for soon after a small white flag we see,

The victory's ours, Fort Gaines succumbed, also the "Tennessee."

The remnant of the rebel rams, then quick run up the Bay,

Then sunk the "Nashville" on the "Bar," which forced a halt straightway;

So satisfied with what we've done, our anchors we let go,

Part of our fleet above the forts, the other part below.

I'll sing you more some other time, about their iron clads,

And also ours, but now I'm tired, so pray excuse me lads;

Three cheers my boys, three hearty cheers, for Admiral Farragut,

Who knows no fear of forts or rams, although the latter butt.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

THE undersigned, having completed the alterations and repairs on this commodious and centrally located Hotel, is now prepared to receive transient and permanent boarders. Gentleman of their families will be accommodated with excellent rooms, newly furnished.

No expense will be spared in an endeavor to make the Central House equal to any hotel in the country. The rooms are always supplied with the best furniture and fixtures, and in respect the proprietor feels sure that he can give satisfaction to his guests.

The STABLES connected with the establishment have recently been put in order, and horses and carriages are to let—day or night.

L. B. NORRIS, Proprietor.

Woburn, Aug. 20, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. MARCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrangements are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.50
Each subsequent insertion, 10c
Each subsequent insertion, 10c
Each square one year, 15c
One square six months, 8.00
One square one year, 8.00
Half square six months, 5.00
Half square three months, 3.00

Less than half a square charged as a half square;
more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, tened, 12 cents per line, for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD
Winchester—E. T. WHITFIELD
Woburn—JOSIAH HOVEY
Lexington—LEONARD LEWIS

S. M. PITTENGERON, Co., Boston and New York—S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), 52 Milk Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its pages.

EVERY kind of PRINTING, done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

And Nashua & Lowell, Wilton, Stony Brook Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell Railroads.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 16th, 1864, trains will leave Boston for—

Wester Railroad, 6.00, 8 a.m. 12 m., 5.30 p.m.

Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

Nashua, 6.00, 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

Yonge, 6.00, 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

Gloucester, 6.00, 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

Lowell, 6.00, 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

6 p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 6.00, 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a.m. 2.30, 5.30 p.m.

Woburn, W. S., 6.00, 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

E. Woburn, 6.00, 8.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

Winchester and West Medford, 6.15, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

Lowell, 6.15, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

Gloucester, 6.15, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 a.m. 12, 12, 5.30 p.m.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV.: No. 2.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Never Despair.

The magistracy or hall of judicature in which Mr. Beasley usually held the scales of justice, was a large and formal room, with a few ponderous straight-back chairs ranged along the side of the apartment. A writing-table, with a row of serious-looking volumes upon it, a few packets of papers tied with red tape, together with a profusion of letters strewn over its surface, comprised almost everything worthy of comment in this temple of justice.

Mr. Beasley was aroused from his state of mental abstraction by his servant announcing that a poor woman who had called twice before wished to see him, to obtain some relief. Mr. Beasley gave orders to have her shown up.

The individual who presently enters the apartment was a pale, emaciated female of five or six-and-twenty, but who, to judge by her hollow and anxious countenance, would have well passed for forty. A thin calico dress hung wet and clinging to her ankles; her shoes, by long service, worn bare, were fastened by tapes across her instep, and as she crossed the room left the broad marks of her feet upon the boards, and the water oozed at every motion from the saturated leather. Round her neck was pinned a scanty triangular shawl that barely hid her bosom, and only partially protected it from the invading storm. An old bonnet, so large that it almost hid her shrunken features, completed the meagre habiliments of this once neat and comely woman.

After some questioning, in reply to which the poor woman explained that her husband was lying at home starving, and that the object of her application was to obtain more immediate relief than possible by the necessary slow legal process, she obtained from Mr. Beasley a trifle of money, and an order for a barrel of flour.

Pulling the mockery of a shawl closer over her bosom, she hurried quickly down the avenue that led from the magistrate's house, and had just reached the gates that opened on the village street, when a carriage driven with speed, rapidly turned the angle; and before the driver, who kept his head down to shield his face from the sleet, could see the coming figure, or arrest his horses, the poor woman was dashed to the ground by the pole of the vehicle, and thrown several yards from the wheel into a pool of water that had collected at the park entrance. The carriage was instantly stopped, and a gentleman alighting, hastened forward, and raising the female from the ground, expressed in the kindest manner, his regret and pain at the misfortune.

"I am not very much hurt, thank you, sir, only very much fatigued," she said faintly, as the gentleman led her to the steps of the carriage.

"Poor creature, she is wet through!" exclaimed a soft sympathizing voice from the coach. "Tell us where you live, my good woman, and we will drive you home."

"Oh, no, thank you, madam! It is not very far, and I think I can walk now. Don't let me keep you in the rain, madam! Thank you, I am better now."

"Poor creature! I am sure she is hurt. Send for a surgeon, now, Charles, and let her be taken care of till I can visit her myself. To be out on such a day as this, and so thinly dressed! I am certain you are hurt!"

"Oh, dear no, madam! I don't think the horse touched me at all; and I must go home to my poor husband. Thank you, madam."

"They come to my house to-morrow at twelve; I wish particularly to see you—Mr. Chesterfield's, at the elms. But you are sure you can walk?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, madam, quite well."

"Do not forget Mrs. Chesterfield's wish to-morrow," added the gentleman, kindly, as he drew out his purse; and after a moment's hesitation, as if fearing to hurt the poor woman's feelings, he returned it unobserved to his pocket; and repeating his lady's injunctions, stepped into the carriage, and was rapidly driven away in the direction of the magistrate's hall.

Pressing her hand tightly on her side, and drawing her breath with short inspirations, for she was much hurt, though from delicate motives alleging the contrary, the poor woman slowly proceeded down the straggling street, and ultimately reached her miserable abode on the outskirts of the village.

On a stump bedstead in the nearest corner to the huge chimney and long extinguished fires, lay the attenuated form of a sick man, whose shrunken features and

large lustrous eyes bespeak too plainly the ravages of disease and want. An old coat drawn over his shoulders shielded his body from the keen wind that howled down the chimney, and found a hundred mouths through the broken plaster and rifted door, whirling the sand upon the bricked floor in sweeping eddies round the room.

Before him, on the drugged of the bed, rested an old tray, a small chisel, knife and file, a few chips of wood, and the carved figure of a king in armor, cut from a little block of the white ash. With his long skinny fingers he had just set the finished workmanship upon the tray, as his wife entered; and he turned his gratified gaze from his completed task, with mournful inquiry and affectionate solicitude, upon his drenched and not less miserable wife.

"You are wet and cold, Mary, and there is no fire to warm you," said the husband mournfully, as with a deep sigh he glanced at the few white ashes strewn over the broad hearth, as his wife divested herself of her shawl and bonnet. "I wish you had not gone, though God knows we have kept off the Parish till the last. Would they do nothing! Well, it is not for myself that I care—for my stay here is getting very short—but for you—"

"The Lord be good to us!" exclaimed his wife with sudden grief. "If I haven't lost the money the Squire gave me, and the order for the flour! But I'll go back directly and look for it. I know I must have dropped them when I fell," and wiping away the tears that gathered in her eyes, she began to fix the wet bonnet. "Oh, don't give way, I know we shall do better yet."

"Better yet!" replied the husband, with a bitter smile that imparted a deeper ghastliness to his wasted features. "Yes, in Heaven," he added, solemnly, "for the poor man's only comfort. Take off your wet things, love; you shall not go out again to-day. Take them off, Mary!" he continued with gentle authority, as she shook out the little shawl, before throwing it over her neck. "Not again to-day. There's bread enough for one meal more—sit down and make a fire and dry yourself. Young Knowles has given us a fag—God bless him for it! up there in the chimney corner."

"How did it happen? But never mind, Mary; see dear, I have finished them at last. Though God knows they are no use to us, for nobody will buy them; but I am sure the wish I had to finish them, and your confidence, has kept me alive all the year. How do you like it now? That is the Christian King," and with sad voice, and momentary gleam or pleasure in his hollow eye, the mechanic placed the last of a set of chessmen that he had designed and executed, in her thin hand—making the two armies consist of a Christian and Saracen host, each piece being a perfect figure armed in respective costume, and executed with the utmost truth and delicacy.

A turner and wood carver by trade, Robert Weston had long contemplated completing a set of chessmen that should supersede the uninteresting figures in general use, and give a martial air to a purely military game. But while in health and constant employment, he had never found an opportunity of doing more than selecting choice pieces of wood, and making drawings of the several men; for Weston possessed a natural genius for the pencil, and could depict the human form in all its attitudes, with ease and grace. But the failure of his master in the country town, and the loss of all Weston's savings, threw him at once into poverty and distress; and after a vain seeking work around the country, he at length settled in the village of Brookfield, where, for awhile, he continued to earn a scanty subsistence, by working at the coarser branches of his trade. But at length this failed, and distress, long threatened, at last settled on his frame, and shut him out from all exertion. It was then, supported on his bed of sickness, that he beguiled the weary hours of pain and privation, in the performance of his cherished object.

"Oh, how very beautiful it is, Robert," exclaimed his wife, with real delight, contemplating the mail-clad king, and brushing a tear from her eyelashes. "It is more beautiful than all the rest. Shall I wrap it up, and put it by, Robert?"

"When you have lit the fire and dried your gown, you shall put them all out on the table, and let me look at them once more. It is very foolish, but I have grown so fond of them, and I should like to see them all together for the last time, for I know that I shall never look at them again. Don't cry, Mary, dear, don't cry, or you will stain it with your tears."

Light the fire, love, and warm yourself. Oh, God help us."

"He will, he will, Robert, if you will not despair," ejaculated his affectionate wife, as she carefully set down the carved figure, and wiping her eyes addressed herself to chop the wood and light the fire, from the fuel so opportunity and charitably given them by a neighbor almost as poor and comfortless as themselves.

Having completed her task and given a cheerful aspect to the dreary chamber by the ruddy flame from the ignited wood, she spread her wet garments before the fire to dry, and seated in a corner of the chimney, recounted to her husband the result of her errand to the Justice, and narrated, as briefly as possible, the accident that had deprived her of the proceeds of her journey, for she had no doubt she had lost the paper and money when she fell, and ended by telling him of the wish expressed by Mrs. Chesterfield to see her in the morning. "And so, Robert," she went on, "I will take the chessmen and show them to her. Perhaps she may buy them, though God knows I would almost as soon sell myself if it was not for the hope of getting you something nice to eat, and some medicine for your cough. And if I take the men, I won't look as if I went for charity, Robert."

"Do as you like, Mary, though I have no hope of your success. We have been so often disappointed."

"Oh, don't give way, Robert; I am sure better days will come. No, no, don't shake your head and look sorrowful—better for you, I mean, and you will be well again. Now, now, don't despair so," and with a confidence she scarcely felt, she strove to instill a healthier tone into her husband's less sanguine heart.

"There must be something very holy in your confidence, dear Mary, for it has had the power to keep me for many months; for without your trustful spirit, I should have given way long ago. God bless you for it; but I feel now that to hope longer is but an idle delusion. My only wish now is, that when I am dead you may be able to sell the men in some large town and get enough—"

"Don't talk of dying, Robert, or you will break my heart. If I don't sell them to do you good I will never part with them. Oh, do not give up yet, hope a little longer, do, for my sake, and—but where is he, where's the child—is he asleep?" she inquired suddenly, rising from her seat and going to the bed.

Western slowly turned down the drugget as she approached, and exposed a beautiful but pale faced boy of two or three years old, nestled close by his father's side, and sleeping soundly.

"He cried at first when you went out, and asked for dinner," said the husband mournfully, as the mother knelt down and kissed the lips of her sleeping child; "but I had not strength to get out and reach the bread, poor child; so I told him some little stories to divert his mind, and said I should see all the men to-night, and then his eyes grew heavy, and he laid his head upon my lap and fell asleep, talking of the soldiers. Oh, what a blessed thing is sleep to the hungry poor, for, by it, they can cheat the craving stomach of a meal or two. See, dear, he is awake."

True to her appointment on the following morning, the mechanic's wife, with the prizéd chessmen, carefully folded in separate papers, and enveloped in a white napkin, repaired to the mansion of Mr. Chesterfield, and was instantly introduced to the benevolent mistress. Mrs. Chesterfield, with the tact women only know, gleaned from the poor wife the concise history of their long privation, who touched with innocent pride on her husband's skill, and ended by displaying before the amazed eyes of the lady the proofs of it she had brought.

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"These are, indeed, superior specimens of art," observed Mr. Chesterfield, after a rigid scrutiny of every piece. "What does your husband require for them?"

"Oh, sir," replied Mary, speaking through her tears, "I have carried them to so many places, but no one would offer me anything for them, that my husband said he would sell them for a shilling."

apiece, if you wouldn't think it too dear, and there is the board he made long ago."

"A shilling apiece! Impossible, my poor woman; you must be dreaming!"

"Well, then, sir, what you please; for my husband is very ill, and I want to buy him some medicine," she replied, almost choking from revulsion of feeling.

"You mistake me, my good creature; I mean to say they are too valuable to be sold without consideration, and for fear I should not be just to you, I will consult some friends as to what I should give—for I mean to purchase them. For the present here are ten sovereigns; whatever price is put to them by my friends, I will pay you again. A man of your husband's genius must not be left in obscurity and want. I will send a physician to attend to him, and now go home and come back on Monday for what I shall then be in your debt. Your husband shall not be neglected, depend upon it."

Unable to speak her thanks, but grasping the gold in her hand with nervous tenacity, the bewildered woman was led out of the room by the hand of the sympathizing Mrs. Chesterfield, and when she found herself again in the road, it was with the addition of a well-filled basket of wine and provisions. Casting her dimmed eyes to heaven, and muttering a prayer of thankfulness, poor Mary turned in the direction of home, and ran with the speed of a chamois till the battered door and broken casement of her abode stood before her. The luxury of that moment, as she doled out her treasure before the hectic husband, was worth a life's privation to enjoy. The sick man, unable to express the sense of struggling happiness, bent his head meekly on his chest, and groaned from the fullness of his soul; while his wife folding her arms around his neck, pressed his face to her bosom, and between hysterical tears and laughter, whispered, "I told you not to despair, and with a confidence she scarcely felt, she strove to instill a healthier tone into her husband's less sanguine heart.

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Under the skillful hand of the physician, Western was soon restored to comparative health, and aided by the patronage of Mr. Chesterfield, was in a few months removed to London, and a situation obtained for him as designer in one of the first houses in town, where he still may be found, directing the energies of a large establishment, respected, prosperous and happy, and daily thankful to his wife for that faith in the bounty of Eternal Providence, that under heaven, had through all the petulance of disease and crush of poverty, kept a living principle of hope within his heart. Nor does his now restored and comely wife forget in thankful prayer, her gratitude to God, for the courage that opposed so long her husband's gloom, and gave her power to prove the confidence that buoyed himself

—NEVER TO DESPAIR.

Our Brother Thomas.

BY MRS. F. A. MANAFORD.

Another wears the crown of glory now,
Where hoy angels sing,
Another from the white-robed throng has met
A joyous welcoming;
Why should we mourn because our ranks are thin,
When fuller grow the ranks that know not sin!
Our brother Thomas, dear to all our hearts!
Thine is the favored brow
To wear the crown of endless life and joy,
Amid the angels now;
We miss, we mourn thee with a sister's love,
And yet rejoice that thou are safe above.
Life hath its trials, its burdens and its woes,
But death opens wide the door
To that fair mansion where the blest abide,
And grief is known no more.

Oh, brother! though we love thee we resign,
Our wills impercept to the wills divine!

Again we hope to meet thee where no sin

Shall mir our holy joy,

Where we shall find the rose without its thorn,

The goli without alloy:

Where all our circle shall unbroken stand,

A glorious company at God's right hand.

READING, MASS.

INDIAN JUSTICE.—Many years ago, when a gentleman from the central part of New Hampshire was in the Pequannock county attending to his property near the village of Fryeburg, a company of Indians from the Penobscot tribe came there for a temporary abode, and pitched their tents on an elevation near the Saco river. In passing to his lands he noticed a squaw in the field picking strawberries, and creeping to different parts of the patch that furnished the fruit. Her attitude struck him as singular; but he concluded she took that posture as most convenient for the purpose.

On his return she had disappeared, and he supposed had gone to sell berries. But as he approached the settlement, he ob-

served the unusual sight of an Indian carrying a squaw on his back. A nearer view showed him the person whom he saw in the strawberry field. After having witnessed the occurrence several times, on inquiry of the Indians as to the cause of this action, one of them replied:

"He bad Indian. He drink much Saccaw. He drunk, and Cheepie (devil) get in him. Then he put squaws feet in fire. They burn off!" As he looked he saw they were crippled and useless. The tribe resented the cruelty, and its council was about to decide on his immediate execution. But one of the elder and wiser of the number interposed his opinion, and gave this advice:—"No shoot; make him live long as squaw live; make him carry squaw, when she want walk; when squaw die, then shoot."

The decision was in accordance with this counsel, and thus secured to the injured woman perpetual kind treatment from her husband. The fact of his own death as soon as she died, made him careful to preserve her health and life; and the punishment of bearing her as his constant burden, as well as the compelled attention to her welfare, formed a striking example of the retributive shrewdness of "Indian Justice."

CRANBERRIES.—It is an important fact, which those who may be disposed to plant a cranberry field should not lose sight of, that there are several varieties some of which are far better than others, and that some of the rankest growing vines are almost barren. In short, there is as much necessity to select good cranberry vines for a plantation as there is to make a choice in strawberry vines. It is as much owing to this unproductiveness of some vines that many persons who have attempted cranberry culture have failed and become discouraged, as it is want of skill in planting, or unsuitableness of soil.

All who have the opportunity of getting vines from a natural cranberry meadow should go when it is the bearing season, and select them for transplanting. They will find patches growing within a few rods of each other, one of which produces the most abundant crop from vines so small that they make no show, while other places will be completely matted with rank vines, which never produce a quart per square rod.

RESPECT THE BURDEN.—Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying: "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows they do not "respect the burden"—whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I expected him to be harsh, rude, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go; I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word, or an ungracious act. And how far, pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which "respects the burden?" As far as the love of God will go with us. A great distance—it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow.—[Good Words.]

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN FORM AND COLOR.—The Ohio Farmer has the following directions upon this subject:—"Procure a quantity of fine sand and wash it until free from all dirt, and the water comes from it clean. Then with a fine sieve sift it all the particles. It should then be sifted with a coarse sieve, taking from it all the coarse particles. The sand now, being perfectly dry, is ready for use. Place it in a dish, which should correspond in depth with the length of the flower-stems which are to be used for drying. The flowers, when picked, should be perfectly dry or exempt from rain or dew. Insert the flower-stems in the sand to the base of the flowers. Then with a steady hand sprinkle the sand evenly over the flowers until they are completely imbedded. Place them in a very dry place, either near the fire or in the sun, and let them remain several days. When perfectly dry the sand may be poured off. Double flowers, with stiff petals, are most easily preserved, but most varieties will repay the little trouble and care required by this simple process."

Truth is the only real lasting foundation for friendship; and in everything but truth there is a principle of decay and dissolution.

If you wish to get your son on in trade what business would you advise him to mind? Ans.—His own.

The Middlesex Journal, AND WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

WHAT WE OWE, AND OUR ABILITY TO PAY.—When any party proposes to borrow our money, we naturally inquire, Is the borrower solvent? Is he worth property sufficient to pay his debts? The United States is now in the market for money to complete the great work of crushing the rebellion, now evidently tottering to its fall. Vast numbers would give their money, as they have already given their sons, without hope of other reward than the consciousness of having performed the great and solemn duty that devolves upon every true patriot. But we will leave all considerations of duty and patriotism aside, and, taking only the business view, merely glance at the inventory of wealth, which is the foundation of credit.

According to that authentic document, the U. S. Census Reports for 1860, the sum of the wealth of the entire country at that time was sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine million dollars (\$16,159,000,000), of which only four thousand seven hundred million (\$4,700,000,000) was in States now in rebellion, and of this four thousand seven hundred millions, over one and a half millions was in slaves. When the war is prosecuted to a successful termination, the property of the entire country will have to contribute to the payment of the national debt. But it is not the wealth of *to-day* that will pay it; it is the wealth that will be accumulated in the series of years that will elapse before the debt is finally due. The increase of our national wealth from 1840 to 1850 was 64 per cent., and from 1850 to 1860, 127 per cent. If our country was worth sixteen thousand millions in 1860, is there any reason why its property should not double every succeeding ten years? War may stop this increase in part, but not entirely. Unlike the nations of the Old World, we have only begun to develop our resources. We have half a continent that the plow has never touched, gold mines that have only begun to be developed, and other mineral resources that only future generations will know of.

But let us avoid rhetoric, and keep to the bare facts of our statement.

Taking the wealth of the nation as in 1860, without increase, and it stands at \$16,159,000,000. The national debt, as stated at the last Treasury Report, Aug. 30, 1864, was 1,878,565,223

Surplus, \$14,280,434,777. The ratio of liability thus shown is only about 12 per cent. of the assets, and, throwing the rebellious States quite out of the question, is only about 16 per cent. Would not a private individual with such a balance-sheet be considered worthy of credit?

But a glance at what others have done will best illustrate our own position. Take Great Britain, during one of the gloomiest periods of her financial history. At the end of her great wars in 1816, her wealth was estimated at ten thousand four hundred millions (\$10,400,000,000), and her national debt of that time was four thousand three hundred millions (\$4,300,000,000), or more than 41 per cent. of her entire property. In 1861 her property was stated at thirty-one thousand five hundred millions (\$31,500,000,000), while her debt was three thousand eight hundred and ninety millions (\$3,890,000,000), or was a charge on the property of the country of only about 12.3 per cent.

We write this not that we think any one fears the solvency of the country, but because we believe that every citizen should understand his general as well as individual account, and who will give the best security as well as the best interest for his money. We know of no form of investment that combines so many advantages as the Government Loans.

WOBURN BANK.—The Stockholders of the Woburn Bank held their annual meeting, on Monday, Oct. 3d, for the choice of Directors for the ensuing year, and unanimously made choice of the old board of Directors, viz.—Abijah Thompson, Bowen Buckman, Charles Choate, J. B. Winn, John Cummings, Jr., Stephen Dow, Charles Bond, Moses F. Winn, John Hill, and Stephen Nichols.

At a subsequent meeting of the board of Directors, elect, Gen. Abijah Thompson was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year. A dividend of 5 per cent. above all taxes, was declared to the Stockholders, payable on and after the 1st inst.

The democrats of Woburn were out in force last Tuesday evening. At 7 1/2 o'clock, a splendid flag bearing the motto, "Union at all Hazards," and the names of McClellan and Pendleton, was displayed from their headquarters in Lyceum building. It was greeted with cheer upon cheer by the crowd, while the band played lively airs, and the darkness of the evening was rendered brilliant by the rockets which were constantly ascending in honor of the occasion.

Are we to have a course of lectures in Woburn this season?

The country is passing through a severe trial of our Republican form of government, and it is precisely that proof which all wise and reflecting men were fearful of, a civil strife. When it was suggested in the formation of our Constitution, the coercion of States which might rebel, a case involving the rights of minorities, the discussion of the subject appeared so full of peril, that it was relinquished on the threshold. The love of liberty on the part of the people at that time, was so intense and excited, they had made such great sacrifices to secure it, that it was with difficulty they were persuaded to come into an arrangement to transfer, even to so limited a degree as they did the rights of free and sovereign states to the general government that they formed. Rhode Island, whose early history showed so wide a toleration, such a diversity of opinion, and such a reluctance to restraint, did not for several years adopt the Constitution. Several hundred men, many of them armed with muskets, kept watch at a bridge near Providence, to intercept and endeavor to persuade those who were thronging to a barbecue, where an ox was to be roasted in honor of the ratification of the Constitution, that they were losing their liberties, and should not countenance such a celebration.

Mr. Fred W. Ellis, and Miss Lilly Nelson, received a long and interesting letter from Capt. Chas. Converse, 5th Mass. Cavalry. Mr. L. is a Norwegian by birth, come out to defend our cause, and has not many friends. He is wounded severely, and therefore Mrs. Pollard's donation is a blessing.

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Mary's Hollow.

A shady dell beside the road,
Sequester'd, cool, and grassy:
A pleasant brook near it flow'd,
Its current pure and glassy.

And Mary's home was on the hill,
Up in the farm-house yonder:
But the dell so cool and still
It was her wont to wander.

Her father's sheep the tender maid
Her steps had taught to follow,
And friskful lambs around her play'd,
Down in the grassy hollow.

And there she sat on summer days,
Her nimble fingers flitting,
Through many an intertwisting maze
In curious arts of knitting.

And there she sang some simple song
Or hymn learn'd from her mother:
The hours to her were never long—
Each moment chased the other.

A native quietude of mein
So graciously became her,
The maidens on the village-green
With honour loved to name her.

The quiet meekness of her brow
Awoke no special wonder,
Though like a brook beneath the snow
A stream of thought ran under.

And oftentimes a sudden smile
Her countenance stole over,
As flitting sunbeams dance the while
Over fields of blooming clover.

The very angel of her heart,
Her mother's hand caress'd her:
She changed her father's care to mirth,
And silently he bless'd her.

Sunday, in the village choir,
Her pure, sweet voice outpealing,
Struck up in hymn hearts the fire
Of deep and holy feeling.

When sorrow's burden fell upon
Some soul too weak to bear it,
She bent her willing shoulder down
And kindly sought to share it.

The great wide world was all astir
And heaved in toppling billows;
But all was calm as heaven to her
Beneath her drooping willows.

As life ran on with silent pace,
Her meek and pious spirit
Grew meet for a holy place
The pure in heart inherit.

And when the leaves were turning red,
And autumn winds were sweeping,
Sweet Mary with the early dead
Beneath the grass was sleeping.

The neighbours, still, who pass that way,
Where Mary's sheep did follow,
Remember her; and to this day
They call it Mary's Hollow.

THE PASSION FOR DISPLAY.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real, simple self for power to get through the world, and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much living in the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial arts. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh in such an example.

GEX. DIX ON PEACE.—While at Sandusky, Ohio, the other day, looking up the rebel pirates on Lake Erie, Gen. Dix was serenaded by the citizens and made his acknowledgment of their courtesy in a brief speech. Referring to the rebellion he said:

"It has been my conviction from the beginning that we can have no honorable peace until the insurgent armies are dispersed and the leaders of the rebellion are expelled from the country. [Loud cheers.] I believe that a cessation of hostilities would lead inevitably and directly to a recognition of the insurgent states; and when I say this I need hardly add that I can have no part in any political movement of which the Chicago platform is the basis. [Renewed cheering and applause.] No, fellow-citizens, the only hope of securing an honorable peace—a peace which shall rest on the Union and the Constitution—lies in a steady, persistent and unremitting prosecution of the war: [great applause] and I believe the judgement of every right thinking man will soon bring him this conviction."

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.

—In digging at the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, when the workmen arrived at the depth of sixty-three feet, they came to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable is, that at the depth of fourteen feet are found the remains of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Underneath is a soft earth made up chiefly of vegetable matters; and at twenty-six feet deep large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still on the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells; and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under it vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees, as before.

LADIES, READ THIS.

The Middlesex Journal,

E. MARCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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Stow—J. T. WHITTIER
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Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

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And Nashua & Lowell, Wilton, Stony Brook Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell Railroads.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MAY 16th, 1864, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroad, 6.00, 8.00 a.m., 12.00, 5.30 p.m.
Wilton, Milford, Lexington's Corner, S. Merrimack 8.00, 12.00, 5.30 a.m., 12.00, 5.30 p.m.

Nashua, 6.00, 8.00 a.m., 12.00, 5.30 p.m.

Tyngsboro, N. H., Chelmsford, 6.00 a.m., 12.00, 5.30 p.m.

Groton Junction 10 (exp.) a.m., 2.30 p.m.

Lowell, 6.00, 8.00 a.m., 12.00 (exp.) a.m., 2.30, 5.30 (exp.) 6.00 p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, 6.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00, 6.00 p.m.

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Woburn, 6.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00, 6.00 p.m.

Lowell, 6.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00, 6.00 p.m.

Woburn, 6

Middlesex

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : NO. 3.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

The Ice Island.

Mastless, helmsless, gaping at every seem, and grousing and crashing at every pitch over the rolling surges, yet supported above the water by the exceeding buoyancy of the cargo, our miserable bark still struggled with the tempest. Sailors without further duty, and passengers without further hope, were seen in various parts lashing themselves to the rigging, and commanding their souls to heaven.

It is always awful to die; but when perishing in the unheavens solitudes of the deep, while the heavens and seas are at war with each other, and nature herself seems to encourage the anarchy of her elements, awe is swallowed up in a more subduing horror. It was night, too, and there was a moon in the sky, but it was covered and concealed by massy volumes of vapour, which enveloped the great abyss with impenetrable darkness. The uproar of the tempest was such as may be recalled by those who have witnessed similar scenes. Thunder that crashed, rattled, and yelled through the firmament; winds that howled and whistled through the black air; and billows that put forth their voices in a hoarse, harsh roar—made up the music of the tempest. A sudden dying away of the wind, and an unaccountable tranquillity of the waters—filled our souls with transport; and many of us were expressing our joy with loud shouts and congratulations, when a voice deep and hoarse, but thrillingly distinct, exclaimed among us, "The ice island!"

"The ice islands! It is not so: it cannot be," replied a dozen trembling voices; "it cannot be the ice islands!"

"It is, it is," replied the same hoarse, deep voice. A flash of lightning, bright and universal, as if the whole sky were for an instant in a conflagration, revealed our situation to us. Masses of ice—the same that we had, in the evening, gazed upon with such pleasure and admiration, stretched about us to the north-west, rolling and rocking in the waves; and near to us, very near to us, towered a vast and tremendous bulk, like some gigantic mountain with its citadels and towers, undermined and semi drifting about in the shoreless seas. The flash was but momentary, yet it was sufficient to fill us with horror; and after complete darkness had been restored, the dashing of the billows over these floating desolations, was heard above the general roar of the tempest, along with the grinding and crashing of the fragments, as they struck against each other with a violence, which, on the solid land, would have caused a shock like an earthquake.

"We are under its lee!—it is upon us!" shouted a voice that rang like the peal of a trumpet in our ears; and at the same instant another bright and widespread flash discovered the tremendous object moving swiftly towards us. As if to increase the horrors of the scene, the moon now burst through the clouds; and although the horizon around, on all quarters, still remained in frightful gloom, a circumscribed central spot, embracing within its limits the terrific island and the devoted vessel, now lay in a state of vivid illumination. There came the mighty desolation, its grand cathedral-like summits reflecting and refracting the lunar rays in a wild and fantastic spectrum, and nodding to the force of the billows that drove it onwards.

I possess but little of that philosophic indifference of death, which is found in some men: my fears distracted me. I remember nothing of the catastrophe but a loud shock; a sinking of the broken deck; a whirling of the watery chaos; a wild and congregated shriek, so piercing, so horrible, that even the savage waves seemed to restrain their fury for an instant to listen; and then I sank insensible among the waters.

I awoke as from a painful and horrid dream, disturbed by something striking with repeated blows upon the back of my head—I lay on my face and turning sluggishly around I was startled by the rushing of wings. An albatross, or sea-eagle, or some fowl of the deep, darted with shrill cries before my vision. I put my hand to my head; it was bleeding and mangled. My limbs were stiff and sore, and in many places severely lacerated.

I rose, and found myself in a hollow cavern of the ice, the bottom of which was filled with fissures underneath which I could hear the rumbling and dashing of waves; and fearing least this frail floor should give way and precipitate me again into the abyss from which I had so providentially and mysteriously escaped, I crawled to the entrance of the cavern.

The sun was up; the waves were at rest, or rather were rolling onward with a regular and sluggish motion, scarcely sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of my icy float. Where were my companions? I shouted aloud; nothing answered me: the silence of death was on my island.

A harsh scream struck my ear. A bird of prey was hovering in the air a rod or two from me, and occasionally darting swiftly into a hollow of the ice, from which it issued again with wild cries. I approached the spot. Before me lay the corpse of a young man, whose good humor and mirth had often, in dull and weary hours, enlivened the spirits of his fellow voyagers. Although his body was dreadfully mangled, and his face contorted and in some measure mutilated by the voracious fowl, I soon recognised him, and for a moment endeavoured to please myself with the thought that he was not.

The storm died gradually away; and with the morning sun came another calm, and another day of famine and of misery.

Several days succeeded to this, a dull and horrible calendar of starvation, distraction and stupor. Of water, I had plenty; I slacked my thirst, by sucking it from a piece of ice, or by scooping it in my hands from the puddles that formed every day around the trees, rocks and earth on my island. But food—I had no food. I chewed such splinters of bark and wood as I could tear away from the pine-tree; they were dry and disgusting. I cut strips of leather from my shoes and endeavoured to eat them. A letter that I had valued beyond my life, remained in one of my pockets—I chewed and swallowed it; but it gave me no relief.

Struck to the heart with a feeling of my loneliness and forlornness, I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and gave myself up to despair. Why had I not perished with my companions? A quiet grave at the bottom of the ocean, or in the bowels of one of the ocean's monsters, was preferable to this icy and living tomb.

The love of life prevailed over despair. I rose upon my feet, and looked around me for the means of preserving my existence. I soon discovered, that in the vast mass of ice upon which I stood, there were imbedded many fragments of rocks, trunks of trees, and other substances, noting it to have been formed on the shores of some distant land. Nothing, however, capable of satisfying hunger, was to be found. No frozen animal, nor lifeless bird rewarded my search; and having wandered painfully and laboriously about wherever the asperities of the ice, or the presence of some land object, afforded me a precarious footing, I at last reclined hopelessly upon a cloven pine-tree that projected from the ice. Above me—for the berg was of great height—towered, in inexplicable grandeur, cold and glittering pinnacles of pure and almost transparent ice. Below lay the ocean, silent and calm, presenting a surface, soundless and unvaried.

The day passed away wearily and monotonously: the night found me; and still I clung listlessly to the shattered pine. The moon rose—I have always loved the moon; and that night, while gazing upon her pure orb, now doubly solitary, and thinking of many friends with whom I had sat at my own vine-covered porch, almost adoring her peaceful loveliness—of many friends who might be, that very hour, in my own lost land, recalling the memory of their friend by gazing upon her again—I forgot for a time that I was alone, and a dweller on an ice berg.

A rack of clouds passed over her face; I started—a sudden explosion, followed by a long and heavy growl of thunder, admonished me of another tempest. I fastened my arms to a branch of the pine, while the winds rose, and covered the moon and stars with black clouds. The ocean again was lashed to fury, and the foam of billows dashing against the sharp angles of the island, and snatched up by the winds, broke over me in incessant showers.

It was sometime before my floating habitation felt and acknowledged the influence of the storm; but when the agitation of the sea had arrived at its height, there commenced a scene so appallingly sublime, that even the apprehension of approaching destruction could not wholly unfit me for enjoying it. The island rocked, but not as a ship rocks, when she tumbles from a lofty wave into the trough of the sea, nor even as a mountain, when vexed by an earthquake in its bowels. It seemed rather to reel or spin around, like a swaen in the whirlpool of Norway; sometimes lurching heavily over, until its tallest precipices were buried in the waves. Then a more regular assault of gusts and breakers prevailing, it would stoop and yield before the wind, and drift with amazing celerity through the waves.

Happily my position was in the central part; and although occasionally a billow more mountainous and voracious than

the rest, would seem almost to overwhelm the island, and dash itself at my feet, I felt myself partially secure.

All this, however, was trifling to that which soon followed. I know not whether the tornado had huddled the other ice-islands together and impelled them with violence against my own, or whether my island may not have struck upon some concealed rock. Be that as it may, I was suddenly alarmed by a shock that communicated itself in a vibratory shudder to all parts of the island, followed by a deafening crash; and in another moment I was made sensible, by the distracted and impetuous tossing of my berg, and by many successive shocks, that it had been split in twain, and was now breaking to pieces.

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horrible calendar of starvation, distraction and stupor. Of water, I had plenty; I slacked my thirst, by sucking it from a piece of ice, or by scooping it in my hands from the puddles that formed every day around the trees, rocks and earth on my island. But food—I had no food. I chewed such splinters of bark and wood as I could tear away from the pine-tree; they were dry and disgusting. I cut strips of leather from my shoes and endeavoured to eat them. A letter that I had valued beyond my life, remained in one of my pockets—I chewed and swallowed it; but it gave me no relief.

This second dreadful disappointment to my hopes may be more easily conceived than described. The sun was setting. I crawled to a brink of the ice, fully resolved to throw myself into the sea. A dark object presented itself to my eyes, lying immediately under the island, and night had not so far advanced, as to prevent me from recognizing in this singular apparition, a wreck, water-logged and without masts, rolling heavily in the sea. Something moved upon the stern. Oh, happiness! it was a human being—one like myself, spared to be mocked as I had been. I endeavoured to call aloud, but my previous exertions had left me voiceless. I presented myself on the cliff, and this miserable creature now appeared to me, a dog, which, seeing me, set up a loud howl. It was not the plaintive cry we so often hear uttered by this animal; not the animated yelp of recognition; no—hunger had changed its nature, as it had changed mine—it was the howl of a famished fiend, the scream of a beast of prey. This also disappeared, and night was again upon the ocean.

The morning came: I cared not for it. The sun was melting my island under me, and must soon mingle it with the waters: I cared not for that. I was resigned to my fate; the pangs of hunger were now unfelt. I was happy, for I knew I was dying: but death came slowly, my constitution resisted him. I lay in a horrid stupor.

From this state, I was aroused by a human voice—yes, many voices shouting and calling aloud. I crawled from my cave—I rose feebly to my feet. A ship with her sails backed, lay a few furlongs to windward of me. They had descended my hankerchief, which I had hung upon a branch of the pine, and stuck in one of the most elevated parts of the island.

The saw me, and shouted cheerfully and triumphantly. They put out a boat, which approached the ice; but its sharp and upright sides rendered it impossible for them to land on it. I succeeded in crawling to a part of the berg, where it inclined shovelingly to the water, and as a last effort, slid myself down into the sea.

I was taken up, and found myself fostered among the rude but kind hearts of my own country.

INCONSISTENCIES OF MISERS.—Even amongst misers, however, there are exceptions to the rule of uniform penuriousness.

Elwes, who added to his own fortune another inherited from his uncle, both amounting to half a million sterling, would dine off a hard boiled egg, or a piece of pancake which he had kept for two months in his pocket. But he would lose thousands at play with men of fashion, pay his debts and never ask for his winnings, which he thought would be ungentlemanly. He would not lay out a penny on the education of his two sons. He thought that "putting things into their heads was taking money out of their pockets."

But when Lord Abingdon had made a match for seven thousand pounds, Elwes, who knew he had not the money, offered to lend it to him. He would walk from one end of London to another in the rain to avoid paying a shilling for a coach; would eat his meat putrid rather than order fresh joint; and set in wet clothes rather than light a fire to dry them; wore a cast off wig which he had picked out of a ditch; and having torn his only coat, took one from the family chest which belonged to an ancestor, with slash sleeves made of green velvet. But to a merchant who conciliated him with a present of wine he lent seven hundred pounds, and a trifling present, or work done for him, was tolerably sure to be followed by a loan of money. He would let a poor man starve before he would aid him; yet

in bonds to peers and others, and on some American property, he is said to have lost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. There were occasional touches of humor in him. At a shooting party, he shot firing carelessly wounded him in the cheek. "I give you joy," he said, "of your improvement; I knew you would by-and-by hit something." At another time, having cut both his legs deeply he was with difficulty persuaded to employ a surgeon. But he would only incur this expense in favor of one leg. He would manage the other himself, and offered to bet that it would get well first; and it did.

Thomas Guy was another exception. His wealth was enormous; and at one time he had promised to marry his maid, the only servant he kept. He had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended up to a particular spot. The girl observing a broken stone beyond this point, told the workmen to mend it also. "Tell Mr. Guy," she said, "I bade you do it, and he will not be angry." The marriage was to have taken place two days afterwards, and the girl reasonably presumed she might exercise this little piece of authority. But she soon discovered her mistake. Guy was so angry at the additional expense in which she had involved him that he broke off the match. Yet he built three wards on the north side of St. Thomas's Hospital; endowed them with a hundred pounds a year for eleven years; and afterwards built and endowed the hospital which bears his name, at a cost of £219,000.—[Review of Memoirs of Misers.

AGRICULTURAL CROAKERS REBUKED.—As the farmer, of all men, seems nearest to God in his works, he should be the most faithful and the most confiding. But it has been said—that it may be slanderously—that of all men they are the greatest croakers, and have the least hope and faith. It is too wet or too dry—there is too much or too little produced. If too little, it does not pay, at prices ever so high; if too much, the crops will not reward the harvesting. There are worms and birds, bugs and mildews, and diseases to cattle and vines, named and unknown, that are present or anticipated. There is a story told of an eccentric lawyer, Burgess, who was famous in his village for his skeptical notions and also for his wit. He was once listening to a group of farmers—pious men lingering about the church-door, as is the custom in the country—to talk of the bad weather, the fly, the rot, the drought and the wet, when one turned to Burgess, and asked, "How comes on your garden?"

"I never plant anything," replied Burgess, with a solemn face; "I am afraid to put even a potato in the ground." "It's no wonder," groaned one of the most eminent pious persons present, "it's no wonder, for a man who disbelieves in religion could not expect to have his labors blessed." "I am not afraid of failing in my reward for my work," replied Burgess, "but, I am afraid that agricultural labor will make me profane. If I planted a single potato, what would be the result? Why, I should get up in the morning, look about and growl—it's going to rain, and it will ruin my potatoes; then in dry weather I should say—the drought will kill my potatoes; then I should be unhappy because the rot might destroy my potatoes; in fact, gentlemen," concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, "I should be afraid to do anything that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence."—[Newburyport Herald.

NAPOLEON SCARED BY A CLOCK.—The course of victory continued incessantly, and so early as October 25th, Napoleon wrote from Potsdam to Joseph, "I will crush the Russians when they arrive, and I do not fear the Austrians." In the royal palace he found everything just as the legitimate owners had left it. So extraordinary was the prevailing stupidity that no attempt had been made to save the private papers of the royal family, and Napoleon was able to examine the letters of Queen Louise. In the study of Frederick the Great, at Sans Souci, he had, or affected to have, an attack of rheumatism. "Gentlemen," he said to his suite, as he took off his hat, "this is a spot that merits our respect." But he yielded to the vanity of sending the sword of the mighty dead as a relic to Paris; and when the Prussians asked for it back in 1814, it came out that Jerome had been so dishonorable as to have the revered relic destroyed.

On one of the nights that Napoleon spent at Charlottenburg, his slumbers were disturbed. The divine comedy of history has also comic interludes. In Frederick William's dining-room, close to the conqueror's bed-chamber, there stood a large musical clock, which admirably imitated a band of trumpets. At midnight the row began; trumpets echoed through the palace; the servants, the adjutants, Napoleon himself, leaped out of bed, and every one believed in a surprise. But soon everything was quiet again, and no one could make out where the trumpets were. Sentinels were posted, a part of the adjutants remained up, and at one o'clock there was the same row again, this time in one of the rooms. They rushed in, and the innocent clock was detected before the tune was ended. Napoleon the Great, the *eraser* of the Prussian monarchy, sleeping in the palace of the Queen of Prussia, and frightened by a musical clock.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.—How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith."

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear, give him a twit backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make.

"Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pastry room, my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things all the while.

"Now, Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of sugar I am using. "Well, you see, it drives me frantic; and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death this weather; that if he was not capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out, and I hid his umbrella and India-rubbers. Well, of course he was right up, (just what I expected!) and in less than ten minutes was streaking down the street at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"You see there's nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of education."

ARSENICAL ORNAMENTS.—A few days ago a little girl had a bunch of artificial grapes given to her. After amusing herself with the toy, she gave it to a playmate of her own age, who presently picked a grape off the bunch and sucked it. The next day she was a corpse. An eminent physician who analyzed the plaything, deposed that ten of the grapes yielded three grains of arsenic of copper—a deadly poison—and that each vine leaf on the bunch contained enough to kill a child. Another child's cupboard, in which its toys were kept, was lined with green paper. The poor little thing sickened and died, obviously from the effects of poison mysteriously imbibed. Dr. Letherby analyzed the paper-hanging of the cupboard, and found that a piece of it only six inches square contained nearly thirteen grains of the deadly compound, enough to kill two grown-up persons.—[London Inquirer.

THE DEACON AND THE WASPS.—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The "divine word" was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing, with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, counting his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply. "Pooh!" said the deacon; "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion;"—and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step, when a swarm of bristly insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Ah!" shouted the other, with a chuckle—“the prudent man forsooth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.” The good deacon had found his equal in making application of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

WOBURN:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

Return of the 22d Regiment.

The 22d Regiment of Massachusetts, just from the field, arrived in Boston on Monday morning last. They number about 150 men, with 15 officers, and are commanded by Col. William S. Tilton. They took breakfast at the United States Hotel. At 11 o'clock they proceeded to Faneuil Hall, as guests of the city, where they received a hearty and enthusiastic welcome by a large collection of gentlemen and ladies. After partaking of a generous collation, the men were addressed by Mayor Lincoln, who welcomed them to their homes, referring to their gallant conduct on many battlefields, where they conferred honor on themselves and the Commonwealth.

Gen. Tilton returned thanks for the hospitable reception extended to the regiment, and gave a sketch of the history of the 22d and its fortunes, paying a merited tribute to the noble men who had fallen in battle, and mentioning those who had received promotion.

We learn from the Boston Journal, that the 22d was recruited from different sections of the State under the direction of Hon. Henry Wilson, who was commissioned as its first Colonel. It left Lynnfield Oct. 8, 1861, and brilliant receptions greeted its arrival in Boston, at New York and Philadelphia on its way to the seat of war. The regiment reached Washington on the 11th, and two days after went into camp at Hall's Hill, Va., where it remained through the winter. Col. Wilson having resigned Oct. 29, 1861, was succeeded by Capt. Jesse A. Grove, 11th Infantry regular army.

On the 10th of March, 1862, the Twenty-second was ordered to active service in the field. Up to Dec. 1, 1863, it had participated in the following engagements: Operations before Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, Va., Chickahominy, Malvern Hill, Gainesville, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run. The total loss had been 898, of which number 96 were killed, 215 wounded, 93 died of wounds and disease, and 99 were taken prisoners. The regiment went into the field 1104 rank and file, and during the two years ending with the above date, received 321 recruits. Col. Grove was killed in the battle of the Chickahominy, June 27, 1863, and was succeeded by Lieut. Col. C. E. Griswold. Col. Griswold resigned on account of ill health Oct. 17, and was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Wm. S. Tilton.

During the winter of 1863-4, until May 1, the 22d was on picket duty in front of Mosby at Beverly Ford, and joined the Army of the Potomac at Germanna Ford, just previous to the battles of the Wilderness. It has been in the immediate front throughout the entire campaign, having done the skirmishing in advance of the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, to which it was attached. It has therefore participated in all the battles under Grant, its loss amounting to 78 per cent, of its maximum strength, when it crossed the Rapidan. While in service it has lost 140 killed, 59 died of wounds, 87 died by accident and disease. There have been wounded 316. Seventy men have re-enlisted.

The Regiment was invited to visit Woburn, and receive a welcome home from its citizens, who were anxious to express their gratitude to those who had so nobly defended their country's flag on the battlefield; and all proper arrangements were made for the purpose, but the soldiers were too much fatigued by their journey and their march through the streets of Boston, to accept of the invitation. But one person belonging to the Regiment—Charles Day—arrived in town, and the disappointment was of course great. Several of the men who were formerly attached to the Regiment were met at the Horn Pond Depot, and escorted by the Woburn State Guard, Capt. T. J. Pierce, the Warren Cadets, Capt. Cutter, and returned soldiers of other regiments, with a cavalcade and a procession of citizens, through Warren and Pleasant streets, to Lyceum Hall, where prayer was offered by Rev. Eli Fay; after which an address of welcome was made by John Cummings, Jr., Esq., who gave a brief history of the battle through which the Regiment had passed, and closed with some patriotic and well-timed remarks to the soldiers present, who formerly belonged to the regiment.

Rev. Eli Fay was then introduced to the audience, and made an eloquent and patriotic address, as he always does on such occasions. Farmer Harris, a true patriot, whose love of country burns bright, and who has been exceedingly active in his efforts to persuade men to enlist, addressed the soldiers in a strain of patriotic eloquence. His remarks were well received.

At the close of the exercises in the hall, a collation was partaken of, when the large company separated. It is much to be regretted that the Regiment could not have made it convenient to attend, as the most extensive arrangements were made to give them a reception worthy of their

noble deeds. Woburn is justly proud of the honor which they have conferred upon one and all of her citizens. The following letter from Gen. Tilton, will explain the cause of their non-arrival among us:

BOSTON, Oct. 10th, 1864.

Editor Journal:—I regret very much the necessity which deprived my regiment of the pleasure of visiting Woburn to-day. The fatigues incident to their reception in Boston were so great that none felt equal to the task of a journey to Woburn. Under the circumstances our friends in your town would, I know, have preferred that the men should go to their homes, than undertake to come to Woburn against their will. It is a matter of regret with me that I had not early notice of the honorable intentions of my Woburn friends, so that an arrangement for a visit upon another day could have been made. I can only say now how much I appreciate the kind intentions of the patriotic citizens of Woburn, and again regret that we could not partake of its hospitality. Respectfully,

W.M. S. TILTON,
Brevet Brig. General.

THE WINTER EVENINGS.—The evenings are beginning to assume great importance, as their duration is increasing.

How to spend our evenings most wisely and well, concerns all, but particularly the young. To them the long evening well spent will speed them on their future way to wealth, usefulness, happiness and honor. Will they be wise enough to improve the opportunity to store their minds with useful knowledge, to develop the powers they possess, to qualify them for business, art, professional life, to mingle in society, to travel and enjoy life? Thousands will misimprove the time by running after vain amusements, by inglorious ease, frivolous and corrupt conversation, and perhaps by forming habits of intemperance, and making steps in the direction of other vices. To all lads who have just left school, and to the youth in stores and work-shops, we say, seize hold of the hours of evening to improve yourselves. Learn to play on some musical instrument, and study drawing and painting if your taste leads you that way. Go through, or at least commence, a course of study, as taste and judgment direct, upon either history, geology, botany, zoology or astronomy, and when Spring comes, you will have something to show for your spare time. You will have grown sensibly to yourselves in your mental stature. Books to affect the heart and life, to awaken religious thought, to make a virtuous character, are well worthy of perusal, for what is a man or woman worth, however rich in learning, however disciplined in thought, and however elevated in station, who has neglected the cultivation of the heart and the affections, and a proper study of his duty to his fellow-man and to his God?

Valuable scientific lectures, religious meetings, social intercourse in families and neighborhoods, may well put in their claims for a share of the winter evening hours. What an opportunity for parents to interest and teach their children! The busy world shut out the sounds of war and its outrages hushed for a time, the mind may be at peace in the quiet of a beloved home.

The winter evenings may also be improved to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, to search out the homes of the indigent, to succor the aged, to reform the intemperate, to instruct the ignorant. There is work to do for all, and every one should be willing to bear his part in disinterested labors for the good of his fellow men.

How busy will the vicious be in the long evenings, to ensnare the young, to lead them to their dens of infamy, to invite them to drink from the intoxicating glass, to engage in gambling, to participate in corrupting pleasures.

How many young persons will be ruined in these long evenings. Not wishing to stay at home, having no relish for instructive reading, and foolishly imagining that happiness is to be found elsewhere than at home, they sally into the street, enter some place where there is an appearance of hilarity, where curiosity is to be gratified, and thus step into the trap, which some caterer for the idle, some man whose business it is to live on the credulity of the public, the incautiousness of the young, has set.

The truly great and successful men and women, have been those who have improved their leisure hours, and made their winter evenings tributary to their advancement in moral worth and useful knowledge, and with the wise improvement of their hours they have escaped the perils of the idle, whom Satan most successfully tempts to their ruin.

ED In these times of high prices, it is well to remember that children can be supplied with shoes for less than the usual annual cost, by wearing Metal-Tipped Shoes, to say nothing of stockings destroyed and health endangered by wet feet, arising from the childlike habit of wearing out their shoes at the toes first. [Boston Journal.]

JOCOSE.—The Providence Journal cut out its exchange and its free list, and begs that those who have heretofore come on the latter won't think that now they must subscribe, because at the present price of white paper a subscription is not a favor.

Army Notes,--No. 12.

HEADQUARTERS 10TH ARMY CORPS,
In the field, before Richmond, Va.,
October 4th, 1864.

Dear Editor,—The inexorable mandate of our great chief of military affairs has again gone forth, and the sum and substance of that mandate is embraced in the little monosyllabic *move*. In accordance with this order, the 10th Corps was relieved by the 2d Corps in the trenches before Petersburg, on the 26th ult., and the different regiments composing our Corps moved back a short distance and made a temporary encampment near Headquarters. On the afternoon of the 28th the Corps again broke camp, and started with the 18th Corps and Kautz's cavalry, on an expedition across the James river. In order to preserve as much secrecy in the movement as possible, the troops were not permitted to cross the pontoons until after dark, and the teamsters were instructed to remove the canvas covers from their wagons.

Early on the morning of the 29th our forces advanced on the enemy's lines, and soon a lively engagement was in progress, the noise of musketry continually growing fainter, showing that the rebels were being pressed back. The 18th Corps participated chiefly in this engagement, occupying the left of the line, with the 10th Corps in the center, and Kautz's cavalry on the right. About 10 o'clock the body of Brig. Gen. Burnham, commanding the 3d division of the 18th Corps, was brought down in an ambulance, he having been killed by a musket ball while leading a charge. The colored troops were first engaged, and that they fought bravely was very well attested by the large number of wounded in the Flying Hospital. Such a scene of suffering humanity, wounded in every conceivable manner, wounded in every conceivable manner, was enough to excite the sympathy even of the vile Copperhead that suffered to go "unwhipped of justice." The report of the Flying Hospital, for the week ending October 2d, gives the following summary: Number of wounded from the field, 1835; number of sick, 208; number of deaths, 23. There were also 44 wounded rebels admitted for treatment. Hospital transports were in readiness, and the wounded were all conveyed to the hospitals at Fortress Monroe as soon as possible.

That the surprise intended for the enemy was most perfect, is very well shown by the success attending this day's engagement, two strong lines of works being carried, and a battery of 15 guns captured. These lines are about 3 miles apart, the first being defended by two lines of abatis. Just over this line, by the roadside, stands a small tree, on the trunk of which I counted no less than 14 battle marks. The field in front, as I passed over it on the second day after the fight was strewn with caps, cartridge boxes, haversacks, etc.; while numerous graves, here and there, also afforded sad testimony in relation to the sanguinary nature of the "clash of arms."

General's Grant and Meade were both present on the first day of the fight, and it was the first opportunity that your correspondent ever had of seeing these distinguished military characters. The usual placidity rested on Gen. G.'s countenance, showing a most imperturbable mind for one bearing so great responsibility. They both left for Petersburg in the afternoon.

On Friday, the 30th, all was quiet in our front till about 2 o'clock, P.M., when the rebels made two desperate assaults on the left of the second line of works held by us, in each of which they met a most severe repulse. Richmond papers of yesterday's date, obtained through the lines to-day, admit a loss of 400 men in these charges. That they have come to the conclusion that it isn't a very paying operation, is inferred from the fact that up to the present waiting they have not repeated the attempt to drive us from our position. This engagement continued for about an hour, during which the cannonading was most fearful. In the evening a heavy bombardment commenced at Petersburg, lasting for two hours or more, after which a bright light illuminated the heavens in that direction as if buildings were on fire.

Saturday, Oct. 1st, was a rainy, cold, disagreeable day. The roads were in a most unpleasant state for travel, anything but calculated to give one a favorable opinion of the "sacred soil." If there is a tract of country on the face of the earth justly entitled to the appellation of "Modern Grease,"—taking the nature of its soil into consideration,—that tract of country is Virginia. But bad weather and disagreeable traveling must afford no check to military operations, when results so momentous are involved in the greatest activity of the troops.

On the afternoon of Saturday, Gen. Terry's division of the 10th Corps started on a reconnaissance, penetrating the country to a point within two miles of Richmond, which place was in plain sight. Approaching within 30 yards of the next line of rebel works, they were opened upon by a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, when, having accomplished the object of the expedition, they returned to our lines, convinced that they might easily have entered the rebel capital if a sufficient force could have been furnished to hold it after its capture. But it is reasonable to suppose that the fall of Richmond—which event has long been looked forward to

with growing interest by the loyal north—is near at hand. Our forces here now occupy a position within 7 miles of that city, and it is probably the intention of Gen. Grant to keep a firm hold upon the same. The good results of this movement are not wholly embraced in our success at this point; for by drawing off a large force from Petersburg to check our advance here, our forces before that city have been able to so extend their lines on the extreme left as to command the "Southside" (or Danville) R.R.; another most serious blow to the rebels, as their supplies can now be obtained only by the roundabout way of Richmond. With Sheridan's victorious army threatening their only remaining line of communication on the west, we may very reasonably expect that before the Presidential election—now only one month ahead—the crowning event of the campaign will have taken place, and the doom of the falling Confederacy sealed forever.

For the past two days a remarkable quietude has prevailed along our front, the pickets wisely refraining from giving the usual exhibitions of bitter hostility between the opposing lines. On Sunday a small demonstration took place, which lasted only a few minutes and then cooled down to the point of utter silence, as regards the discharge of muskets. The rebels doubtless prefer acting on the defensive, as they can ill afford to bear the losses that must naturally follow the assaults made on our works.

Our Headquarters are now temporarily established "among the pines," about half a mile in the rear of our line of works. Great events will doubtless be crowded into the next four weeks, of which it will be my endeavor to keep you duly informed. H. T. P.

JEFF. DAVIS'S SPEECH AT MACON, GA., is a great confession of weakness on the part of the rebel President. He admits the inability of the Confederacy to successfully ward off the blows of Gen. Grant, both in the east and the west. He did not dare to detach men from Virginia to protect Georgia, simply because Richmond would be left open to successful attack by such a transference of troops.

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Knowing these facts, a party of citizens from Woburn came down to visit us, last week, Thursday. A majority of the Selectmen—including Mr. W. B. Harris, our Harris—were of the number. Harris was accompanied to the wharf in Boston by his wagon. In the wagon was a load; the load consisted of barrels and boxes. These contained vegetables, lots of them, milk, &c., from Harris's farm. The vegetables, together with three cheeses, apples, doughnuts, &c., from our visitors, were brought down and distributed to the company of the 11th Mass., who hail mostly from Woburn and Andover. This distribution speaks for itself, yet the company desire publicly to acknowledge it, and return their heart felt thanks for the generous act.

Some of the leading traitors, whether in the bogus government of the Confederacy, or conducting rebel presses, begin to feel the utter folly of fighting against the overwhelming resources of the North. The dismal wail, which Jeff Davis utters, as this fact has been brought home to his mind by the comparative weakness of the South, is strongly condemned by these Confederate newspapers which perceive the depressing effect of such agitating appeals upon the prospect of the new slave-trading government. They both left for Petersburg in the afternoon.

We make no comments upon this speech; but we cannot refrain from expressing our profound regret that such a speech should have been said to have been delivered by the Chief Magistrate of the Confederate States, for we cannot make up our minds that he delivered it. We hope speedily to be able to deny its authenticity.

The Richmond papers, however, do not deny the accuracy of the report of the speech, made by the paper in the place where it was delivered.

ED At a meeting of the Young Men's Literary Association, held Saturday evening, Oct. 8, the following Resolutions were adopted on the death of John E. Bryant:

Whereas, Almighty God, in his all-wise providence, has removed by death, our late friend and companion, John E. Bryant,

Therefore, Resolved, That in the death of our former Associate we mourn the loss of one who had endeared himself to all, by his uniform kindness and many noble traits of character.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved relatives of our deceased associate, and commend to them the comforts of the Christian's hope and an unfaltering trust in Him who doeth all things well.

J. G. POLLARD, C. A. SWEETSER, G. H. CONN, Committee.

ED Delegates from the Woburn McClellan Club to the Congressional Convention held at Charlestown, Oct. 13—Ed. W. Hudson, A. Roundy, S. Dow, T. J. Pierce, C. T. Lang, J. P. Crane, J. C. Bodwell, Jr., W. B. Harris, Wm. Bradley, John Cummings, Jr.

We learn from a letter received in town from Lieut. L. F. Wynn, dated Annapolis, Md., Oct. 9, that Frederick Leslie, G. W. Dean, C. Colgate, Frederick Ramsell, and —— Hoskins, arrived at that place the day the letter was written, having been paroled. Thomas Moran had arrived there a fortnight previous, and was quite sick. Lieut. Tidd, with other officers from the 39th, had been sent farther South than Richmond.

MILITARY.—Private James O. Hovey, of Woburn, a re-enlisted volunteer of Co. D, 2d Vermont Regiment, was wounded in the hand in one of the late engagements with Gen. Sheridan. He is now in Pleasant Valley Hospital, Baltimore, Md., doing well.

Private James Doorley, of Woburn, Co. K, 39th Reg. Mass. Vols., who was badly wounded in the leg, at the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, Va., May 8th, has arrived home on furlough, from the Haddington Hospital, Philadelphia, Penn.

Private Edward M. Dudley, of Woburn, a member of the 5th Mass. Battery, died in hospital at Washington, D. C., on the 10th inst. No particulars have been received. The deceased was formerly a member of Co. D, 11th Mass. Regiment. Corporal Otitis K. Winn, of Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt., (one hundred days' men,) has returned home from Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., sick with rheumatism.

Private Eber H. Lawrence, of Woburn, of the same company, has also returned home, in consequence of the death of his brother.

ED The Young Men's Literary Association have decided not to have a course of Lectures this season, on account of the high price which the lecturers ask for their services.

[From our Correspondent.]
GALLOP ISLAND, Boston Harbor, Oct. 13, 1864.

About eight miles down Boston Harbor is a "lone barren isle," called *Galloping Island*, it is said, for a very fast man. On this island is a military post established or set by government probably from motives of economy, as the island being encircled by water, no fence is necessary to surround it. To this post recruits for the army, from different localities, are brought, and tied by a very strong document. Every recruit is allowed to walk around the post, but if he tries to jump over and get away he is looked upon as "dangerous," and if caught in the act, is marked with a big letter D.

Knowing these facts, a party of citizens from Woburn came down to visit us, last week, Thursday. A majority of the Selectmen—including Mr. W. B. Harris, our Harris—were of the number. Harris was accompanied to the wharf in Boston by his wagon. In the wagon was a load; the load consisted of barrels and boxes. These contained vegetables, lots of them, milk, &c., from Harris's farm. The vegetables, together with three cheeses, apples, doughnuts, &c., from our visitors, were brought down and distributed to the company of the 11th Mass., who hail mostly from Woburn and Andover. This distribution speaks for itself, yet the company desire publicly to acknowledge it, and return their heart felt thanks for the generous act.

After a military salute to our friends, the boys "broke ranks," shook hands, and mixed generally with them till dinner hour, the visitors in the meantime inspecting quarters and walking around the post. An excellent vegetable dinner was served to the soldiers, but our Woburn friends expressing themselves as having come to see and not to eat, did not partake, and except a nibble in our bunks or cookhouse, we fear went away empty.

Our 1st Lieut. Chapin, of Andover, in behalf of the company, thanked the citizens, especially Mr. Harris, for their visit and kind generosity, after which three cheers were given by the soldiers for their friends.

It was then voted unanimously, in token of the liberality of our friend, Mr. W. B. Harris, as manifested to us and to soldiers elsewhere, this company take and hereby adopt the name of "HARRIS GUARD." The vote was clinched with three rousing cheers, to which Mr. Harris appropriately responded, promising to come down again if possible, which we hope he will do, as our friends took the noon boat; but of the goodies left behind "the end is not yet."

WOBURN.

ED Dea. John Tidd received a very interesting letter from a severely wounded and brave soldier at Knight's Hospital, for the present of a good box of supplies. Mrs. Marshall Tidd, also received a letter of thanks from Marcus Chapel, Co. K, 8th New York H. Artillery, at Camp Parole Hospital, Ind., for a box of good things. The writer has been long wounded and a prisoner, and says, "your fine box made me and others quite happy." Mrs. W. E. Brewster, the well

Celestial Frolics.

The sun had put his night-cap on,
And cover'd o'er his head,
When countless stars appear'd amid
The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose, most motherly,
To take a quiet peep
How all the stars behaved while he
Her sovereign was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,
As if in roguish play;
Though silent all, to her they seem'd
As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their frolics should disturb
The sleeping king of light,
She rose so high that her mild eye
Could keep them all in sight.

The stars, abash'd, stole softly back,
And look'd demure and prim;
Until the moon began to nod,
Her eyes beaming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home,
That's somewhere—who knows where?
But as she went, the playful stars
Commenced their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone,
The umps with silvery eyes
Had so much fun it woke the sun,
And he began to rise.

He rose in glory!—from his eyes
Sprang forth a new-born day;
Before whose brightness all the stars
Ran hastily away.

Over the Way.

Over the way a little white house
Stands in a yard all green with grass;
And here and there, a daisy springs,
And gaily nods to those who pass.

The windows are bright, as bright can be;
The sun lies lovelily on the pane;
The moon smiles love in her steady beam,
And the stars keep winking again and again.

A huge old tree leans over the house,
And clasps it tight with an arm of love,
And love is whispered by every leaf,—
And the stars keep winking away above.

The very smoke is loth to leave,
And dashes and wheels o'er the slanting roof;
And everything clings to the sunny house;
Tis only the dust that stands aloof.

Every thing slings to the sunny house,
Every thing seems to rejoice—
A child comes out on the door-step there,
And sings away in the sunniest voice.

She sits and plays with her wooden doll,
With never a thought of care or pain;
And laughs away in her perfect joy,
Till her sunny ringlets dance again.

O happy child! Do you know what I think,
And still keep thinking every day?
If there's a spot in the wide, wide world
Where happiness dwells; 'tis "over the way."

A. K. V. A.

LOST HIS BRAINS.—In the State of New Jersey there lives a singular specimen of humanity, whom we call Barlow. He would be a good sort of a fellow if it were not for his insatiable appetite for the "O bo joyful," which sours his temper and makes him very disagreeable. One morning, after having passed the night with his drinking companions, he came into his house before breakfast, and began to throw things around, and abuse his wife and little ones, as he had done before. While engaged in the diverting amusement of throwing the tassels at the looking-glass, his wife tried to prevent further destruction, Hec "foreign interference," as he called it; excited him to such a degree that he immediately spread himself for a rough tumble fight with her; and in order to save herself from the brute, she caught up a tin-pot full of buckwheat batter, which she had prepared for breakfast, and threw it at his head with such force as to knock him down. At this the children set up such a dismal howl that the country physician, who happened to be passing the house, sprang from his gig, and rushed in to learn what was the matter. He found Barlow just recovering from the effect of the blow, sitting upon the floor, and wiping the batter from his face with his coat-sleeve.

"Well, well," said the doctor, "what is all this about?"

"Oh, doctor! doctor!" replied B., "my wife has just knocked my brains out, and they are running all over me. Look," continued he, taking up the pot and presenting it to the doctor; "here's my head and here," pointing to the batter, "is my brains. I'm a dead man, a gone sucker sure."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "you had better gather up your brains, and put them inside of your head, and your head on your shoulders again, where it belongs, and then go to bed and stay there till you get sober."

The fellow followed the doctor's counsel, and, strange to say, never touched liquor afterwards.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FACT!—A writer in *Hall's Journal of Health*, combats in a very forcible manner the prevailing but erroneous opinion that sudden deaths are invariably the result of heart disease. Nothing could be farther from the truth as it has been ably demonstrated from scientific investigations that 5 per cent. only arose from disease of the heart, and that the mortality from cossiveness alone was threefold greater than from the heart, apoplexy, or pulmonary affections. This universal and popular fallacy should be dissipated at once, and the real cause of sudden deaths, with the best preventive measures submitted to the people. This has been the doctrine of Dr. Holloway through a long and arduous career in all parts of the civilised world. In almost every disease he prescribes his celebrated Pills, whose immediate action is on the stomach and bowels. Unlike ordinary cathartics, however, which create a necessity for repetition until the functions of the bowels have become paralysed, Dr. Holloway's Pills penetrate to the seat of the disorder, and not only expel the acid matter from the stomach and visera, but so renovate and invigorate them that a future recurrence of the malady is actually impossible. The influence of these remedies is not confined to these organs alone. Their

active principle combining with the blood is conveyed to every part of the system, so that the whole constitution becomes invigorated, and the general health of the patient established on a more firm and durable basis than ever.

During Dr. Holloway's brief sojourn in the United States, he visited our principal cities, and gave several popular lectures on the cause and origin of disease in general, clearly showing their effect upon the system. He also explained in an easy and familiar style the peculiarity and operation of his Pills and Ointment in all phases and types of disease.—[Eclectic Expositor.]

The Middlesex Journal,

E. MARCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing to have his subscription discontinued, give notice thereof at the expiration of the year, when previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.50
Each subsequent insertion, .95
Half a square (6 lines) one insertion, 1.00
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One square one year, 15.00
One square six months, 8.00
One square three months, 5.00
Half a square one year, 7.50
Half a square six months, 4.50
Half a square three months, 3.00
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Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, leaded, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

50 All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted **UNTIL ORDERED OUT**, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD
Stow—Dr. T. W. WHITFORD
Wellesley—Dr. J. H. HOVEY
Reading—L. E. GEASON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston, and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

And Nashua & Lowell, Wilton, Stony Brook
Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell
Railroads.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 16th, 1854, trains will leave BOSTON
for—

Woburn, 6.00, 8.00 a.m., 12.00, 5.30 p.m.
Milford, 6.00, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack
8.00 a.m., 12.00, 5.30 p.m.
Nashua, 6.00, 8.00, 12.00, 5.30 p.m.
Lowell, 6.00, 8.00, 12.00, 5.30 p.m.
Groton Junction 10.00 (exp) a.m., 2.30 p.m.
(exp), 6.00, 8.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00 (exp), 2.30, 5.30
a.m., 7.30 p.m.
Wilmington, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilming-
ton, 6.00, 10.00 a.m., 2.30 p.m.
Woburn, N. Woburn, 10 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 7.30 p.m.
Winchester, 6.00, 10.00, 12.00 a.m., 2.30, 5.00 p.m.
Lowell, 6.00, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30,
7.30 p.m.
Winchester and Medford, 6.45, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.00 p.m.
Groton Hill, 6.45, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.00 p.m.
Mondays at 11.30 p.m., a train leaves for Lowell,
Nashua and Way Station at 7.30, 10 a.m., 2.30,
6.00 p.m.
Woburn Watering Station at 7.30, 10 a.m., 2.30,
6.00 p.m.
Woburn at 7.00, 9.00, 10.00 a.m., 1.15, 2.54, 5.00
p.m.
Lowell, 7.15, 11.57 a.m., 5.19 p.m.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.30 a.m., 12.00, 5.30 p.m.
South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.31 a.m., 4.33 p.m.
Groton Junction 8.00, 12.00, 5.30 p.m.
Lowell, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00 (exp), 2.30, 5.30
a.m., 7.30 p.m.
North Billerica 7.09, 9.30 a.m., 2.22, 5.31, 5.45 p.m.
Wilmington 7.08, 9.30 a.m., 2.22, 5.31, 5.45 p.m.
South Merrimack 7.08, 9.30 a.m., 2.22, 5.31, 5.45 p.m.
Lowell, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00 (exp), 2.30, 5.30
a.m., 7.30 p.m.
Woburn, 10.03 a.m., 2.45 p.m.
Woburn Watering Station at 7.30, 10 a.m., 2.30,
6.00 p.m.
Woburn Center, March 4, 1854.—E. ALLEN.

TRAIN FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Woburn, 6.15, 11.00 a.m., 2.30 p.m.

Milford, 6.45, 11.00, 12.00, 5.30 p.m.

Nashua, 6.00, 8.00, 12.00, 5.30 p.m.

Lowell, 6.00, 8.00, 12.00, 5.30 p.m.

Groton Junction 10.00 (exp) a.m., 2.30 p.m.

Woburn, N. Woburn, 10 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 7.30 p.m.

Winchester, 6.00, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.00 p.m.

Lowell, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00 (exp), 2.30, 5.30
a.m., 7.30 p.m.

Wilmington, 6.45, 11.31 a.m., 4.33 p.m.

Groton Hill, 6.45, 11.31 a.m., 4.33 p.m.

Lowell, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00 a.m., 12.00 (exp), 2.30, 5.30
a.m., 7.30 p.m.

Woburn, 10.03 a.m., 2.45 p.m.

Woburn Watering Station at 7.30, 10 a.m., 2.30,
6.00 p.m.

Woburn Center, March 4, 1854.—E. ALLEN.

Woburn Branch.

The trains on this road will leave Boston (front
Lowell Railroads) Depot for Woburn, at 6.45
and 11.30 A. M., 3.00, 5.15, and 7.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Boston, at 6.25, and 8.52 A. M.

Saturdays at 10.00 P. M.—J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.

B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

VERNATELLA.

WARRANTED TO MAKE THE

SOLES OF BOOTS AND SHOES

WATER AND DAMPNESS PROOF.

AND WEAR ONE-THIRD LONGER.

VERNATELLA is a preparation from Copper, having no grease, tanned oil, or anything of the kind, and when the soles are once saturated with it, water can no more get through them than through copper itself.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

AT RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

But its cost to the purchaser is really nothing, as it makes the soles wear longer to more than twice the time, leaving as a net result a saving of three times.

It is a powerful and safe remedy, and the preparation therewith of that priceless gem, the health.

LADIES, READ THIS.

SAVE YOUR HEALTH!

Use Vernatella on the soles of your Shoes. It makes them water proof and thereby protects your feet from dampness, for the ground is always more or less moist, either from rain or the morning and evening dew.

At Wholesale in Boston by

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., No. 38 Hanover street.

M. S. BURR & CO., 56 Tremont street.

CARTER, RUST & CO., 43 Hanover street.

And Wholesale Druggists generally. Also by all the Principal Druggists and dealers.

Manufactured in the CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT of the

Cahoon Manufacturing Company.

WYMAN & TYLER, Agents.

40-7m WYMAN & TYLER, Agents.

88, Water street, Boston.

For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV. : No. 4.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Wandering Dove.

BY ERINNE S. SMITH.

A dove fluttering at the window
Widely opened, one fair summer day,
Brought a new fund of joy to two children
Who were busied with innocent play.
They sought and caressed the poor trembler;
They murmured pet names in its ear,
And sought by fond tokens of kindness
To quiet its heart throbs of fear.

Yet, over it fluttered and panted,
Or shrank in the wildest alarm;
While still its soft eyes timid glances
Seemed asking protection from harm.
Then a cage, finely gilded and spacious,
Was sought for and furnished with care,
And the little ones shouted with rapture
When their treasure was domiciled there.

Oh, never before was a wanderer
So welcomed, so watched, so caressed!
Never found weary bird of the woodlands,
Such sheltered and loved guard kept!
Every more came these two smiling children,
Fresh and fair as the Dawn's rosy hours,
To replenish their dove's pretty dwelling
With food, with fresh water and flowers.

But, alas! all their gentle endeavors
Failed to render captivity sweet;
The prisoner, like many before him,
Drooped and pined in his gilded retreat.
What was kindness, or care, or protection,
Or dainties so lovingly given?
What were all to a bird that was pining
For the breeze and the sunshine of heaven?

Still he fluttered and fretted and languished,
Till sad grew each gentle young heart,
And at last, with regret they consented
To let the poor captive depart.
Oh, happy and innocent children!
They had never before known a care—
To relinquish a thing loved so fondly,
Was a trial they scarcely could bear.

With faint-falling tears they caressed it,
And stroked its soft plumes o'er and o'er,
Asking often in tremulous accents,
"When freed, shall we see no more?"
A moment they paused at the window—
Fondly hoping, e'en then, it might stay;
But the instant its wings were unfettered,
It spread them and floated away.

Far up over tree-tops and dwellings;
Far up to the shadowless sky,
With a wing growing stronger and stronger,
It soared until lost to the eye!
Like a fair morning suddenly clouded,
Like a sweet dream that fades with the night,
Like the hush of glad song, was the silence
That followed the wanderer's flight.

The boy, with his wild earnest glances
And features o'ershadowed by pain,
Watched it long then in petulance murmured,
"I want it to come back again."
But his fair little playmate sighed gently;
And her soft eyes more beautiful grew
As, still gazing heavenward, she whispered,
"Oh, would I might soar up there too!"

Then the mother who lingered a-near her
And heard that soft wish spoken low,
Looking into the face of her darling,
Seemed to read there some wild dream of woe.
What shadow of coming affliction
Had suddenly darkened the day?
What dreary voice, prophetic of evil,
Bade her hasten to her chamber and pray?

There's a joy near akin to pale sorrow;
There are hopes only fostered by tears;
There are some of earth's treasures we cherish
With a love overshadowed by fears;
Such a joy, such a hope felt that parent,
Whenever she looked on the fair
And delicate child, whose soft beauty
Seemed native to Heaven's pure air.

Ah! these shadows forebode the tempest
That soon on that bright home would fall.
It came—and it blighted the blosom
Most cherished, most precious to all.
No tokens of tender affection,
No sweet bonds of holiest love
Could fetter to earth the bright wanderer
Which had strayed from some pure realm above.

One more, from its beautiful temple,
That sinless young spirit took flight;
Like the dove speeding joyously homeward
It soared up to the regions of light.
Mid a hush of unspeakable sorrow,
There rose one loud murmur of pain;
The brother bereft of his playmate,
Cried, "I want her to come back again."

Then, another bereaved one remembered
The soft plains of grief she had heard,
When that dear one, now gone to the angels,
Had mourned o'er the flight of her bird.
Oh! forgive the wild, passionate yearning,
The anguish she could not subdue—
As, wistfully searching the heavens,
She prayed, "Let me soar up there, too."

He who is satisfied to travel upon his
feet may be able to keep his carriage, but
he who is content with only riding may
not long be able to keep his feet.

If you know anything that will make a
brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it;
but if it is something that will cause a
sigh, bottle it up.

Nature confesses that she has bestowed
upon the human race hearts of the
softest mould, in that she has given us
tears.

THE CHURCH AND ITS WORK.—Before the man of the world there lies a vast field of enterprise. The appliances of art and science have bridged the oceans and spanned the continents of the world, rendering communication and traffic between nation and nation easy and safe. Within the last century the world has made rapid progress towards a perfect comity. In every land are to be found the products of the artisan, and the results of scientific labor. In localities, where but a few years since, savage life reigned paramount, the scream of the locomotive, and the busy hum of the shuttle, indicate the presence of the white man; and where the lordly denizens of the forest roamed at will, are heard the roar of the blast furnace, and the ring of the anvil. Entrance has been effected into lands long closed to every intruder, and the world of mankind in all its immensity feels the influence of the dominant races. Not only has civilization extended its borders, but amongst the people who have long boasted of their good manners, the social fabric has settled more firmly upon its basis.

We ask, while the world has made advances of a public and social character, has there been a corresponding progress in the interests of Christ's kingdom, and in true scriptural holiness? It would be unwise broadly to accuse the members of the church militant of supineness or sluggishness, but the low religious status of the world is a fact daily recognized. It is true that much has been done, and is doing, for the spread of truth and righteousness. But what has been done, or what is doing, sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case? If we rightly understand the wants of humanity, and trace the demoralizing and degrading tendencies of many present theories and systems, our answer must be—no! There must be counter influences brought to bear, and fact set against theory, system against system. We read the history of the early days of Christianity, and find amid conflicting elements, constant and rapid strides made towards the world's evangelization. Paul, the man of many labors, severe trials, and continued travels, planted the religion of Jesus in the midst of the Gentile nations, and from the points of his sojournings, as from so many centres, the light of the cross was radiated and diffused. In those primitive times, every one in whose heart burned the love of God, was filled with the desire to tell the way of peace, and thus each became a laborer to the vineyard of the Lord. The necessities of the church compelled this activity. The field was great, the laborers were few, and each found a place in the ranks, suited to his or her character or gifts. Is the field less extensive now? Are the demands upon the time and talents of the church less pressing? Lands into which access was difficult or impossible then, are open now. Nations unknown then, now send up the Macedonian cry on every hand. Arguments, sophistries, heresies, idolatries, unthought of then now stare us in the face; and now as then, the Church is called upon to exert its energies and labor for the truth.

Have the same energy, the same appliances of means to the end which distinguished the former days of Christianity been continued until to-day? If so, have the results been commensurate with the labors? The same power still works upon the hearts of the children of men. The same Spirit that sat upon the heads of the Apostles on the Pentecostal day, still energizes the world. It still waits as then upon the bidding of fervent prayer and earnest faith. But the additions made to the numbers of Christ's followers are few, and the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom is small. That which is needed now is united and individual labor. Every one professing to be led by the Spirit has a work to do. The age, the church, the Eternal Father demands activity. The evil and sin in our midst, and iniquity that floods our streets, cry out for energetic toil. The time, talents, and labors of pastors and teachers will not suffice. The Church as a whole must "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Let our readers remember that they have a work to do in their cities, in their villages, in their families. There are holy examples to be set, earnest exhortations to be given, and faithful prayers to be put up, before we can expect to see great things done in the name of the Holy Child. He who is the brightness of the father's glory waits, expecting until his enemies have made his footstool. He waits on our intercessions. Shall his waiting be long? It remains with us to decide. The work is in our hands, the hands of the church, let us perform it.—[H. Wesleyan.

THE SEVEN-THIRTIES—WHAT ARE THEY?—We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the Appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged. Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?—[Harper's Magazine.

THE DEAF MUTE SEAMSTRESS.—A German paper gives an account of a Deaf Mute from Boston, from which we extract the following:—

"A few days ago, I visited the business establishment of a friend of mine, and saw before the shop window a large crowd of people who were looking with eager curiosity at an object within the salesroom. I came nearer, and found within the window a young creature of wonderful beauty, with beaming countenance, in whose eyes was mirrored her gleaming needle, she sat working industriously, bowed over her sewing, in simple but neat dress. Neither the gazing, crowding multitude, nor the going and coming up and down the shop, excited her to a single motion of her angel head. Fresh rows of stitches came gliding from her hands with inconceivable rapidity, and new pieces of work were seized upon and completed by her charmed fingers. She was a picture of quiet and diligent activity.

"My curiosity was so awakened that I went into the store to make inquiries and my friend gave me the young girl's history. The maiden came from the United States of North America. Her father was a workman in the magnificent and world renowned establishment of Messrs. Grover & Baker, of Boston, and she grew up in the extensive rooms of this firm. The peculiar child early showed such a predilection for active labor among the workmen, hammering and filing, that she could not be got away from it, even at night she could not be enticed from the rooms. She was taken to New York. Here she became a seamstress, and her occupation suited her admirably; she sewed without ever having been taught how, with the most wonderful quickness and precision. But that was not the only remarkable thing in the girl. While she worked her hand only was busy with the needle, her head never moved, and her breast was so motionless that it seemed as if she did not breathe, nor heart beat. She remained in this way, without motion in one place, never got up, and never went away, and never went to bed, and proved that she was alive only by completing her work in the most satisfactory and precision. But that was not the only

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an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (Aug. 12th), thus making the real rate of interest over ten per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from state and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?—[Harper's Magazine.

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The Middlesex Journal,
AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—The children of the present day are more highly favored than those of former generations, in many respects, but perhaps their situation as Sunday School scholars presents the most striking picture of their advantages. Throughout the land, in city and in country, and among all denominations and classes, the Sabbath School has become an established institution. It is a pleasing sight to witness the children on their way to school, and to notice the pleasure they appear to take in attendance. The superintendent and teachers greet them with a cordial welcome on their arrival, and aim to interest them in their studies. The libraries for their use, are well supplied with instructive and interesting books, and no hard studies are given out, making it emphatically a day of rest in contrast with the labor of the mind in the week day schools. The proportion of the children of the nation, which passes through the Sabbath School system, is very large, probably more than four-fifths.

We are not disposed to exaggerate the influence of these schools, and are aware that it comes far short of what the best teachers desire and hope, but the religious effect is nevertheless very great. Where the warm heart of a devoted teacher goes out upon a class and the conversation is upon the great principles of Christianity, the susceptible mind of the scholar derives important advantages. We hardly need repeat what has been so often asserted, that the teachers of these schools should be punctual, constant, and come prepared to teach the lesson of the day, and that they should secure the love and attention of the scholars by all proper means.

The places these scholars are to fill in after periods, may well demand our thought. They are, in their turn, to take the forming hand and instruct others. Both sexes will occupy important stations in church and state, in the family and the town. Some will be teachers, ministers, lawyers, doctors, editors, members of the legislature, governors, shopkeepers, mechanics, and manufacturers. Many of the girls, having become women, will be the wives of such persons, and whether married or not, their talents and situations will afford them opportunities of influence.

A Sunday School has attractions in the consideration of the teachers, who are among the best members of society, men and women, whose example is good, and who love the work in which they are engaged, and are desirous of making themselves useful.

It is a foolish notion which some boys entertain, that when they get old enough to leave the week day school they are to quit the Sunday School. On the contrary, they are at such a time just beginning to enter upon its privileges, and should remain and give their hearts to God and forever abide as scholars or teachers. We need more religious influence upon the young instead of less, and probably parents and ministers require to be urged to more special and regular labors in instucting those under their care.

We are much indebted to those who have gone before us in the work. We can have but little idea of the feeble beginnings of this Christian enterprise. We now have all the books needful, and the results are before us to encourage and direct our labors, but not so at first. A few women and men were moved to make a beginning and knew not how to act, and it was not until the experience of many years, that Sabbath Schools became systematized in the mode of tuition, and the Sabbath School Concert took its interesting place.

Sabbath Schools, we believe, are almost universally kept all the year round, and the attendance in winter is as good as in summer. We congratulate our readers, who are all, doubtless, interested in Sunday Schools, and are themselves teachers or scholars, upon the prospects before them, and wish them much success and happiness.

The Republicans of Woburn had a very interesting time on Saturday evening last. At about 1-2 past seven, a large flag, bearing the names of Lincoln and Johnson, was flung to the breeze, amid the cheers and shouts of a large concourse of citizens, stirring aroar from the brass band, the letting off of rockets, roman candles, &c. The torchlight procession was a handsome affair, well arranged and executed throughout, and the address of Hon. D. W. Gooch, at Lyceum Hall, was able and interesting. The Hall was well filled, and the exercises did not close until a late hour.

PERSONAL.—Capt. Wm. B. Bennett, and Lieut. John L. Parker, of Co. B, 11th Mass. Regt., have each been presented a sword, sabre, and belt, by the citizens of Woburn. They were both formerly of Co. F, 22d Mass. Reg.

The late masterly address of the Hon. Edward Everett, on the present state of the country, is for sale by N. H. Nichols, of Woburn.

Our Army Correspondence.

ONE MILE FROM DUTCH GAP, VA.,
October 10th, 1864.

Mr. Editor,—This is a lovely day, cool, and bracing to health and spirits. The change has been sudden from heat to cold, and nature is about changing the green robes of summer for the thousand gay colors of fall, that in turn shall merge into the dark gray of winter.

The cattle subsistence department of the armies of Generals Grant and Butler, has recently been united, and a large portion of the herd transferred across the Appomattox and James river. Your correspondent thereby finds himself transferred for a period, from the left to the right line of the army, on the north side of the James, one mile from Gen. Butler's present headquarters, and only 6 miles direct from Richmond. It is well known that less than two weeks ago Gen. Butler moved suddenly to this new field of operation, surprising the enemy and gaining important advantages. The fighting was short but obstinate. Last Friday the enemy engaged his new position, capturing a few hundred cavalry, losing about an equal number of their infantry, but causing the cavalry to fall back rather quicker than is consistent with good order. A little later the enemy on the extreme left attacked the 10th Corps, and were most valiantly repulsed with very great slaughter, many hundreds being left on the ground dead. Yesterday I saw Gen. Butler at his headquarters. He is of the same true and determined steel (only more so) as when he bore such wise and just rule in New Orleans. While I was at his tent he was examining several rebel soldiers that had come voluntary within our lines, showing all his accustomed skill and ingenuity that marks his course as a lawyer.

By this process which he adopts, by nearly all that come over his lines, he gets a vast amount of useful information. Do no injustice to others, when I say Gen. Butler knows more of the resources, position, and condition of the enemy, than all other Generals in the army. He has remarkable powers of working out information and getting at facts, that but few living men possess. On Saturday last 72 deserters came to him, and every day a large number come. This depletion of the rebel ranks by desertion is working to great Union advantage. From his examination of these, he can form a true estimate of the state of the rebellion than from any other source. His analyzing and critical mind is rarely led astray. After seeing Gen. Butler, I rode along his lines, to the famous Dutch Gap, or canal, that is being dug through a narrow neck of land, where the James river bends around like a lengthened ox bow, with the two ends brought together. It is 9 miles round this bow, and less than an eighth of a mile across where the ditch is being dug to meet the river again. The object is not so much to save distance, as to avoid the impediments sunk in the river; also to get rid of the heavy fortifications lining its banks. While I was looking at this canal, the enemy threw more than twenty shells over, trying to drop them into the ditch, but the range was too high by 80 feet; the shells passing over and beyond, some into the river, throwing up great columns of water; others howling and tearing through the woods with murderous vengeance. The object of this shelling is to drive the colored troops, who are digging the canal, away. Upon the banks of this canal, all around for acres, the ground is torn and covered with broken shells, that in past days have been thrown over. The canal is about 50 feet deep and 80 wide. The blacks work away as cool and unconcerned as if only birds were flying over; but if shell happens to drop into the ditch, you may believe the poor fellows cut for their holes in the banks, of which they have constructed hundreds, like the holes of swallows in the banks of a railroad cut. The canal is about completed, as low down as the level of the top of the water. It has yet to be sunk enough deeper to float gunboats; then the job is done. This can only be accomplished by the construction of a coffer dam, and will be a slow process. Had any but slothful Virginians lived here, this, as a commercial improvement, would have been done years ago. It will now be one of the Yankee works, inaugurated in the new field of settlement soon to be offered to Northern enterprise. Near where I am located, the rebel Howlett Battery is constantly throwing shells, that every 5 minutes can be seen bursting on the ground or in the air, not a mile distant; but they do little or no damage. The rebel lines are being daily constructed, while the right and left of our army is closing in upon them, with a strength and tightness that nothing can resist. The lines of the two armies of the Potowmack and James, extend 40 miles in their sweep around Richmond, and are marching to certain and eventual victory.

ARRIVED HOME.—Private A. Gustavus Brown, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Reg., arrived home Tuesday night, from the Chestnut street hospital, Philadelphia, on sick leave.

Private James Addleton, of Woburn, of Co. D, 6th Mass. Reg. (one hundred days), arrived home Tuesday night, sick. The regiment arrived home yesterday. Several Woburn boys were in the Reg.

Acknowledgments.

READVILLE U. S. A. HOSPITAL,
October 14th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, wounded soldiers, thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a box of useful articles through the hands of Mr. Schwabe, the gifts of Mrs. Cyrus Cummings, Mrs. James P. Tyler, Mrs. E. F. Poole, Mrs. A. G. Carter, Mrs. Joseph Kelley, Mrs. Hiram Whitford, Mrs. Charles Nichols, and Messrs. Geo. Flagg, A. B. Johnson, Rufus Smith, and Mr. Schwabe, and Mrs. Joseph Huntress, and Mrs. E. N. Blake.

We assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that we fully appreciate your kind remembrance on the couch of sickness, and also acknowledge the fine lot of bandages from the ladies of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission.

James C. Libbey, E. J. Mann, S. Murray, Benj. W. Perkins, Philip Doherty, Jonas M. Richardson,

and all the sick of ward 32, all of Woburn in behalf of Wm. Bancroft's share, who was absent home.

The Library at Readville Hospital is opened, and Mr. Jenison, 3d Mass. Cavalry, is Librarian. The acknowledgments were read from the different pulpits and schools last Sabbath, which makes it unnecessary for publication. Winchester, Woburn and Burlington, occupy a branch in the center of 6 shelves, with North and East Woburn marked underneath the shelf. To the right is the name of Hudson, Wyman and Frothingham, being good donors. The left branch bears the name of Schwabe; he laid the foundation when the Hospital was opened and made contributions of his own from time to time. The object is a good one.

Mrs. Thomas Glynn and Master M. Littlefield, each received pleasant acknowledgments from Matron Brewster, of Portsmouth Grove Hospital, for useful supplies. She asks for the sick, empty cigar boxes for making frames, &c. &c.

John Willis, East Abington, Co. D, 58th Reg., acknowledges a package of good supplies to Mrs. Timothy Bond. Mr. Willis was several times badly wounded.

On motion of Mr. Dike, of Stoneham, the Convention took an informal ballot for Senator, with the following result:

Whole number of votes 41

Necessary for a choice 21

John Hill of Stoneham had 21

G. P. Elliot of Billerica had 18

J. Q. A. Griffin of Medford had 2

On motion, John Hill was thereafter nominated, by acclamation, candidate for Senator.

On motion of Mr. Horton of Reading, a committee was appointed to nominate a District Senatorial Committee, who reported as follows, and the report was accepted: Leander F. Lynde of Stoneham, William Proctor of Reading, William M. Cudworth of Medford, Nathan Wyman of Woburn, and George P. Elliot of Billerica.

—

FIFTH MIDDLESEX SENATORIAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democrats of the 5th Senatorial District assembled in convention at Medford, in the McLellan headquarters, on Thursday, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Senator.

The Convention was called to order by H. A. Gilmore of Medford, Chairman of the District Committee, and the organization was made by choice of A. E. Thompson of Woburn for President, and N. T. Merrill of Medford, for Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Gilmore of Medford, Daniel W. Lawrence, of Med., was nominated as the Senatorial candidate by acclamation. Mr. Lawrence having declined, an informal ballot was then had for a candidate, resulting as follows:

N. R. Morse of Reading, had 10

S. T. Sanborn of Winchester, 4

S. Nichols of Woburn, 3

Scattering, 4

Mr. Morse, who had the largest number of votes, here withdrew his name, and moved the nomination by acclamation of John H. Dike, of Stoneham, for Senatorial candidate.

The nomination was made by the convention in accordance with Mr. Morse's motion, but Captain D. declined the honor.

A formal ballot was then had for a candidate, resulting as follows:

Whole number of ballots 24

Necessary for a choice 13

S. T. Sanborn of Winchester, had 13

S. Nichols of Woburn, 5

Scattering, 6

The nomination of Mr. Sanborn was then made unanimous, and the District Committee was then chosen as follows: H. A. Gilmore, of Medford, J. H. Dike, of Stoneham, A. E. Thompson, of Woburn, N. R. Morse, of Reading, B. Stanton, of Winchester.

—

ANOTHER UNION VICTORY.—Sheridan is again victorious. On Wednesday he was attacked by Longstreet, and our forces were severely handled for a while,

20 of our guns captured, and our men put to flight. Sheridan then took the field, and the result was a complete victory to the Union arms. Forty-three guns, 100 wagons and ambulances, and some 2000 prisoners, were captured. The following dispatch from Gen. Sheridan tells the story:

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 19—10 P.M.
To Lieut. General Grant:

I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion,—in fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, by the loss of 20 pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and found the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles.

—

VERMONT HAS BEEN RAIDED.—The rebels

making Canada the base of their operations.

A score of armed men rode into St. Albans, robbed three banks of more

than an eighth of a million of money, stole horses, and murdered one citizen and wounded several others. Several of the raiders have been arrested and 150,000 recovered from them.

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In Sickness.

The sabbath bells ring out upon the air,
Calling God's children to His house of prayer;
Could I but rise, and go, and meet Him there!

I hear the people pass along the street;
Their rustling garments and their church yard feet
Make happy music,—murmurous, low and sweet.

The breath of summer-flowers is in my room,—
The scent of ilies, and the faint perfume
Of crimson pink and roses all abloom;

And through my open window comes a rush
Of sudden music,—some melodious thrush
Pouring his heart out in one happy gush!

But lovelier far than any bird of Spring,
Sweeter than Summer's sweetest blossoming,
Thy sacred altars, O my God and King!

Better one day thy holy courts within,
Than are a thousand spent in mortal sin.

Open his gates, that I may enter in!

Nay: those preventing bonds; this lifted rod;
These long, long hours of anguish, leaden-shod!

Let me be still, and know that they are God.

Oh! teach me—what so slow I am to learn—
That where true spirits for thy presence yearn,

There is thy temple, there thine altars burn.

Believing this, those narrow walls expand

Into cathedral glory, vast and grand,

With fretted dome, and arches overspanned.

Yet need I even these FANCED signs of Thee?

Dear Lord! but enter in, and dwell with me;

Then shall my heart both shrine and temple be.

FITCHSBURG, MASS. C. A. M.

Beside the Sea.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

They walked beside the Summer sea
And watched the slowly dying sun;
"And O," she said, "come back to me,
My love, my dear, my only one!"

But while he kissed her fears away,
The gentle waters kissed the shore,
And, sadly whispering, seemed to say
"He'll come no more! he'll come no more!"

II.

Alone beside the Autumn sea
She watched the sombre death of day;
"And O," she said, "remember me,
And love me, darling, far away!"

A cold wind swept the watery gloom,
And, darkly whispering, on the shore,
Sighed out the secret of his doom,
"He'll come no more! he'll come no more!"

III.

In peace beside the Winter sea
A white grave glimmers in the moon;
And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
And shrill winds pipe a careless tune.

One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
And, darkly whispering, on the shore,
They part no more! they part no more!

SAVING FUEL.—On inquiry with a number of gentlemen, one ton of range coal is allowed for the cooking and washing purposes of the household for one month on an average during the year. This is double what it ought to be, and with coal costing at the time it is put into bins, including the necessity "kindling" of paper and wood, fifteen dollars a ton, amounts to ninety dollars a year. These statements are made as the results of experiments carried on under our own eye for the double pleasure of economizing and the greater one of being able to communicate the knowledge to others, to whom for example who are almost always too sparingly paid with whom one half the above amount is of very considerable importance. We obtained one of Fish's patent cooking lamps and have used it for two seasons. A ton of coal was purchased on the 17th of June last; the next on the 3rd of September, making two months and a half. Fire was regularly kindled and kept burning for three days in the week for cooking, washing, ironing and bread baking, to wit, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays; at other times the cooking for a family averaging ten persons was done with a gas-lamp, from Russell's establishment at 206 Pearl street, New York. The amount of gas used, for cooking purposes only, during that two months and a half, \$2.50 per thousand feet, was less than two dollars. The gas-stove costs now \$7.50, the largest size made being a No. four; it does all the cooking needed in a family, except baking bread, roasting meats and preparing pastries. Boiling water, boiling vegetables and frying meats can all go on at the same time. Bread can be toasted, and buckwheat or batter or other thin cakes are easily made. It might be arranged for a great part of the winter, that the range should be lighted for cooking every day's dinner, and use the gas or kerosene stove for breakfast, and thus, instead of having the range red hot from daylight until bed-time, it really need not burn longer than three hours; for who ever new a servant who could cook or wash, or even make a cup of coffee for breakfast, without a red-hot stove. The difference between burning coal under such circumstances, three hours instead of sixteen, is not a small item. N. B.—Since writing the above, we chanced to call in at Mr. Russell's establishment, and have been exceedingly gratified to find that he has gotten up a family cooking stove, heated by kerosene or gas, at a cost of ten or twelve dollars each, which will roast ten pounds of beef, bread, pie, pastries, &c., with the greatest facility. In these days of costly fuel, this stove is a public godsend. Kerosene at one dollar a gallon will heat this stove for all necessary purposes, at four cents an hour. The iron Heater is kept in operation for less than three cents an hour, and costs eight dollars—saving the suffocating heat of an summer, which citizens have to endure on ironing days.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, a Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Droppedical Swelling.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

For Weaknesses arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion or Abuse, attended with the following symptoms:—

Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Trembling, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, Impaired Vision, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Dryness of the Skin, Concocture.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, on which this medicine invariably relieves, soon follow:—

Incontinency, Fatty, Epileptic Fits, In one of which the Patient may expire.

No case of this kind is not frequently followed by those "Direct Diseases."

"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."

Many are aware of the cause of their suffering, but none will confess it. *The records of the insane asylums.*

And Melancholy Deaths by Consumption bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion.

The Constitution, once affected with Organic Weaknesses, requires the use of Medicine to Strengthen and Invigorate the System.

Which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does.

A Trial will convince the most skeptical.

Females—Females—Females.

In many Afections peculiar to Females the Extract BUCHU is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuation. Uterine Diseases, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, and for all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from Indiscretion, Habits of Dissipation, or, in the DECLINE OR CHANGE OF LIFE.

Take no more Balsam, Mercury, or unpleasant Medicines for unpleasant and dangerous diseases.

HELMBOLD'S Extract BUCHU and Improved Rose Wash Cures

Secret Diseases

In all their Stages. At little Expense, Little or no change in Diet. No Inconvenience, and no Expensive Medicines.

It causes a frequent desire and gives strength to Urinate, thereby removing Obstructions, Preventing and Curing Strictures of the Urethra, allaying the Inflammation, so frequent in the class of diseases, and expelling all Poisons, Diseases and worms.

Thousands upon whom have been the Victim of this Disease, and who have paid heavy fees to be cured at a short time, have been fully deceived, and that the "POISON" has, by the use of "Powerful Astringents," been dried up in the system, to break out in an aggravated form, and perhaps after Marriage.

Evidence of the most reliable and responsible.

Price \$1.00 per bottle, or Six for \$5.00.

Delivered to any Address, securely packed from observation.

Describe Symptoms in all Communications.

Quire Guaranteed!—Advice gratis!

Address letter to information.

H. B. HELMBOLD, Chemist,

104 South Tenth-st., bel. Chestnut, Phila.

HELMBOLD'S Medical Depot.

HELMBOLD'S Drug and Chemical Warehouse,

594 Broadway, New York.

Beware of counterfeiters, who are unprincipled dealers who endeavor to dispose of "their own" and "other" articles on the reputation attained by HELMBOLD's Medical Preparations. Ext. Bucu.

Ext. Sarsaparilla—Improved Rose Wash.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Ask for HELMBOLD's. Take no other. Cut out the advertisement and send for it. And avoid imitation and exposure.

For sale in Woburn W. C. BRIGHAM.

English, French and American

BRUSHES,

FOR THE HAIR, TEETH AND CLOTHING.

For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

TOILET EXTRACTS.

An endless variety, many of which will be

sold at a low figure. By

W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

All who have Friends and Relatives in the Army or Navy, should take especial care that they have this preparation. Pills and Ointment; and where the brave Soldiers and Sailors have given to provide themselves with them, no better present can be sent them by their friends. They have been proved to be the Soldier's never-failing friend in the field and camp.

Coughs and Colds affecting Troops

Will be speedily relieved and effectually cured by using these admirable medicines, and by paying proper attention to the Directions which are attached to each Pot or Box.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite, Incidental to Soldiers.

Those feelings which so suddenly, usually seize from trouble or annoyances, obstructed perspiration, and drinking whatever is unwholesome, are easily removed by the healthful action of the Liver and Stomach. These preparations, if you desire to be well, The Pills, taking according to the printed Instructions, will quickly produce a healthy action in both Liver and Stomach and as a natural consequence a clear head and good appetite.

NOTHING that is not wholesome, general and restorative in its nature, should be used in the preparation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no decocted botanical element; no fiery extract of balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be forearmed against disease, and, so far as possible, to be protected by human means against many diseases, by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water and other external causes. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be used as a safeguard.

In distressing cases of Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventative, and is available as a remedy and thousands who resort to the service of the Army, who neglect to avail themselves of its protection, and are in advance, are cured by a very brief course of this medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being treated with this for months in vain, are satisfied with that which has been used, and are not unfrequently restored to health within a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The agency of the Tonic, is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by the effects of the Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less confirmed forms of Irritable Constitution. Acting as a gentle and painless appetizer, as well as a stimulant, it invariably acts on the system and restores the digestive organs to a regular and proper action.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Lanugor, find the medicine a most valuable relief.

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Middlesex Journal.

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV: No. 5.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

The Duel Extraordinary.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the winter of 1794 Gen. Moreau, being appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, established his headquarters in the city of Strasbourg.

Strasbourg is a pleasant, spirited and hospitable town, especially to the military stranger, for the Alsacians are all soldiers, and have, consequently, a brotherly feeling towards those in the profession of arms; almost all the old men are veteran pensioners, and the youths' highest aspirations are for the arrival of their eighteenth year, and their consequent entrance into the service of their country.

When the "call" is sounded in Alsace, every tradesman who leaves his shop, every peasant who hastens from his cottage, knows how to load a musket, handle a sabre, and manage a horse; and their old proverb of "Autant d'hommes, autant de soldats"—"As many men, so many soldiers have we"—is a true one literally, which is more than can be said of most proverbs.

Being so warlike, they necessarily have the failings of such a character, and are therefore somewhat hot-headed, or rather do not possess the saint-like forbearance that might be hoped of them; but they certainly do possess eminently the necessary qualifications for making the best light cavalry of France; and their proneness to quarrel generally finds proper outlet in this service, or in chastising the vapors of some military bully who may happen to be among their garrison.

At the period of which we write there was a certain young hussar captain, named Fournier, who figured rather conspicuously in this character, at the headquarters of Gen. Moreau, having rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Strasburgians by his fiery temper, extraordinary skill with his weapons, and his apparently heartless disregard of taking life upon trivial provocation. He had, moreover, excited an especial hatred against himself by the slaughter of a young man named Blumm, the only survivor of a once numerous and wealthy family in the city, whom, they said, he had challenged without cause, and shot without pity.

The very day of the funeral, Gen. Moreau gave a grand fete, and the higher class of burghers, to which Blumm was allied, could not well refuse their presence without giving offence, while Fournier, as an officer of the garrison, was of course invited; so that thus the murderer and the friend of his victim would be brought together, and a violent scene might be anticipated. Gen. Moreau knew this, and foresaw that the folly of one man might thus prejudice the character of the whole army.

"A sensible man would stay away," said he. "But Fournier will come, if only to defy his enemies."

"Faith! then, general," cried Capt. Dupont, Moreau's youngest aide-de-camp, "the simplest way will be to send him away when he presents himself."

"But," replied the commander, "to send Fournier away is to have an 'affair' with him; for I can't dismiss him officially. And who would get himself into such a difficulty by undertaking to order him out?"

"I will!" said Dupont.

The general reflected. "Well," said he at length, "I agree, on condition that you use my name in the business, and act only under my authority—in short, that you will be simply the organ of my wishes; for I have no desire, my dear Dupont, to embroil you with this fire-eater."

The young man bowed respectfully, and bent his head a little lower than was necessary, to conceal a scornful smile, excited by his foresight of the result, in spite of the caution of his general, and his contempt of the danger.

The evening came; the Hotel de Ville was brilliantly lighted; the guests arrived in crowds; Fournier presented himself in his turn; Dupont lay in wait for him in the ante-chamber, and, before he could divest himself of his mantle, approached him demanding—

"What do you want here?"

"Ah! is it you, Dupont? Good evening, Parbleu! you see what I want—I am come to the ball."

"Are you not ashamed to come here the very day of the funeral of that unfortunate Blumm?"

"No! I'faith!"

"But what will his friends, his kindred, who are in the saloons, say?"

"They may say what they please—I care not; and, by the way, what business is this of yours?"

"It is the business of every man of spirit."

"Every man of spirit, is mistaken; I desire no one to meddle with my affairs; and now, if you have gotten through with your little lecture, let me pass; I want to dance."

"You cannot dance."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because you must leave here immediately."

"Why, I have hardly arrived."

"And you cannot arrive as far as the saloons; the general orders you to return home."

"What! he dismisses me!"

"No; he only prevents your being put out."

"By Heaven! I think you must be joking, with the insult you were charged to put upon me! Do you know what it is to show Fournier the door?"

"Pray suspend your swaggering, and do me the favor to go; I have engaged a partner, and I hear the first bars of the waltz."

"Listen!" cried Fournier, furiously.

"I cannot avenge myself on the general; he is my superior officer, and has the right of impunity; but you—you are my equal; you have dared to bear half the insult, and you shall pay the whole penalty; you must fight me."

"I have given you as politely as possible, the message I was charged with," replied Dupont, calmly. "I have not provoked you idly, for I foresaw how this would act on such a hector as you are; now hear me! You have annoyed me long enough with your bullying. I am rejoiced at this opportunity, and I shall give you a lesson you will not soon forget!"

Fournier retired, foaming with rage, and, as he slowly left the hall, had the additional mortification of seeing Dupont gayly join the dancers with his fair partner.

He passed a restless night; without the hope of killing Dupont in the morning he would have been most miserable.

But the issue of the combat was not altogether as he anticipated—Dupont giving him a severe wound.

"You lunge well," said Fournier, as he fell.

"Tolerably, as you see."

"Very well! but now that I understand your trick, you shall not catch me again; I will prove it to you when I recover."

"You wish to fight again, then?"

"Of course."

"As you will; I will not balk you."

And in truth, after a few weeks' care, Fournier was again before his foe; and this time it was he who inflicted a wound on Dupont, saying to him—

"You see, you hold your hand too low to recover in time, and, parrying your lunge, I take you thus;" and he put three inches of steel in the young man's side.

"Game and game!" cried Dupont; "the rubber next time!"

This rubber gave rise to some slight difficulties. Fournier pretended that, as the two former encounters were held with the sword, the decisive combat ought to be with the pistol. He urged the most plausible reasons, and assumed the most insinuating tone, to accomplish this; but Dupont claimed the privilege of military men to fight with the weapon they usually wore, and it was well he maintained his ground, for Fournier's skill with the pistol had become proverbial. He had taught his servant to hold a small coin between his finger and thumb, which he struck out with his ball at five and twenty paces; and frequently some hussar of his regiment, passing his window at a gallop, smoking his pipe, had felt the clay shattered between his lips, without knowing to what cause to attribute the accident. It was Fournier, who, exercising with his favorite weapon, had chosen the soldier's pipe as a target. Dupont was wise, then, to adhere to the sword; and this was maintained through the numerous encounters which lengthened this duel to the unheard-of period of nineteen years.

The "rubber," therefore, as Dupont called it, brought no decisive result—each gave the other a slight wound, neither having the advantage; and these two wisseacres vexed at this negative termination, agreed to continue their meetings until one should confess himself conquered.

"Ah! is it you, Dupont? we will take a turn immediately."

It was Fournier who thus spoke.

"Faith, I am ready," said Dupont.

Fournier took his sword from the corner of the room—they fell into position—they crossed weapons. All this passed in a moment—to see, recognize, provoke and attack each other was as natural and spontaneous as to breathe. It was only between the passes that they conversed.

"I thought you were employed in the interior," said Fournier.

"Hum!" said Dupont, musing; "nevertheless, I am going to be married."

"Indeed, how fortunate! I command the cavalry there. So you have just arrived?"

"This instant."

"And thought of me the first thing; how amiable of you!"

"No, really—I did not know you were here. Seeing a fire through these windows, as I was about to pass, I stopped to warm myself."

"This exercise will warm you sufficiently."

"The exercise will warm you sufficiently."

1st. That whenever Messieurs Dupont

and Fournier should find themselves at the distance of thirty leagues from each other, each should advance one-half the road, to encounter the other, sword in hand.

2d. That if the duties of his post should prevent either from absenting himself, the other would travel the whole distance, thus meeting both the requirements of discipline and the necessities of the contract.

3d. That no excuse other than military duty would be taken.

4th. That the present treaty being made in all faith and honor, it could only be altered or annulled by mutual consent.

Thus these two monomaniacs fought from time to time, whenever they could meet, and a most curious correspondence was carried on between them on the subject; as, for instance:—

"I am invited to breakfast with the officers in garrison at Luneville," wrote Fournier, on one occasion, "and shall accept their kind invitation. As you are on leave at Luneville, this will afford us, if you like, an opportunity for a few passes."

And again, wrote Dupont:—

"My dear friend, I shall pass through Stalzburg on the fifth of November; wait for me at the Hotel des Postes; we will fence a little, if you are so inclined."

Sometimes the promotion of one or the other interfered momentarily with the regularity of their meetings; the third article of their treaty enjoined obedience to military law, and a cessation of hostilities was thus for a time forced upon them by a difference in rank, but grades were speedily won then, and they were soon equal again. Thus Fournier once wrote:—

"My dear Dupont, I hear that the emperor, doing you but justice, has accorded you the rank of general of brigade. Receive my sincere congratulations upon an advancement which your courage and ability well deserve. This affords me a double satisfaction, since it renews our ability to fight on the first opportunity."

This singular affair at length attracted public attention. Dupont and Fournier ever observed the compact in all its strictness; they were covered with the scars of their numerous encounters, yet they still preserved their old passion for fighting. Gen. Fournier once, with great simplicity, remarked—

"It is very strange that I, who have always killed my man, cannot get rid of this devilish Dupont!"

In the army, where Dupont was much and Fournier but little liked, they said that Gen. D. was the best-natured fellow in the world, if F. would not annoy him so constantly.

At length Dupont received orders to cool their ardor for fighting, and they continued from time to time to give each other fresh scars. They crossed swords, in Germany, in Poland, in Spain, in Russia, and in Italy. Time progressed; meanwhile, they became generals of division. Grand cross of all the orders, dignitaries of state, rich and ennobled by the emperor, they were called Count F. and Count D., and they had both grown fat.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, often reflected upon the absurdity of so ancient a quarrel, and doubted if it were not better to kill Fournier at once, if possible, and thus settle their feud forever. This became his fixed determination in the year 1815, when he made the acquaintance of a charming young lady, whom he resolved to marry. He was convinced that, once a husband and a father, he could not risk, upon so many foolish hazards, a life which would no longer belong to him alone.

After obtaining the promise of the lady's hand, he waited upon Count Fournier.

"You are come for a bout?" said the latter.

"Perhaps, but I wish first to talk with you."

"Do me the honor to be seated, then."

"Listen, my friend—I am going to be married."

"What stupidity!" cried Fournier.

"Hum!" said Dupont, musing; "nevertheless, I am going to be married."

"Indeed, how fortunate! I command the cavalry there. So you have just arrived?"

"This instant."

"And thought of me the first thing; how amiable of you!"

"No, really—I did not know you were here. Seeing a fire through these windows, as I was about to pass, I stopped to warm myself."

"This exercise will warm you sufficiently."

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"It is true—1796 to 1815. How time flies!"

"We have fought, indeed, too often."

"It does not appear so to me!"

"As I cannot continue a life which would grieve my poor little wife, I come to propose—in virtue of article fourth of our treaty—to change the mode of combat, and take to the pistol."

"The fight became fiercer—Fournier

hazarded a pass which Dupont took advantage of, pushing him so vigorously that he was forced to give back step by step."

Dupont advanced steadily, within distance, crying—

"Ah! you run! you run!"

"Not at all—I only retreat. Do you think I am going to let you split me like a sparrow?"

"The room is small; I shall drive you to the wall."

"We shall see."

"See, then!" and as Dupont said this he pressed Fournier literally into the corner, and his sword, piercing the muscles of his opponent's neck, pinned him to a high stone wall, with two gates of entrance—one on the side towards the village, the other on the river bank. We will repair thither, at an hour agreed upon, armed with our horseman's pistols; we will enter, each by a separate gate. Once within the wood, we will seek each other, and fire, at will, whenever one sees the other. I do not know the ground any better than you. We shall neither have any advantage."

"The pistol!" cried Fournier, astonished.

"With the sword you can defend yourself; but with the pistol—"

"I know your wonderful skill," replied Dupont, "but I propose to equalize the chances a little; thus:—A friend of mine possesses, at Neuilly, a small enclosed park,—a mimic virgin forest,—surrounded by a high stone wall, with two gates of entrance—one on the side towards the village, the other on the river bank. We will repair thither, at an hour agreed upon, armed with our horseman's pistols; we will enter, each by a separate gate. Once within the wood, we will seek each other, and fire, at will, whenever one sees the other. I do not know the ground any better than you. We shall neither have any advantage."

"I have a perfect right to kill you!"

Fournier bowed affirmatively.

"But I cannot draw trigger in cold blood upon the life of a fellow creature. I give you yours."

"As you please."

"Understand me! I give you to-day's grace only. I wish to be master of the property I loan you; it is but a temporary use I yield you—nothing more. If you ever annoy me—if you ever seek to renew this quarrel—if, in short, I have ever cause to complain of you—I shall remind you that I am the legitimate possessor of two balls specially destined to be lodged in your cranium, and we will resume this affair where we now leave off—that is to say, at my first summons, you will come to offer your head for my target."

"That would be annoying."

"Faith! I can do no better for you. But we shall not see each other again; I am going to enter domestic life, and shall dispense with the acquaintance of such scapergreases as yourself. You will travel your road, and I mine. I shall never trouble you again if you let me alone, but at the first trick of yours I will pay you the two balls, of which you shall come to give me the receipt. Does this not suit you?"

"None too well."

"Well, then, we will finish at once!"

Dupont, sternly, raising his pistols at the same time. "Decide!"

"Do you think such a decision can be made in a minute?"

"I prefer

The Middlesex Journal,
AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

Our Army Correspondence,

STRAUSBURG, VA., Oct. 19, '64.
Dear Editor.—The October sun rises glorious and grandly from its bed behind the ridge, to shine mellowly and health-giving over this valley, long time so famous. The buoyant days so longed for while suffering beneath the enervating summer glare, have come. The hazy space beneath the skies is lambent with health and joyousness. One seems almost to see the health giving essence as it floats on the breeze. Hoar frost hath begun to paint the woods. The nearer forest spreads out decked in gorgeous hues, while farther on the landscape melts into smoky blueness that clothes the mountain bases. The very atmosphere seems to possess brightness, and to envelope all objects, not hang upon them. The sounds of army life come to the ear with mellowness that this season only giveth. They come floating slowly through the breeze as though but the echo of some still more distant noise. The season's atmosphere rounds the rougher angles of sound, as it were, and brings it to the ear softly and creepingly. Softly blowing gales breathe health and joyousness. Movements are made more brisk, and gracefulness of action, save of the fashionable invalid order, is promoted. Life, that seemed newly born when fair April powdered the woods with living green, and had o'erwhile languished through the sultry summer months, now receives fresh vigor. The mind gains equal tone with the body and lifts grateful praise to Him who behind nature is the renewer of all life. Man takes a fresh lease of existence, and should of immortal life. Body, mind and soul, how intimate is their connection, and how the welfare of the latter influenced through both the former.

Returned from a three mile ride to Cedar Run, your whilome correspondent somewhat intoxicated by the air of an exquisite October morning, as doubtless your readers have already perceived, attempts to write up the log since last accounts at Washington early in Sept. It would take much larger space than you would feel willing to concede to make, by any degree detailed account of our wanderings since leaving the Capital on the 15th ult. A scrap here and there must therefore suffice.

Our march to Harper's Ferry was indeed pleasant, and from it I was enabled to gather more of the real character of the Maryland country than ever before. On the lower Potomac it partakes in a great degree of the shiftless appearance of seceded Virginia, whereas in these more northern portions comfort and plenty and neatness seemed very general. From Washington to Sandy Hook the country is of pleasantly diversified and pastoral character, abounding in beautiful views of quaint old villages and smiling landscapes. I will only mention one and that the little town of Hyattstown, a gem hidden in a hollow. We came upon it suddenly from the top of a high hill. Far below, and running part way up the opposite hillside, reposed the quiet little town, its painted and white washed buildings here and there lined and shaded by the then unfaded green. It looked too nice to be reality and have a name. The charm was loosed when we were able to make a nearer inspection, for it looked like Goldsmith's deserted village in the first stages of its decay.

We arrived at Sandy Hook, on the Potomac, on the 19th, after a very leisurely executed march, the whole distance being about 58 miles. At this place we remained just long enough to hear the all-day roar of the battle at Winchester, when we started down the Valley to join the cavalry and relieve Battery D, 2d U. S. Art'y. The night of the 21st we made Charlestown, next day Winchester. At this latter place we encamped for the night right upon the battlefield, and amid its freshly rising odors. The city swarmed with wounded, and everywhere in the green fields that surrounds it, the debris of battle could be seen, and still sadder evidences. Dead horses dotted the sward, a broken or blown up caisson here and there, the little enclosure of rails containing wounded, heaps of fresh earth with simple head-board made from a cracker box, traced the track of the hurricane of war. Occasional and simple funerals soon came from the hospitals within the city, with slow step and muffled drum, to show that not yet had ceased the results that flow behind the glory-giving steps of war. This was a victory for us, and now the northern pulse jumped as they read of it from the papers. They did not mourn, for sure our enemy suffered more than we. The killed of ours were not many. But, Ah's me! many's loved one wept out his life in bloody tears. Victory is glorious, but to estimate it justly the prostrate men that heap its course must be seen.

The succeeding day we passed on the turnpike going south of Kernstown, New-ton, and Middletown, halting for a short space at Strausburgh. From the latter place we moved out to the east about 4 miles, and joined the 3d Div. of cavalry.

Strausburgh is a small town upon the north fork of the Shenandoah, and is situated just at the point where the valley materially narrows by reason of the jutting out from the main range of the Blue Ridge, of a short range, which is laid down upon the map as the Manhattan mountains. Winchster had been chosen by the rebels for their first stand, because of its already fortified position. The position at Fisher's Hill, near the town of Strausburgh, was chosen, doubtless, because of the narrowness of the valley at that place, and the consequent security of the flanks which rested upon opposite ranges. The distance from mountain to mountain is not more than 6 or 7 miles.

We had reported to the 3d Div., and had sufficient time to unharness and water the horses, when, most unwelcome sound, the bugle blew "to horse." It was just night-fall. We marched that night 'till within two hours of daylight, over the roughest, stoniest roads which I believe exist in America. Our course was straight up and through the mountains. By the fitful, struggling moonbeams we could now and again discern the nature of our course which daylight, I make no doubt, would show to be most picturesque. At one time we struggled across the broad and rapid river led on by a glimmering signal fire that shone from the further bank, immediately to ascend the mountain by a steep, shelving road that went up, up, seemingly for miles. How many dangers we escaped in the dark was never known, or how many precipices our carriage wheels shunned perhaps only by an inch. Once as we climbed the mountain side by a diagonal shelf that only courtesy would call a road, we passed a dismal picture. A traveling forge had fallen off the road down a declivity of about 15 feet, dragging with it its six horses and three drivers. It was a weird though sickening sight. The sickly glare of two or three candles that seemed struggling with the heavy and still night air, and the sounding rush of the river flowing below and behind us, were concomitants of a scene as strange as any ever novelist described.

The group of men around holding their horses by the bridle, just came within the circle of light, the centre of which was the form of a man who had been crushed in the fall. There he laid, his pale face doubly pallid under the candle's sickly ray, and making no movement save a convulsive working of his hand, I shuddered as we passed and plunged into the gloom higher up.

I will not be tedious by attempting to describe the sunrise in the mountains, which was gorgeous in the extreme. The succeeding day we had passed the series of ranges that constitute the Manhattan mountains, and emerged into the lovely valley of Lewray, which is contained between them and the Ridge. The full beauty of this valley pen scarce can describe. It is an alternation of waving fields, green groves, gay meadows, and intersecting brooks, the whole enclosed in a beautiful mountain rim that seemed to hem it in on all sides. The mountain ridges themselves are most beautiful, the hugest of crags draped in a mantle of variegated green and dark brown. It is no figure of speech to say "draped," for the mantle of forest seemed to rest on the peaks, and flow down to the valley in most graceful folds, owing to the innumerable smaller offshoots of the mountain. The valley smiled through tears that day. Small smoky clouds would float and gather along the mountain tops, and pass before the gazer like a thin veil, at the same time discharging their moisture without touching him, although it rained quite heavily not a dozen yards distant. It only made the hills look more lovely, like ladies' faces seen behind illusive veils.

At times dark, threatening clouds would shadow half the valley, rain fall in the other half, while on the distant mountain tops dwelt the serenest sunshine. Within the midst of the valley, upon a gentle knoll, civilization had placed the finishing charm, in the shape of a pretty village, from which the whole valley had taken its name, Lewray. The whole scene smiled before us as we descended the mountain side, yet beautiful as it was, War's dreadful fingers had been before us. Everywhere torn fences, dead horses, scattered saddles, sabres, and carbines, and occasional graves, proclaimed the southward surging contest.

After driving the rebels down this valley, the cavalry corps recrossed the mountains at a point farther south and emerged into the Shenandoah Valley at the town of Newmarket. From thence southward laid our route along the turnpike as far as Harrisonburg. This place contained many rebel wounded, as I judged from the grey-clad and placarded cripples that seemed quartered there. From H. we took a course about south-east, and rounding the southern extremity of the Manhattan mountains, came out upon the south fork of the Shenandoah river, where the village of Port Republic is situated upon its opposite bank. Here we struck the rebels once more and had quite a severe skirmish, but could do nothing, as they had infantry to defend their rear, which was then passing through Brown's Gap to the east side of the Ridge, while we had left ours at Harrisonburg, some eight miles distant. As Sheridan had thus driven them out of the valley, our forces went no farther, except a small body of cavalry to Staunton, to destroy some rebel ordnance stores. But I will not trespass on your columns further. Perhaps another letter will be able to tell your readers of the fall back to this place, which is four miles north of Strausburgh and fourteen south of Winchster.

Yours, &c., HOPLITE.

Army Notes,--No. 13.

HEADQUARTERS, 10TH ARMY CORPS, Before Richmond, Oct. 18th, 1864.

Dear Editor.—The quiet which prevailed here when my last letter was mailed to you was soon broken. Early on the morning of the 7th inst., the enemy made a sudden cavalry dash on the right of our line, held by Kautz's cavalry, with the intention of giving our troops a complete surprise. Knowing that this part of the line was comparatively weak, they endeavored to take advantage of the fact by making a spirited attack upon the same. Unfortunately for them, however, a deserter came into our lines the evening previous and divulged their plans to the commanding General. He stated that the enemy was massing troops in front of the center of our line, for the purpose of attacking that point simultaneously with a demonstration that was to be made on the right. It was therefore thought that the main attack would be made on our center, and preparations were made accordingly. This proved to be a mistaken calculation, as the rebels were really intending to carry out a flank movement. The result was that our cavalry were forced back, the line broken, and a state of confusion prevailed which gave the rebels a temporary success; eight of our guns and quite a number of horses were captured, and prisoners taken. Our infantry coming to their support, the rebels quickly turned and the dashing rebel cavaliers, and their supporting infantry, were speedily flying Richmond-ward. Their loss in killed and wounded must have greatly exceeded ours, as our troops that are armed with the Spencer repeating rifle poured a most deadly fire into their retreating columns. The Richmond papers, however, have magnified the affair into a brilliant victory, as usual; although we still hold the same ground that we occupied previous to the battle. This engagement lasted about two hours.

On Monday, the 10th, Gen. Birney started for the north on a sick leave of absence, and Gen. A. H. Terry took temporary command of the Corps. Upon this new change of commanders being made it was thought fit and proper to inaugurate the event by a movement against the enemy. Accordingly, on the evening of the 12th inst., the 1st and 3d divisions of the corps moved out on the Darbytown road, on our right, and remained in readiness for an attack the next morning. Soon after sunrise, on the 13th, brisk skirmishing commenced, and shortly quite an engagement was in progress, the rebels falling back from their picket line to their main works, where they were excellently prepared to receive us. There works were new having been constructed since the reconnaissance of Gen. Terry on the afternoon of the 1st inst. A portion of the rebel force being in ambuscade, our troops in charging were brought directly under a most destructive enfilading fire, and the loss sustained in life and limb was consequently considerable. Here the brave and patriotic young Major of the 10th Conn. Volunteers,—Henry W. Camp,—rendered up his life a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country. His body was recovered by flag of truce the following day. It was found stripped of every article of clothing but a shirt, and pierced by seven bullets. After more or less fighting and skirmishing all day our troops found it policy to fall back upon the line they started from in the morning. This ended an attempt to make another extension of our lines towards the rebel capital. The result was truly unfavorable; the waste of valuable life greatly to be regretted. Let us hope that our next advance may be attended with that success which has crowned the most of our movements since this campaign commenced!

A large number of deserters are constantly coming into our lines, all miserably clad, and all agreeing in the opinion that the Confederacy is nearly "squeezed." The external appearance of these fellows alone sufficiently verifies every statement made by them in regard to the growing destitution which everywhere prevails among the miserable dupes of secession. They appear to be well pleased to find themselves once more under the protection of the stars and stripes. To-day we were visited by a most miserable object of charity, just from one of the almshouses of Richmond. He was what the "Widow Bedot" would pronounce "a poor, decrepit, superannuated old fellow." His nether extremities were simple and lame, and he had a pair of patched, dirty, scant, blue-drilling overalls; his coat was sadly faded and woefully "curtailed" in the tail; his hat was truly a relic of antiquity; and his shoes were of the "open-front" style, nicely calculated for water to run out of after wading through swamps. I thought of the line of the poet—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!" He said he was "true blue" on the Union question, and was strongly opposed to the secession of Virginia at the outset. He stated that the poor class in Richmond are in a most terrible state of destitution, and that many of them must actually perish the coming winter if that place is not captured by our troops, which were then passing through Brown's Gap to the east side of the Ridge, while we had left ours at Harrisonburg, some eight miles distant. As Sheridan had thus driven them out of the valley, our forces went no farther, except a small body of cavalry to Staunton, to destroy some rebel ordnance stores. But I will not trespass on your columns further. Perhaps another letter will be able to tell your readers of the fall back to this place, which is four miles north of Strausburgh and fourteen south of Winchster.

Yours, &c., HOPLITE.

THE WOBURN CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES held its autumnal meeting in Woburn on Tuesday, the 26th inst. The Rev. E. P. Marvin, was chosen Moderator, and the Rev. E. P. Hooker, Scribe. The weather was fine and the attendance was unusually large through the day, the body of the capacious house being filled, and considerable numbers in the galleries.

WINCHESTER.

RELIGIOUS.—The services at the Congregational Church last Sabbath were of a peculiarly interesting character. In the morning, the pastor preached a discourse commemorative of the close of the twelfth anniversary of his settlement among them.

The text was from 2d Epistle to the Corinthians, 4th chap., 5th verse: "For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord."

The preaching of the Cross is God's instrumentality for the conversion of mankind.

The Apostle Paul understood this and preached it boldly and fearlessly.

The cross was always behind him and inspired him to "do all things through Christ who strengthened him."

This should be the course of every true minister.

In the first place, let us inquire, when may ministers be said to preach themselves and not Christ. First: They do so when they preach for gain. It was an admitted fact that ministers generally were poorly paid, considering the work done. Yet there are some who take the office from mere mercenary motives. Such do no good, for their selfishness cannot fail to show itself. The minister should receive a just compensation for his services, but he who is influenced by sordid motives is unworthy of the office. He must learn to practice self-denial and like Paul expect to fight the good fight in faith, remembering that the sacred office is not without its compensation. Its rewards are more spiritual than temporal, and whoever enters upon the ministry must turn his back upon the world.

Secondly: When they seek to display their own wisdom and talents. There is a pride of learning that stands in the way of a successful preaching of the gospel, which is hard to overcome. In the ministry it is mere truth than any where else, that one must become all things to all men.

Thirdly: When they preach for applause or to win popular favor. The true minister must commend his doctrine by the purity of his life, and sincerity of his counsels. He must be in earnest. He must show the truth of the Bible to be pre-eminent. Cowper's description of the clerical coxcomb was quoted by the preacher as aptly illustrating this class.

In the second place, the speaker passed to consider, "What it is to preach Christ Jesus the Lord." The Gospel is God's panacea for all the ills of mankind. We may preach often in an eloquent manner, but if we do not apply the gospel medicine it will not affect a cure. We must preach Christ as Lay Giver. Christian freedom is not licentiousness, and the laws which Christ laid down and exemplified in his life are equally binding upon all, whether in or out of the pale of the church.

We must preach Christ as a Reformer. To reform the evil in the world was the grand aim and object of his life. Not in any vindictive spirit, but in love must the truth be proclaimed and evil exposed in all its forms.

We must preach Christ as a Savior.

As there are different roads which all centre in a great city, so the truths of the Gospel though widely diverging in some minds on some respects, all tend to the great metropolis of Christ, the centre of Christianity. It had been the aim and object of the preacher here during his ministry of twelve years, to preach Christ and him crucified. Although Christ had prevented him from doing all that could have been desired, yet he had endeavored to be faithful to their highest interests. More than one thousand sermons had been preached to them by himself and others during this period. God had indeed blessed this church and much good had been done through its instrumentality.

There had been one season of revival which added large numbers to the church. At the commencement of his ministry the church numbered 200; since then there have been added 227; 87 by letter and 140 by profession. 61 have been dismissed by letter; 52 have died, and 3 are excommunicated. The present number of the church is 311. He had baptised 132; 64 adults and 68 children.

FOR THE SOLDIERS.—We learn that two boxes of hospital stores will be sent from Woburn to City Point, Va., to-day.

The recent arrests of parties in Baltimore for selling goods to blockade runners, were made by Capt. Charles S. Converse, of Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt., under the direction of the Provost Marshal. The whole transaction was done quietly and thoroughly.

"The Continental" for November is filled with choice and valuable reading. As a work of literary pretensions, it has no superior among the monthlies.

The Ladies' Friend, for November, announced that it will not exchange with the newspaper press without editors will copy an advertisement worth four times its subscription price. The same announcement is made in Godey's Lady's Book. We like these publications much, and shall be sorry to part with them, but if they are not satisfied with a short but truthful notice of their contents, as they appear from month to month, we shall have to part company. That's all.

"A correspondent—"A son of Woburn,"—writing from the camp of the 32d Mass. Volunteers, desires to call the attention of our readers "to one of the patriots of the present day," a resident of Woburn—Capt. Cyrus Tay—who left his pleasant home and went forth to fight the battles of his country. He says, "I know of no one who has done more fully his whole duty than Capt. Tay. He entered the service of his country on the 15th day of November, 1861, and since that time has been a faithful officer in the Regiment to which he belongs; always ready and willing to do his duty. A man of total abstinence principles, and of unquestioned morals." We take the following from our correspondent's letter:—

"At the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., Capt. Tay was wounded in the arm, which kept him off duty for about forty-five days, and he still carries the ball in his arm, as a memento of that great battle."

"If every man at the North, who is able, had rendered to their country half the amount of service that Capt. Tay has, there would not be a rebel in all the land who would dare to own his cause. Such are the men who should receive the honors, and the places of honor and profit in our country."

"I trust the citizens of Woburn will show their appreciation of the services of one of their noble sons, by placing him in some position of honor and trust, that he is so justly entitled to, and so well qualified to fill. The members of this Regiment from the town of Woburn, are generally well."

ARRIVED HOME.—Charles K. Conn of Woburn, of the 39th Mass. Vols., made prisoner at the battle of Spottsylvania, and whose parole was announced some weeks ago, has arrived home. He is looking finely. We learn that he has been promoted to a Lieutenant.

DR. SCHENCK'S next visit to Boston will be on WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, the 26th and 27th of this month.

Some fools in England are petitioning this country to put an end to the war.

Next Tuesday evening there will be

My Mother is not Old.
My mother is not old; she went to Heaven
In all the ripened beauty of her years;
No silver threads amid her brown hair show,
Time had not ploughed her cheeks by care or
tears.

And yet my mother's eyes were often dimmed
By tears whose falling God alone beheld;
And life's hard portion she, like others, bore:
And oftentimes with sighs her bosom swelled.

Here was the lot of earth; as good, as bad,
As in the middle walks of life is found;
But her elastic mind, her loving heart,
Sprang up from sorrow with a quick rebound.

And in her fair young features not a mark
Of age and all its chilling reign was set;
She scarce had touched the boundary of youth,
And strong and young is my dear mother yet.

Forever strong in her immortal prime;
She cannot fade, nor stoop, nor wrinkle now;
Celestial beauty, like a crown, is set
On her beloved, well-remembered brow.

Her voice of music will not lose its power;
We shall not see her sweet eyes slowly fade;
We shall not watch her failing steps go down
To the dark shades by yew and cypress made.

My mother is not old! how bright and fair
Her saintly image shines upon my heart!
At peace, with Jesus, ransomed in her prime;
Thank God! thank God! though it was hard to

part.

Plane Fruit and Flowers.
Plant flowers; yea, flowers. What care or cost
Shall the generous hand deny,
These sinless symbols of all we're lost,

And all we seek on high.

Flowers to carry the breath of Spring
To windows, and walks, and eaves;
Flowers! what sorrow in heart or wing
But shelters among their leaves.

Plant fruit; yea, fruit, in no niggard hole
To rival the slug-worm's toil;
But wide as the patriot's unbought soul,
And deep in the cream or soil.—

Fruit, to temper the winter's ruth,
To soften the summer's rage;

Fruit, to brighten the morn of youth,
And mellow the eve of age.

Plant fruit and flowers; yea, flowers and fruit,—
The boughs may be bare and cold,

But a subtle alchemist at the root
Is turning thy toil to gold.—

Who follows thy foot prints silently,
Nor sleeps when thy labors close,

Until the wilderness, "glad for thee,"

Is "blossoming like the rose."

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—It was a Sabbath morning, in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the State of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares of that fearful and long-to-be-remembered summer had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough though not unpleasant countenances of the male members of that little congregation. The rigid features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary, and played upon the desk and upon the countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man; his white locks and tottering frame evinced that he had numbered three score and ten years. Opening the sacred volume, the minister was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger arrived almost breathless, rushed into the church, exclaiming:—"The enemy are marching upon our western counties!" The old man looked around on his congregation and announced his text:—"He that hath a garment, let him sell it and buy a sword." After a few preliminary remarks, he added:—"Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors, against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in the success of this day not to lend its influence. As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you; neither have I representatives of my family to send. My daughters—my daughters cannot draw the sword, nor handle the musket in defense of their country, but they can use the hoe—so that when the toll-worn soldier returns from the field of battle, he may not suffer for the necessities of life." The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion. When he again looked around, his audience was gone. One by one they had silently left the house of God, and ere the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of that little parish, who were able to bear arms, were far on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington.

ADVANTAGES OF YEARS.—You are "getting into years." Yes, but the years are getting into you,—the ripe, rich years, the genial, mellow years, the lusty, luscious years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism, the isolation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of the situation. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you, by the knowledge of that mistake, so much closer to the truth. You no longer draw your bow at a venture but shoot straight to the mark. Your possibilities concentrate and your path is cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations, become a staff of strength with which you mount to sublimer heights. With self-possession and self-command return the possession and command of all things. The title deed of creation, forfeited, is reclaimed. Earth and sea and sky pour out their largess of love. All the past crowds down to lay its treasures at your feet.—[Gall Hamilton.]



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Convulsions, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps, Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

NOTHING that is not wholesome, genial and
rejoicing in its nature enters into the composition
of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

This popular preparation contains no oil of any kind, no deadly botanical element; no fiery extract; but it is a combination of the extracts of the best aromatic and pectoral plants with the purest and mildest of all digestive stimulants.

Coughs and Colds affecting Troops

Will be speedily relieved and effectively cured by using these admirable medicines, and by paying proper attention to the Directions which are attached to each Pot or Box.

Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of

Spirits, Convulsions, Colic, Intermittent

Fevers, Cramps, Spasms, and all

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In this is contained with the Bitter, a powerful

stimulant which may be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully perceived or

seen. It is a powerful and safe remedy for

Constitutional Weakness, Precipitation, Debility and

Decreptitude arising from

the consumption of the stimulant, and by

occasionally resorting to it, the return of the com-

plaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

will be found to be a safe and convenient

remedy for all classes of the population.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Languor, find great and speedy relief from the Bitters.

The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agony of Bilious Colic is immediately assuaged by the power of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : No. 6.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Claude Capperonnier.

BY J. H. SYME.

"He's the laziest dog in Manin," cried old Gaspard, taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing the smoke towards a stucco image of Napoleon that stood upon his chimney-piece. "He'll never make a Skinner worth a scrow."

"Oh, I knew it," cried old Marguerite, with a triumphant smile. "I saw that the lad was full of nothing but stupidity. You see what it is now, however, Gaspard; you would not take my advice, and so you must have your pellets spoiled."

"No, no, Marguerite," said Gaspard, shaking his head, and placing his feet on the fender, while he balanced his chair on its hind legs; "the lad is not altogether stupid, but he has not brain enough to be a Skinner. I wish you had not asked me to take him apprentice when his uncle brought him here."

Marguerite suspended the scouring of a pewter platter for a moment, and looked hard as she listened to this home-thrust. She then commenced to rub with redoubled energy, and chanted at the same time an old song.

"You see," continued Gaspard, smoking and rocking, and chatting at his ease, "he might have made a useful tax collector, or town crier; but here he not only spoils pellets, but is himself spoiled."

"Well, now, Gaspard Beauvais," said Marguerite, in whose mind a sudden revolution had taken place, as she ceased her scrubbing, and placed one arm akimbo, while she leaned in an easy attitude upon the larger platter with the other; "you cannot say that Claude is troublesome, at any rate. He never returns one word to your reproaches, and he is content to sit alone in the pulling house, even on these winter nights."

"Troublesome!" shouted Gaspard, spinning his chair suddenly round, and confronting his wife with a look of lively astonishment; "why, my good woman, that word comprises all the faults that I find in him. Do you think it no trouble to see him mixing pickings, seconds and firsts together, while he is muttering away about declensions and conjugations, and running holes in my pellets, while he is rhyming outlandish nonsense about Owee, who married Boss Solemn at Treboothunter's—while mass cooled all Sunday? I tell you, Marguerite," cried old Gaspard, wheeling round to his former position, and knocking the dottle from his pipe with great energy; "I tell you the lad is not only troublesome, but I almost think he is profane."

"Gaspard Beauvais, take care what you say," replied Marguerite, in a severe tone, while she drew herself up and primed her mouth for a more potential discussion. "You are too free with your tongue, I think, old man."

She might have said the same of mad old Boreas, too, for, at the moment she was about to break the polemical group, he interrupted her discourse with a wild, protracted howl, that made the doors and windows rattle, and shook all the chimneys of Manin, as if he had umbrage at them for a year, and was wreaking his vengeance on them.

"There it comes at last," said Gaspard, listening to the wild howling of the wind, while awe was written on his embrowned and wrinkled face. "My rheumatism foreboded this storm two days ago, and here it is."

"Are all things secure and ready for it?" cried Marguerite, with a careful woman's promptitude. "Are the bales in the shed, and the skins covered with pack-sheet? Storms ought to be provided against as well as old age, you know; and Gaspard Beauvais is not the least prudent man in Manin," she continued, with a smile.

"Hillo, you are right, old woman!" exclaimed the Skinner, springing to his feet and buttoning on his coat with the greatest despatch. "Bring forth the lantern, while I call that pest of a boy to help me."

Gaspard Beauvais was one of those very useful handcraftsmen who convert the skins of sheep and lambs into leather and who combine with this profession the sorting of wool. He was a man of powerful frame and iron constitution, and it was well for him that he was so, for the life of a Skinner is no joke, and his work is no child's play. To-day he would be standing in the stream of Manin washing sheepskins, that the wool might be clean, and tossing the saturated masses, of perhaps a hundred weight each, to the banks during twelve successive hours; to-morrow he would be stewed in a damp, close penitentiary, dressing skins, with warm water; and the next day he would be smearing others with lime. Heat and

cold had apparently only indurated his muscles and hardened his tendons, for he knocked about the place with all the agility of vigorous manhood, and sang in the midst of his hardest labors with all the spirit of youth. He was tall and spare; his face was brown and wrinkled, and his gray hairs fell in long, straight tresses down his cheeks; yet time seemed to poise itself lightly on his head, and the fox upon the fell, and you follow the heath-fowl on the hill; and fresh are the airs you breathe, and fair the scenes you see; but little do some of you know of the magic influence of a book.

"Is the lazy rascal dreaming?" said Gaspard, turning to his wife, and then peering again at his studious young apprentice.

Dreaming! Ay, Gaspard, he is dreaming. Fancy has shaded his form with the leaves of the spreading oak; and as he looked upon Virgil's page, his eyes behold Arcadia. He does not hear the howl of the wind—not he. It is the oaken

reed of Tityrus that is sounding in his ear. Bend over thy book, brave Claude; learning is no illusion. Dream on thy hard, thorny way to knowledge; thou art weaving a crown for thyself that few kings but the kings of toil have ever worn.

"Hillo, there, Claude!" roared Gaspard.

Gaspard Beauvais's skin-yard was a very excellent illustration, in its way, of Babel. It never was designed to be so, to be sure, but simple people often do great things without design, and Gaspard had certainly filled the quarter of an area which he called a yard with superlative confusion. Gaspard's own snug little dwelling—with its great fire-settle, massive kitchen table, well-plastered plate-rack, and spasmodic cuckoo-clock—with its great roaring fire, its chains of black and white puddings, and its half-yards of bacon—with its three little gables, its oriels, its thatched roof, and overhanging eaves—occupied one and the most elevated extreme of his property, which declined towards the stream of Manin, said stream being another of its boundaries. On the left hand of the square was a stable and bark-mill, on both of which the dry rot and the damp rot had tried their powers of decay with eminent success, for the fir deals of which they were constructed had very loose connection with their posts, and were much wasting, so that the wind and rain and snow and sleet often danced quadrilles round the rude machine that crushed the bark. A pile of black oak bark, covered with straw and battened to the ground by great boulders of whinstone, stood sentinels beside four tan-pits, whose odors sickened the very winds, and gave every herb that attempted to grow within fifty yards of them the fever. A drying-house plentifully smeared with tar, grinned *ris-à-vis* in a little dilapidated beam-house, which had been whitewashed with lime, and a ruined boiler and decrepit workshop for wool-sorters leaned against each other in the sympathy of decay.

"Hillo, there, you lazy rascal!" roared Gaspard again through the window. "Do you know that wind is blowing and rain is falling, and there are some skins lying out here to be covered?"

Claude did not hesitate a moment after this salutation, but tumbled into the skin-yard in such a way as to belie the charge of laziness, so often preferred against him, and ran about his business with wonderful alacrity, although Marguerite was none of the cleverest lantern-carrier in France.

The dark clouds were careering over the village of Manin, and scowling down on its straw-thatched cottages as if they did not think they had a right to be so comfortable; and the wind was tormenting the waters of the swollen stream until they foamed and boiled with rage, as Gaspard and his apprentice moved about, looking after the security of the merchandise. Manin was one of those beautiful little villages that stud the side of the way from Amiens to Paris. About a mile to the west of the village rose a hill which pines and poplars garmented with green, and in the bosom of which stood the Chateau de Manin, once the residence of a warlike race that had become defunct through degeneracy. The last lord had fallen from his horse, and had been killed in a boar-hunt, and such was the end of the Family de Manin. In this hill rose the stream of Manin, which drove the mills that pressed the grapes of the vine-growers, and in which Gaspard washed his skins. It was a roaring, blustering stream, spluttering and groaning in winter like a drowning man, and sobbing over its pebbly bed in summer like a dreaming infant. It was crossed by a narrow Gothic bridge, and a narrow ford; and sometimes travelers had been in imminent danger from trusting to this ford, as the bridge was the only safe means of crossing during high water.

"It is a terrible night," said Gaspard, as the winds shook the loose boards of his out-houses, and howled away over the plain, and through the bare woods.

"Quick, boy, quick, and let us within doors."

"Do you hear nothing, master?" said Claude, suddenly stopping his employment, and bending his ear. "I thought I heard a cry."

"I hear the wind and feel the rain; so get along; bestir thyself, and look sharp!"

"I could pledge my word against a sheepskin that some one has taken the ford to-night, and is being borne down the stream," and quick as thought Claude Capperonnier was rushing towards the river, followed by the stalwart and kind-hearted and equally alarmed Gaspard.

They reached the river where it flowed past the tan-yard, and, looking up the stream towards the ford, they beheld landmarks dancing on the bank, and heard the shouts of the villagers as they ran hither and thither, anxious to save some one from the hungry, furious waters. Skinners are men of strength and men of cour-

age, too, and Gaspard Beauvais and his apprentice did not in this respect disgrace their profession. In a few seconds the lad's waist was encircled by a stout rope, which his athletic master held firmly in his hand, while Marguerite waved the lantern aloft, and encourage brave Claude, by every epithet in her vocabulary, to be steady. Down it came, battling bravely with the stream, and snorting and foaming as if it had been bearing Neptune to war. It was a gallant horse, and stoutly carried a strong man in a dark cloak; but it would not be able to do so long—it was evidently becoming exhausted.

"Why don't you turn his head upstream and work him to the bank?" roared Gaspard, as the stranger approached the spot opposite to where he stood. "A strong arm and a cool head could easily take that horse out of the water."

"Hurrah! Claude Capperonnier bravely swam, my boy—one spring more—one other buffet with the white-lipped river—one more clutch at the loose reins—hurrah! Now, Gaspard, pull—pull with all your giant strength, old Skinner and tanner of Manin!"

Hark! Marguerite is shouting and clapping her hands, and the villagers on the other side of the stream are cheering lustily. Come on, brave steed! hold on, brave boy! the bank is won! the man is a just one.

There was an expression of intellectual beauty in the lad's eyes and mouth that great painters alone could have copied, and keen observers only could notice. People never expect to find the same high class of beauty associated with ragged blouses and hard and horny hands.

It is often so, however; and if Jean Baptiste Gruse, instead of Gaspard Beauvais,

had been looking through that little window, he would have observed the lineaments of a lovely mind in those of poor Claude Capperonnier.

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again and again, showed that the old lazy

apprentice had neither remembered their

scoldings, nor forgotten themselves.

From the first moment of our birth, the soul is capable of the most sublime operations. We require the development of organs for the manifestation of these operations, and we require a condition in which these manifestations can become available. Claude Capperonnier, by the innate force of his will, became a scholar in spite of difficulties; and Heaven at last gave him a sphere in which to exercise his self-developed abilities. Learning is the sunk capital of the mind, which man can draw upon through life for bread, and for a reputation after earth, and which he will not leave behind him, even in his translation to immortality. Then never give up, ye Capperonniers of human life! Who knows what Heaven has in store for you?

THE WORDS WE USE.—Be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry. Let home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality; and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, then always use by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in

honest expression of your meaning; and

in the estimation of all men who are com-

petent to judge, you lose in reputation

for ability. The only true way to shine,

even in this false world, is to be modest

and unassuming. Falsehood may be a

very thick crust, but in the course of time

truth will find a place to break through.

Elegance of language may not be in

the power of all of us, but simplicity and

straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superiors, speak no finer. Be what you say, and, within the rules of prudence

say what you are. Avoid all oddity of expression. No one ever was a gainer

by singularity of words, or in pronunciation.

The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of

chemistry by carrying about bladders of

strange gases to breath, but he will enjoy

better health, and find more time for busi-

ness, who lives on the common air. When

I hear a person use a queer expression,

or pronounce a name in reading differ-

ently from his neighbor, the habit always

goes down, minus sign before: it stands

on the side of deficit, not of credit. Avoid,

likewise, all slang words. There is no

greater nuisance in society than a talker

of slang. It is only fit (when innocent,

which it seldom is) for raw school-boys

and one-term freshmen to astonish their

sisters with. Talk as sensible men talk:

use the easiest words, in their common-

est meaning. Let the sense conveyed,

not the vehicle in which it is conveyed,

be the subject of attention.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the talker who is always set-

ting you right; who, when you report

from the paper that 10,000 men fell in

some battle, tells you that it was 9,000;

who, when you describe your walk as

the great cay at last. "Well, I shall carry

my little trunk thither, and see how M. de

Valais looks since I pulled him from the

Manin."

"You are M. Claude Capperonnier?" said

The Middlesex Journal,
AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE PRESENT RELATIVE ASPECT OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.—How great a change has the war in America effected in the relative importance of Europe. Since the American Revolution, the States which achieved their Independence have been growing in wealth and power, enlarging in territory and population, but we were so remote from the Old World, had so little influence upon it, and possessed so few vessels of war and only a standing army of 10,000 men, that in contrast with Europe, where the nations had so long maintained powerful navies and standing armies, we seemed insignificant. The wars of Europe, so skilfully conducted, with such great battles and important results, filled a large space in the public eye, and the Revolutions in progress were of a gigantic and startling character. Added to all this, the history of these empires, so filled with battles and changes, with glory and shame, drew the world's attention and impressed with awe. Our own country had so few disturbances, and our commerce, manufactures and agriculture, proceeding so quietly, and as it were in an obscure corner of the world, unnoticed save by a few of the observing and sagacious statesmen and philosophers of the old world, that we excited comparatively little remark. We sat as spectators in a theatre where other parties were actors, and carefully observed the scenes enacted in other lands by the performers there.

But now, America has come upon the stage to act with the world for gazers. The great tragedy we are now performing in our civil war, unexampled for expenditure of life and treasure, and never surpassed in courage, skill and endurance, has awakened the earnest and concentrated attention of the whole world. There is no corner of the earth where the tidings of our strife has not gone, while the daily conversation in all the principal towns and cities, is, as to the events, progress and probable issue of our contest.

France, with all her military greatness, and England, with her naval banners victorious in so many battles, pause to listen to the doings of our fleets, the movements of our armies. The names of American generals and admirals are now repeated in the old world, as familiar and glorious names, even as we have called over the distinguished commanders of Europe, in times past.

The late difficulty of Denmark with Prussia and other nations, has seemed to us only like a little heat lightning in comparison with the tempest of iron and leaden hail, and the thunder of artillery, which has shaken our own hills and mountains as it were in their sockets. However ambitious the older nations may have been to still continue to be the theatre of great and striking improvements, they have been awed by our proceedings, and been compelled by the force of attraction, to let us occupy the field of war, and play our part for the records of history, in terrible and sublime dramas of human action.

The world has thus been compelled, willingly or not, to do us homage, and however it may commiserate our fate and foretell our overthrow, the exhibition of aptitude for war and resources for great and protracted conflicts, has greatly impressed the people with our heroism, power and capabilities. We are now going through the same conflicts which settled Europe down upon her present basis, and like Vesuvius in flame, we are exciting fear and wonder. America is now showing herself to be human and unstable like other countries, and not as some imagined, a peculiar nation ushering in a holier and happy reign of man upon the earth.

MOUNT AUBURN.—The falling of the leaves is opening Mount Auburn to the sun and displaying to the eye the numerous monuments erected in memory of the departed. A great collection of art in marble and granite working, is now collected in this cemetery, which thirty years ago under the name of Sweet Auburn, was a place of pleasant resort. Death has robbed many households in the mean time, and filled this great receptacle with the bodies of his victims. We are accustomed to say, that Death levels all distinctions, but there seems to be an attempt here to carry out the difference between man and man amid the graves, for how much more embellished and costly and towering are some of the pillars than others. And yet they sleep—

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid"—

alike mingle with the dust and dwell in silence and darkness, insensible to the decorations, or want of adornment, around their lonely beds.

If people can afford these magnificent tombs, why let them solace themselves with their erection, but let no one feel pain that his pecuniary ability will not suffer him thus to honor his dead, for a simple and inexpensive slab may express as much of love as the most complex and costly stone, and no triumph of art or lavishness of expenditure can add the smallest fraction to the real praise of the dead. Their eulogy, after all, must be

in their character and lives, and be preserved in the memory of loving hearts, be inscribed on the scroll of impartial history and embalmed in the records of heaven.

It was a pleasant October afternoon when the writer of this entered this burial ground. The leaves were tinged with the ripened hues of autumn and presented many shades of yellow, brown and red. Flowers of choice kinds were blooming and the air was still. Groups of people were walking about and carriages were passing to and fro. Curiosity had attracted them, and they evidently had no rooted sorrow, no close and recent connection with the forms which were slumbering around. As the white marble uprose on every hand and seemed to call for admiration, in the exquisitely wrought ornaments and architectural beauty, we could not refrain from putting the question: Are these monuments expressive of the glory of Death, the great and universal conqueror? or do they denote the triumph of man over the fell destroyer? So far as they had fingers pointing to heaven, figures of angels emblematic of the unseen world, and inscriptions from the Word of God, significant of immortality, they taught us that death was himself conquered, but the general impression was saddening as teaching man's mortality, and showing that wealth, beauty, genius, must all bow before the King of Terrors.

The task of preparing a burial place where a whole family can sleep side by side, now more than ever occupies the public attention, and the very men who build palaces furnished with every comfort and luxury for the living household, also purchase a lot in a cemetery and erect mausoleums for the same persons to which they may be carried when dead. How near is death brought by such proceedings! How, while one eye is resting on the home of the living adorned with such profusion of ornament and comfort and enlivened with affection and the thousand courtesies of daily intercourse, the other reposes on the little green spot of earth, where, beneath the sod all the family are to be buried and dwell in darkness and forgetfulness. May not the increased attention to our bodies after death, be leading to more solicitude for the soul, which survives the taking down of our earthly tenement? Surely, men will not stop with the comforts and adornments of the grave, but looking into the far precincts of eternity, and crossing the bridge of Time, enter into that world, where monuments are lost sight of, and houses not made with hands eternal in heaven await the redeemed in Christ.

A CENTENARIAN.—Mrs Betsy Taylor, widow of the late Amos Taylor, of Burlington, passed her one hundred birthday on the 31st ult. Mrs. Taylor resides with her son, Mr. Lewis Taylor, in that part of Burlington familiarly known as Wood's Hill. Mrs. Taylor received the congratulations of a large number of her relations and friends, who assembled at her home on that day. Interesting and appropriate religious exercises were conducted by that venerable christian gentleman, Rev. Samuel Sewell, of B., in which the passing centenarian seemed deeply interested.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC GATHERING.—The democrats of Woburn and the surrounding towns had a torch light procession on the evening of Friday last, and a spirited address was delivered in Lyceum Hall by Hon. Theodore H. Sweeter, of Lowell. The hall was filled to repletion, mostly by men whose views coincided with those of the eloquent speaker. The music and fireworks on this occasion, and the display generally, was superior to anything so far this season.

VISIONS IN VERSE: or Dreams of Creation and Redemption. Boston: LEE & SHEPARD. 16 mo. 282 pages.

This is a poem of no common merit. Its unassuming title gives little idea of the Miltonic fire blazing on its pages. One thinks of Dante, Milton, Pollock, and Mrs. Browning, while reading—as sparks from a scuffiere in a West India Island may make one think of Etna, Hecla and Vesuvius—not as an imitation but as a didactic, the upbearing by the same internal forces, the blending of the same poetic elements. The visions of thirteen nights are portrayed, giving rare glimpses of the dawning world, and the increasing splendor of earth under the light of Christianity. The book must be read to understand and appreciated. We give one figure from the crowd that move along without jostling, on these pages.

"A meteor of lightning flame,
From zenith down to nadir came;
And, flashing from the sheath of night,
Smote on the eyes with awful light!"

One more quotation,

"Expression is the twin of thought;
Together both to being brought.
Love longs, like sunbeams, to dispense
Emotion and intelligence.
This fluency of souls sincere,
Deep, fervent, makes our music here.
Electric chain that comes and goes,
From kindred soul to soul it flows,
And leaps from heart to heart, above,
To multiply the bliss of love."

We commend this volume to our readers, assuring them that the anonymous author is one worthy of their confidence, and one whose productions have hitherto won laurels.

Our Army Correspondence.

ATKIN'S LANDING, Va.,

Oct. 24th, 1864.

The Battle Field:—The field of victory, the field of defeat, the field of death. What significant language in the history of a man; in the history of a nation. The shrill notes of the fife, the bold blasts of the bugle, the deep roll of the drum; how soul stirring, how inspiring. The discharge of guns, the thunder of cannon, how fearful, how commanding. Banners and plumes gende waving. Swords and helmets brightly gleaming; how fascinating. There is something impressively sublime and terrible in the formation of a line of battle. One who never witnessed it, or heard "the cannon's opening roar, can little imagine its fearful and imposing grandeur. A hundred thousand men marching to the carnival of death, with firm tread and steady advance which discipline and obedience give; with music and banners to feast the eye, and swell the heart. With long lines of veteran men, clothed alike in blue, crimson and buff. With clinking locks and bristling bayonets to protect and defy. With artillery, with base lungs to belch forth blasts of lead and iron. With horsemen armed with carbine and sword. With mettled horses chafing to begin, mounted by commanders clothed with the stars and eagles of authority; marshaling and deploying Brigades, Divisions, and Corps, with aids flying from front to rear, and orderlies bringing orders to advance. The conflict begins, the skirmishers move forward and intermittently fire, and are driven back. The two armies roll against each other as the waves of the ocean dash. Battalions and regiments advance and retire; the rattle of muskets, the hissing of shells, and the loud spite of powder, intensify the feelings and nerve the arms. Personal identity and safety is lost in the bewilderment of mingled strife. Ranks are broken and reformed. Columns pushed on and forced back; they gather and come again. Generals full of hope, by word and deed, urge on their commands. The flame of battle hardens their souls to danger. They lead their braves into that hot fire where men melt away.

Horses, wild with pain, dash o'er the field. The bloody hurricane sweeps on; rows of maimed and dying men are piled up. The surging ranks press on scorning the missiles of lead and steel that will quickly add them to the register of death.

The bugle sounds the charge; all fear is turned into the wrath of unyielding will. They move on and over their stricken companions, who, with torn limbs, ghastly cuts, pale brows and powder-grimed cheeks, lay upon the earth; courage and desperation nerve them, while victory or death must be the fruit of this cruel sight.

No cry of pain or fault passes the lips of the fallen; every line of countenance growing rigid with the cold dew of death, seems to lighten up, and proffer a smile, as the shouts of success come back to ease the sting of Eternity.

But that success is not lasting; the foe here met the charge like a wall of living adamant, from which is hurled a blaze of deadly fire that no mortal heroism can withstand. Back the lines are pushed, but only for a space.

The ranks again close up with gleaming steel reflecting their terrible purpose.

Their guiding thought a hero's grave—their song the "Union." The enemy still

defiant, await the shock; this time more than awed that such confined assaults are the efforts of Northern arms.

Fierce as mad men the struggle is renewed.

Brave, untitled soldiers and devoted officers go down in this storm of mettled rain, with hearts pulsating for liberty; with no murmur to lisp of suffering, with no watching companion to catch the death message and bear it to stricken hearts at home.

The cloud of death is thick o'er the living; on treads the impetuous hoof of battle to trample down new victims to its insatiable appetite. The enemy, too, now lay in masses of dismembered flesh; with an angry frown on its countenance to mark the spirit with which it fled to God.

The polished rebel officer and the neglected private each clasping the other in the unconscious frenzy of death. While their blood in common tinges deeper a soil thrice accursed with the double stain of slavery and treason.

In this battle the victories of a government based on human bondage, are defeated, hungered by eating the little fruits of their own planting—with a memory that posterity will ignore—with a fame that history will repel.

This days warfare has ended, it is a day of victory to the North, of defeat to the South. The sun has set. His great crown of gold has passed behind the curtain of night. The smoky breath from iron throats has cleared away. The hot air of day has become the cool breeze of evening. The moon with silvery face shines forth "a lovelier, purer light than that of day." Far off, the sentinel stars look down in solemn and silent watchfulness.

Let us go o'er the field—the ground is thick with, here and there great ridges of slain and dying men.

Muskets and cannon lay broken and dismantled. The ground is bathed in blood till slippery with its gory carpet.

"And there lay the dead with his nostril all wide, And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail."

The bosom of the nation is expanding into solicitude. The public ear is open to catch the sounds. Individuals are anxious

and trembling lest a nation's joy should prove the grave of personal love—the tomb of domestic happiness. Back the tidings are flashed over the land; while sorrow and anguish brood over ten thousand hearthstones.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,

The sons with our bayonets turning,

By the struggling moonbeams misty light,

And the lantern dimly burning;

Slowly and sadly we laid him down.

From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,

But we left him alone with his glory."

The wounded have been borne to the rear. Let us pass among them, and see the noble forms, "once so full of vivid nerves and buoyant spirits," now powerless, bleeding and crippled. Some hopeful, others with trembling and pain waiting to hear their condition made known. They are arranged upon the ground and in tents. Near by are rough tables, saws, knives, needles, sponges and water, the suffering victim calmly looking on. All is ready; he is placed upon the table, and by the application of a mysterious vapour, unconsciousness and insensibility to pain is secured. The Surgeon, cool and familiar with his task, begins, R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNION MEETINGS.—Edwin C. Bailey, Esq., of Boston, and Hon. N. B. Bryant, of New Hampshire, will address the friends of the present Administration, in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, this (Saturday) evening.

It is stated that a single Eastern leg-factory has leased eight square miles of forest in Maine, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of timber for the manufacture of the artificial limb. All kinds are turned out, from the flesh-colored and silver-plated prop for the General, down to the rough unpainted stump, for the private soldier.

The clerks in the different departments in Washington number upwards of ten thousand and all dress in uniform and do military drill two hours each day in the week.

The quantity of maple sugar manufactured in Ohio this year amounts to 6,755,178 lb.

LYNNFIELD.—*Mr. Editor:* We generally have to report all quiet on the borders of Lynnfield, but the good citizens of that town bestirred themselves for an occasion last Tuesday evening in honor of one of her gallant sons of the ocean, Mr. Wm. B. Spencer. He has been on the blockade of Charleston nine months, and was on the monitor Keokuk, at one of her guns, when, under the command of dashing Capt. Rhind, during an attack on Fort Sumter, she steamed up to within two hundred and fifty yards, where she was so riddled with the rain of shot and shell that she sank. For his bravery on that occasion, Mr. Spencer received a promotion and was transferred to the tug Columbine, which was captured last May on an expedition up the St. John's river, Florida, and he being taken prisoner, remained in the hands of the enemy until recently paroled. Expecting soon to be again in the service, his townsmen have improved the opportunity, as an expression of their respect for his loyalty and patriotism, to present him a sword. The Chairman, Mr. John Danforth, introduced the subject, and the present was given, with an appropriate address, by Miss Emily Hewes, and responded to by the recipient. Speeches were listened to from Messrs. Emerson, Symonds, Townsend, Mailey, Lieut. Russell and Sergt. Richardson. The rest of the evening was spent in a social dance, and all went merrily as a marriage bell.

DISCHARGE OF AN ALLEGED MURDERER.—The case of Gustavus D. Smith, of Holmes' Hole, charged with the murder of Wm. C. Luce, of Holmes' Hole, in December last, was heard before Supreme Judicial Court in Taunton, on a writ of habeas corpus, and the Court ordered Mr. Smith to be discharged, the evidence not being deemed sufficient to sustain the charge against him.

SOUTH READING.

POLITICAL.—Col. Burbank, of Boston, and a gentleman from Woburn, (whose name we did not learn,) addressed a large gathering at the Town Hall, on Thursday evening of last week. Politics have taken quite a hold of the feelings of the community of late, though apparently without much excitement. Before another week passes the all absorbing contest will be over, and a most important question will be settled.

In this trying exigency, upon every voter there rests a solemn obligation. Let each one so discharge his duty, that, in the light of future events, an approving conscience may fully justify his course of action.

RICHARDSON LIGHT GUARD.—This company arrived home on Wednesday evening of this week, generally in good health and spirits. They enlisted as 100 days' men, going into camp at Readville, on the 15th of July, and leaving Readville for Baltimore on the 26th of the same month. They were designated as "Com-

pany E, 8th Mass. Reg." and were stationed near Baltimore, Md., during most of their absence. The Regiment having served their time, left Baltimore for home on Monday evening, arriving in New York early on Tuesday evening, thence by special train at 11 o'clock, P. M., they reached Boston about 2 1-2 o'clock on Wednesday, P. M.

FREE MEN.—On Monday evening a large audience assembled in the Town Hall in the interest of the Freedmen. The cause was presented by one of the agents of the association, who had with him three little children, recently slaves, and purporting to be colored. They gave a brief exhibition in recitation and singing. A collection was taken up in aid of the Freedmen's Association.

SCHOOLS.—The public schools will close on Friday, Nov. 18th. The exhibitions will be held in the Town Hall, on the 17th and 18th inst., occupying 3 half-days instead of 2 as heretofore. Next week we may give the particular order of the exhibitions.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.—A Republican Convention of delegates from the towns of South Reading, Stoneham, and Melrose, will be held at the Town Hall, in South Reading, on Saturday evening, Nov. 5th, for the purpose of nominating two candidates to represent the 20th Middlesex Representative District in the next General Court.

TOWN MEETING.—The meeting for Tuesday is called at 9 o'clock, A. M., the business to commence at 10 o'clock. In the afternoon some town matters will be attended to. One article is to see if the town will appoint a committee to report upon a plan to improve Main street from the common, southward. We trust a judicious committee will be selected to investigate a subject which has been long neglected.

STONEHAM.

SCHOOLS.—There has been a change of Principal in the High School—Mr. Babson, who has taught to such general acceptance, having accepted a call to take an ushership in the English High School in Boston. As an indication of how great a demand there has been for Mr. Babson, it may be stated that last Aug. he received an invitation to take a position in the University at St. Louis, at a salary of \$1500 per annum, which he did not accept. More recently he received also an invitation to take the position of sub-master in the Chapman Grammar School, East Boston. We all feel that what we lost the Boston school gains by this change. Mr. E. H. Cutler of Bridgewater, who was a prominent candidate for the ushership now filled by Mr. Babson, and who would undoubtedly have received the appointment had the Committee not selected Mr. B., comes among us to take charge of our High School, and whether he shall succeed or not remains to be seen. Of his scholarship no doubt can be entertained, for these as well as other reasons:—having with several other candidates been examined by the Boston Com., he was selected with two others (Mr. Babson being one) from whom to make the selection for usher. Again, he has taught a year in Brown University, filling the place of Prof. Caswell during his absence in Europe. We may well congratulate ourselves that we have a man to succeed Mr. Babson, whose literary qualifications are evidently of a very high grade.

POLITICAL.—We have had two splendid Union meetings in the Town Hall—the hall being crammed as full as it could hold, especially on Wednesday evening. On Saturday evening, Oct 29, we had the members of the firm of "Gooch and Copeland," as speakers. Mr. Copeland always speaks well, and he did not fall a bit below his own standard on this occasion. His allusion to the recent loss of two of our most prominent men, Col. Gould and Surgeon Heath, was exceedingly appropriate. I was sorry he did not in the same connection, allude to the death, at the post of duty, of two of the sons of E. T. Whittier, Esq.; but I presume Mr. Copeland was not acquainted with them, not having lived in town since these promising young men came upon the stage of active life. Mr. Gooch gave an account of some of the more prominent measures of the Administration, and alluded to the investigation of the Com. appointed to look into the Conduct of the War. He was listened to with deep attention.

On Wednesday evening our people were favored with speeches by E. C. Bailey, Esq., of the Boston Herald, and Rev. J. F. L. Barnes, who formerly presided here. The history of the slavery question *ab initio* (as lawyers would say), was given

The third evening was a repetition of the second, with additions. The speaking throughout was most excellent and evinced a thoroughness of preparation far in advance of their former exhibitions.

The names of those who took part in the several acts were: Miss M. Appleton, Miss Hattie Burrill, Miss Addie Burrill, Miss Laura Gleason, Miss Frances Burhill, Miss Eliza Knights, Mrs. Howes, Mr. A. F. Converse, T. Gould, A. Howes, O. Ruggles, J. Reid, H. Moulton, J. C. Gleason, S. Richardson.

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The Hon. Amos Tuck gave a political address on Wednesday of this week, and J. Q. A. Griffin will speak Saturday evening.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac."

BY MRS. F. A. HANAFORD.

(Suggested by a photograph with that title.)

All quiet along the river now,

And Winter reigneth there,

The ground is carpeted with snow,

And chill the evening air.

Above the snow-clad earth arises

The stones which mark the spot,

Where rest the forms of those we prize,

Our martyred patriots!

On yonder highland stands to-night,

The sentinel alone.

His musket gleaming in the light,

Of the pale winter moon.

How oft to him at midnight hour,

Above the noble dead,

Both memory come, with magic power,

To speak of those who bled!

Who fought in Freedom's sacred cause,

Beneath our banner bright,

The symbol each true heart adores!

The emblem of the Right!

And fell before the rebel host,

But own a pure renown,

Whose lustre never shall be lost—

A patriot martyr's crown!

"All quiet upon Potomac's shore!"

Soft may the river glide!

Life, with its conflicts now is o'er,

For heroes by its side.

But far on high where never comes

The sound of ruthless War,

These patriots found the saint's sweet home,

And meet with foes no more.

Each wide alarm, each whistling ball,

Each shrieking shell is gone,

Henceforth their anthems rise and fall

Where gleams celestial morn,

And while upon the lonely shore,

Their honored dust may rest,

Each Christian patriot evermore,

With victory is blest.

READING, MASS., Oct. 16, 1864.

PROTECTION OF THE TEETH.—Horace Walpole says "Use, a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death." Do not let your brushes be too hard, as they are likely to irritate the gums and injure the enamel. Avoid too frequent use of tooth powder, and be very cautious what kind you buy, as many are prepared with destructive acids. Those who brush their teeth carefully and thoroughly with tepid water and a soft brush (cold water should never be used, for it chills and injures the nerves) have no occasion to use powder. Should any little incrustation (tartar) appear on the side or at the back of the teeth, which illness and very often the constant eating of sweetmeats, fruit, and made dishes, containing acids will cause, put a little magnesia on your brush, and after two or three applications it will remove it. While treating on the care of the teeth, which is a subject of the highest importance to those who have young families, and in fact every one who wishes to preserve them, I beg to remind my readers that as the period generally occupied by sleep is calculated to be about (at least) six hours out of the twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of the priceless pearls whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearance and our comfort, if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleaning them with a soft brush before going to bed. The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and caries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweetmeats, fruit, &c., in a state of decomposition, remaining wedged between our teeth for six or seven hours; yet how few take the trouble to attend to this most certain cause of toothache, discoloration, and decay, entailing the miseries of scaling, plucking, extraction, and the crowning horror—false teeth!

To Business Men.

THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL

And Woburn Townsmen,

Has a large and rapidly increasing Subscriptio

n List, and finds its way into

nearly all the best families in Woburn.

It also has a large circulation throughout

Middlesex County, and is one of the best

mediums for Advertising in this portion

of the State.

Those of our Readers who desire to

give a wide publicity to their Business

Notices, will please bear this fact in mind

when dispensing their favors to the Press.

All Advertisements will be well dis-

played and made attractive, so that

readers can see them at a glance.

C. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Principal.

H. C. KENDALL, Associate

and Professor of Penmanship,

Sept 24—cow6m.

NOTICE.

THE STAFFS are connected with the establishment

have recently been put in fine order, and horses

and carriages are to let—day or night.

L. B. NORRIS, Proprietor.

Woburn, Aug. 20, 1864.

MATRIMONIAL!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

If you wish to marry, address the undersigned,

who will send you without money and without

price, valuable information that will enable you to

marry happy and successful irrespective of age,

wealth, or beauty. This information will be of

use to you if you wish to marry, I will cheer-

fully assist you. All letters strictly confidential.

The desired information sent by return mail, and

no questions asked, address

John Hallen, Jacob Pierce,

Patt McHugh, Susan Sheldon,

John McGare, Wm. Warren,

Mercy N. Parkhurst A. G. Walker,

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Woburn, Oct. 24, 1864.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed,

IN THE POST-OFFICE AT WOBURN,

State of Massachusetts, 5th day of Nov. 1864.

To obtain any of these letters, the applica-

nt must call for "advertisements," give the

name of the letter, and state the purpose for advertising.

If not called for within one month, they will be

seated to the Dead Letter Office.

John Hallen, Jacob Pierce,

Patt McHugh, Susan Sheldon,

John McGare, Wm. Warren,

Mercy N. Parkhurst A. G. Walker,

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Woburn, Oct. 24, 1864.

REOPENED.

THE PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS OF F. S.

KNOLTON, having been refitted, and an

addition made of a new light, he is now prepared

to execute work, in all the different branches

connected with the Art.

Special attention is given to copying

Photographs from old Daguerreotypes or Am-

phototypes. An assortment of frames kept con-

stantly on hand for sale.

John Hallen, Jacob Pierce,

Patt McHugh, Susan Sheldon,

John McGare, Wm. Warren,

Mercy N. Parkhurst A. G. Walker,

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Woburn, Oct. 24, 1864.

NOTICE.

TO THE YOUNG AND OLD

Male or Female,

If you have been suffering from a habit indulged in by

YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES,

WHICH CAUSES SO MANY ALARMING

SYNTOMS.

It units them for Marriage,

And the GREATEST EVIL which can befall

MAN OR WOMAN.

See symptoms enumerated in Advertisements,

Cut out this Advertisement, and send for it at once.

Delays are dangerous.

Ask for Heimbond's take no other.

Cures guaranteed.

Beware of Counterfeits and imitations.

Oct 24—2m.

TOILET EXTRACTS.

IN ENDLESS VARIETY, many of which will be

sold at a low figure.

By W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

Woburn, March 19th, 1864.

4711 Farina Cologne 4711

Celebrated for its excellency all over the world

For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

Woburn Centre, Mass.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the late Firm of A.

H. & A. S. HAYWARD are hereby requested to

make payment to H. & A. S. HAYWARD, before Novem-

ber next, if they wish to collect the same.

A. H. & A. S. HAYWARD,

Woburn, Oct. 7, 1864.

4711 Farina Cologne 4711

Celebrated for its excellency all over the world

For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

Woburn Centre, Mass.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the late Firm of A.

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Woburn Centre, Mass.

Notice.

REMARKABLE MINERAL DISCOVERY —MOUNTAIN OF IRON DISCOVERED.

The existence of an immense iron mountain, almost on the very shores of Lake Superior, outrivaling the famous iron mountains of Marquette, seems almost too marvelous for belief, yet the fact is even so. That such a wonderful mineral deposit should remain undiscovered until a very recent date, is the most remarkable feature of the whole affair, and shows how great and diversified is the natural wealth of that world-renowned region contrasted with the tardy pace of its development, particularly on the Canadian side, where the newly-discovered mine is located. At the distance of only about forty-five miles from Sault Ste. Marie, this mountain lifts its towering summit to the altitude of six hundred feet above the level of the lake, being about twice as high as the iron mountains of Marquette. The first examination was made in July last by Professor S. P. Duffield, of Detroit, who, from the general features, came to the conclusion that the range was identical with that of Marquette, and in order to satisfy himself on this point he visited Marquette to get the range, by which his theory was found to be fully sustained.

A company was subsequently formed, which obtained a patent from the Canadian Government for 3,200 acres of land, which comprises all, or nearly all, of the mineral tract in question. About four weeks ago some of the representatives of the company, together with a few scientific gentlemen, the whole party numbering twenty-four persons, set out for the district upon a tour of exploration and survey. The party returned a day or two since; and report that the most sanguine expectations concerning the extent and richness of the mines have been more than realized. The ore is of the very finest quality, corresponding to the ores of the Marquette mines, and extending through a range of several miles, in deposits many feet in thickness. It is so plentiful that no human agency can supply the exhaust for hundreds of years! Of the unequalled richness of the ore we are enabled to speak definitely. A quantity which was taken from the depth of only fifteen feet from the surface, and melted in a common blast furnace, realized 60 per cent. of pure iron. When we remember that 30 per cent. is a good working average, the richness of the newly-discovered ore will be fully apparent. At a greater depth from the surface, its purity will of course be on a corresponding scale, in accordance with a well known mineralogical law. —[Detroit Tribune.]

THE HARSHIPS OF YOUTH.—We know well they are the best things that happen to us. What is the testimony of the two ends of forty years? At the beginning of forty years everybody is lamenting that the child's father is dead. "Poor child!" people say, "what will become of him?" At the other end of the forty years it is said, "That man's father died when he was a lad, and left him no resources, and now see what a thrifty man he has become." Lucky child, that lost his father early. Many of our children are not lucky. And why? Because, in the beginning, not seeing the future, we shield them from these very things which, though they are called hardships, are best calculated to work out in them strength of character and efficiency. We spoil our children by rearing them too tenderly. We believe this in respect to older people's children, but we do not seem to realize it in respect to our own. We want our children should have comfort; but comfort is the worst thing a person can have till he is hardened. Everybody that knows anything about growing pears, knows that if he would have his pear trees bear long, he must not let them have fruit when they are young. And so it is with children. It will not do to let them have much fruit of comfort early. When they are hardened in the world, that is, when they are robust and strong, then let them have comforts. But never withhold them from things which have in them an educating power, though they are of the nature of hardships. —[Henry Ward Beecher.]

THE RIGHT BIRD.—Old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practised medicine, found the calls and fees did not come fast enough to please him, so he added an apothecary shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain his beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed—

"Och, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine! But there's something a little bit wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Aye! yes," replied the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm after thinking there's another kind of bird would be more appropriate."

"And what is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he's one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries, 'Quack, quack, quack!'"

The last seen of Pat and the doctor was Pat running for dear life, and the doctor after him.

A New York letter to the Boston Traveller says:

Inquisitive people gather with great interest around the marble building of A. T. Stewart, gradually approaching form in Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Thirty-fourth street, the site of the Sarsaparilla Townsend mansion, so needlessly leveled to the ground by the great dry goods king. There is infinite speculation in regard to the rising walls of the purest marble, the contract for which has cost already \$200,000. The dimensions are 61 feet by 114, or 6,954 square feet.

Madame Humor says that it is to be a superb gallery of art, unequalled in this country; again, others of the beau monde assert that it is intended for Mr. Stewart's private residence, and that the above admeasurement will enable Mrs. Stewart to receive about 600 guests on the drawing-room floor, allowing a moderate appropriation for each crino-line.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Disease of Epilepsy, Convulsive Colic, Intermittent Fever, Cramps, & all other Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

Nothing is that wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

This popular Remedy contains nothing of any kind, no deadly botanical element; no fiery extract; but it is a combination of the extracts of rare basicic herbs and roots with the purest and most salutary of all officinal ingredients.

It is to be borne against disease, and, so far as the human system can be protected by human means against maladies engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water and other causes.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventative and corrective of all diseases, which resort to under apprehension of an attack, either to scourge, and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are daily exposed to the effects of the Bitters.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Languor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters.

The testimony on this point is most conclusive. Few are the instances, after being supplied with quinine for months in vain, until fairly saturated with that dangerous alkaloid, are not frequently reduced to health within a few days by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia, in Convulsive Colic, or for the cure of Intermittent Fever.

As acting a gentle and efficacious Remedy, as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTITUTION superinduced by irregular action of the digestive organs.

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Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Languor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : No. 7.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

How I Won My Wife.

BY WILLIAM TREMAINE.

Jessie Hale was the merriest, prettiest, most provoking daughter of Eve that ever existed—at least, I thought so—though perhaps I was not an impartial judge, as I must confess I was deeply in love,—and, in fact, I don't believe I could remember of a time when I was not in love with her. It certainly was not when a youngster of twelve I took her under my especial care, feeling prouder of my curly-headed charge than I could now of a mine of gold; nor when a tall, awkward boy of sixteen, I first ventured to ask for her company home from church; or still later, when, after four years absence, I returned to my native town and set up as a surgeon in the house where Dr. Moore's name had been since my earliest recollection.

Oakdale was a remarkably healthy place, or else the good people felt a little afraid of trusting their lives in the hands of such a young scape-grace as they had known me to be; for somehow my horse and gig found more employment in carrying Jessie Hale to ride than any more profitable business; and it is certain more of my time was spent in Mr. Hale's pleasant parlor than in either the study or practice of medicine.

Some of the neighbors slyly remarked that I must have a very sick patient there to occasion such frequent visits; and I was certain that if I had no patient there, all the patience I ever had was required there at times; for of all the tantalizing little wretches that ever fascinated and provoked a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he was in the body or out of it—Jessie Hale was the worst.

And there was I—William Tremaine—standing six feet two in my stockings, big enough to have known better, that is sure, led about by that little elf, coming and going at her every beck and call, as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, after playing "yours most devotedly" for six months, I was no nearer winning than at first.

Open-hearted and candid she was on every other subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone wall, for all the sense I could get from her. No matter how cautiously I might approach the subject, she was always ready with some off-hand answer as far from what I wanted as the equator from the poles, until I was almost in despair, but more eager after any failure. "All is fair in love and war;" or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strategy on my wilful little lady-love.

One fine morning, as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, and I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle, her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an alarming rate; of course the jagged bits of iron I had cautiously inserted beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was fairly seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently from the saddle; of course I caught her before she touched the ground. No sooner was she in safety, than, with a deep groan, I staggered back against the fence, my right arm hanging helpless by my side. It took nicely, for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"O, Will," she said piteously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; what will you do? Poor Will! poor Will!"

How like a rascal I felt at the sight of her distress; but I was not going to give up then; so I answered, with another terrible groan, "It is nothing, dear Jessie; I would suffer a thousand times more to feel that I had saved your precious life."

"But oh, I am so sorry! What can be done for you?" she said, in such touching accents that I half repented.

"The end justifies the means," I thought. The end accomplished certainly did. My answer was in a voice low and faint, as if I was just dying.

"Only tell me that you love me, Jessie, darling; it will soothe my pain more than any thing else in the world." And then like the great simpleton that I was, I put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake until she sprang suddenly away from me.

"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she said, archly. "There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury was internal, I should think."

Wouldn't I have sold myself for a sixpence?—But there was no help for it; so I had to own the trick, and went home wishing I had broken my arm or neck, I didn't care much which. After that, for awhile, I was rather shy of the love subject, for I did not fancy hearing of my last attempt; but "out of the abundance

of the heart the mouth speaketh," and my heart was so full of my love for Jessie Hale that I could not force my tongue to keep silence very long. So one morning, after lounging in my study until I was tired of everything—myself in particular—I went over the way, resolved that the master should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself when I entered. She and I found it terrible hard work to talk on common place subjects, when my mind was so full of the one so important to me.

At last I broke in upon some of her careless nonsense with—"Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? What is the use in keeping a fellow in suspense forever?" I believe you do—in fact, I know you do."

Here I was again making a simpleton of myself. I might have known she never would have told me after that, but I did not understand woman kind as well as I have done since.

"Oh! you do know, then, do you?" she said coolly, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Then of course there is no need of my telling you."

"No, I did not mean it Jessie," I said, penitently. "But do you love me? Will you answer me yes or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered, demurely.

"O, Jessie Hale!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "you will drive me crazy!"

"A terrible misfortune, surely," she said, with a laugh, throwing down her work and stepping through the low window upon the lawn. "Now Will, I will tell you what I will do if you will promise never to plague me again about this."

"I will promise anything if you will only give me an honest answer," I said, eagerly.

"Well, then, if you can catch me before I reach the elm tree, I will give you a candid answer, upon my honor."

I thumped my head against the window-sash, and away I went racing over the green sward with ten times more eagerness than I ever displayed in playing catch in my boyhood days. A very dignified proceeding, truly, for a staid surgeon. All the gossips in Oakdale would have held up their hands in pious horror had they seen me then; but I did not care if half the world saw me, so intent was I on catching that flying gipsy; and catch her I did, before she was half way to the old elm.

"Now for the answer," I said eagerly. "Oh! but can't you wait until I get breath?" drawing it in quick, spasmodic jerks, like some dilapidated old steam engine. "Let me see; what was it I promised to tell you?"

"Whether you loved me or not, you provoking little wretch!" I said, fairly out of patience.

"Now look here, Mr. Will; if you don't leave off calling me names I won't tell you at all; though perhaps that is love talk is it? Will, I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did; so don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me I can't speak at all; for it will take me some time to think over the objects of my love to see if you are among them. Let me see,"—beginning to count her fingers—"there is Chloe, that's one; and Prince—though he hurt your arm, you know—is two; and old Brindie is three; and Watch is four, and—let's see—yes, there is—Mr. Willard Tremaine is five."

I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer, and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit from it, it was certainly far more dignified. I had taken my hat and was out of the gate before Jessie reached the house.

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of my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make my arrangements, and before night they were completed; and the next morning I started for the station, calling at Mr. Hale's on my way, to bid Jessie goodbye. I could see the little witch did not believe one word of the story I told her.

"I hope Mr. Will, you won't break your arm in the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said with a queer smile, as I concluded.

"And you not there to cure it," I retorted. "But seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest now. It is probable I shall not see you again for years; for if I like the place I shall remain there."

She still believed it some trick, for her eyes said plainly, "You can't cheat me again." And she said good-bye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk, feeling much as I think Adam must have felt when he left Paradise, except that his Eve went with him, and I left mine behind.

I was well pleased with the place, and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposal. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer, desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakdale. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning, determined that if I did not succeed this time, I would give her up for ever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just twilight, of a pleasant September day, when I reached Oakdale. Direct to Mr. Hale's I took my way, saying over to myself as I went, "Now or never?" Straight up to the gravel walk and across the broad lawn I went, and on into the dusky parlor, unannounced. By the light, I saw Jessie sitting on a sofa, her head resting on a pillow. She was alone and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me. That argues well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and had raised the bowed head.

"Jessie! dear Jessie?" I said, tenderly, scarcely knowing how she would receive it. With a quick start and a glad cry of surprise her head was pillowled on my bosom.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, Will! They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been lonely, too, Jessie, darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you. Will you not go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low, but I knew it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week? I was determined to make sure work now."

There was some hesitation, a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing-room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise when my errand was made known; and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father, concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

I think I accomplished more in that half hour than I ever did in twice that length of time before or since; for at its expiration I was supremely happy. And the result was that in a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all England; and what is better still, I think so now, even though she did say, ten minutes after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, after all, Will!"

And she never has to this day.

Two Rules, AND HOW THEY WORKED.

"Here are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? Let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is: Never get vexed with anything you can help. The second is: Never get vexed with anything you can't help."

"Are not these rules as applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred, archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial."

"But Jessie," I thought—"could I leave her?"

A moment's reflection showed me what was needed, for if she really cared for me

"But what say you to these rules?" continued Giles. "How would it work if we adopt them?"

"I thing they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about things that can be helped, and it is useless to vex ourselves about what can't be helped. Let us assist each other to remember these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree with anything his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning, while making preparations for school.

"I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vexations. I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexations, no doubt," replied Giles; "but you must not get vexed, for this is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer in mother's bureau."

"But we shall be late at school," said Fred.

"No we shan't," said Giles. "We shall only have to walk a little faster. Besides, if you keep cool, you will find the string, and put it in much sooner than you can if you become vexed and worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting into practice the newly adopted rules. The best was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but I can do better than to fret about it. I can learn a lesson of care for the future, which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. The rules work well. Let's try them tomorrow."

The next morning Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written half a dozen lines, his mother called him off to do something for her. During his absence, his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book. In doing this she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder.

"I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly if Giles had not interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation.

"I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room, and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment he looked up.

"No great harm is done after all," he said.

"Two or three alterations are much needed, and if I write it over again I can make them."

"So much for a cool head and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing.

"Our rules work well."

At night Fred tore his pants while climbing over a fence.

"That's too bad," he said.

"It can't be helped," said Giles. "They can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I don't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that he should get over his difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had taught her to mend very neat. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt this measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was afraid she would be cross if asked to do it, but at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery, and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles when he concluded he had gone too far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a favor of you, Lucy, but I fear I have come in the wrong time," said Fred.

Fred laughed.

"What do you want?" said Lucy.

"I am almost afraid to tell you. It's too bad to ask you to do what I know you dislike."

"You are a good while at getting to what is wanted," said Lucy, laughing.

"Come, out with it."

Fred thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.

"Well, take them off, I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you were about, I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon amiability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing.

"I shall have to let you into the secret.

To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition. So now

The Middlesex Journal,

AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN;

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

The Importance of Trees.

We who live in the country are justly proud of our scenery. Trees with us are valuable, both for use and ornament, and our fields and gardens afford us daily pleasure. Our comparatively new country has not yet been despoiled of its forests, woods and groves, but in some portions, even of New England, they are getting diminished. The bringing into working order of the coal mines of Pennsylvania and other portions of the country, has proved the salvation of our trees, and they have been preserved to shelter us from the cold winds, and to add beauty to our landscapes. What effect the present high prices of wood and coal may have upon us, to call for the woodman's axe to lay the forests low, is not yet apparent, but it is to be feared that the temptation will be too strong in some cases to be resisted.

In Europe, where the scarcity of wood is felt as a serious injury, diminishing the quantity of rain and affecting the climate, governments are engaged in planting woods, and the time has also arrived with us when measures of a like character will have to be taken to secure their benefits. An article in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, treating of Palestine and the Desert, Past and Present, contains a great many valuable facts upon this subject. That country, spoken of in the Old Testament as "a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven," has become naked and barren, depopulated, because the trees have been cut down. Says the article mentioned:—

"The Palestine of the present day is not the Palestine of the time of Moses, of Solomon, or even of our Lord. It has undergone a great change. Its forests have utterly disappeared, its fountains have dried up; climate, soil and productions have changed; and the whole country appears desolate, withered, parched,—the very opposite of a land of invitation, and of abundant blessings like the Promised Land."

In the wooded districts of Maine, where, we may say for hundreds of miles in several directions, one vast primeval forest stretches itself out over hill and plain, water courses and lake, the inhabitants are often heard to sigh for a cleared up country, and hundreds of cords of wood are annually burned on many farms in the process of clearing the land. Now, all is wild and silent in those vast forests, save a few and far between the settlers' log houses and barns are built, and the noise of children at play, and the lowing of cattle are heard. The solitary smokes from their chimneys steal out above the bare branches of the forest tops in winter, in a frosty morning like silver clouds in the sunbeams, but soon as the land is settled and the forests are moved off, towns and cities will appear and a teeming population. Undoubtedly the trees should and must diminish, as man takes possession of the earth to subdue it, but they should not be wholly destroyed, and least of all should they wantonly be cut down. When some wide conflagration takes place, and for ten, twenty and fifty miles, the devouring flames pass swiftly along, and leave behind the blackened trunks and boughs to mark the track of ruin, what feelings are created at the spectacle, and men pass by for settlement to more verdant regions. It would greatly conduce to the contentment of these dwellers in the woods to read of the droughts that visit the countries, dry and scorched and sterile, because of the absence of forests. Here is a striking and truthful description from the article before quoted, of the benefits of a wooded country:—"The forests which crown the mountains and cover the hillsides and rocky districts of a country unsuited to tillage, are, in the economy of nature, at the same time the refrigerators of the climate and fertilizers of the soil. By their immense evaporation they supply the needed moisture to the atmosphere, the first requisite of vegetable life, an indispensable element of fertility. Year by year they overspread the earth with a vast amount of vegetable matter to enrich the soil with another element of fertility equally essential to the support of vegetation. Their vast evaporation cools the atmosphere, disturbs its equilibrium, raising alternately the stormy wind and the whispering breeze, which sweep away the noxious exhalations from the earth, and circulate health and happiness through all the habitations of man. The vapor, received from the forests chiefly, is returned in fruitful showers to feed the luxuriance of many fields. Thus God in his beneficent providence watereth the hills from his chambers, and sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth!"

A private letter from New Orleans, received in Newport by the last steamer, states that the immense quantities of cotton stowed in the interior of Texas, and which Banks failed to reach last spring, is being rapidly sent over the border into Mexico, where it is being bought up by the Mexican and European speculators at comparatively small figures.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION has resulted in the triumphant re-election of Abraham Lincoln. He has not only carried most of the States but has the popular vote of the country by an immense majority.

Massachusetts elects an entire Union delegation to Congress; an undivided Union State Senate, and all but six of the members of the House of Representatives.

Now that the President has been so emphatically endorsed in his policy, we trust he will prosecute the war with more vigor than in the past.

ARRIVAL HOME OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT.—The fifth Regiment, M. V. M., Col. George H. Peirson, arrived in Boston, Monday night, their hundred days' service having expired. The Woburn men attached to the Regiment arrived home on Tuesday morning at about 7 o'clock. They were escorted from the cars at Horn Pond Depot to Lyceum Hall, by the Home Guards, the Warren Cadets, and a large number of citizens, accompanied by the Woburn Brass Band.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.—The funeral of Corporal George A. Flagg, late of the 5th Regiment, Co. G, was largely attended at the Baptist Church in Woburn on Monday afternoon. After the services his remains were followed to their final resting place by a large concourse of citizens.

Private J. F. Leslie, of Woburn, taken prisoner at the battle of Weldon railroad, has been paroled, and arrived home on Tuesday last.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA CAPTURED.—The U. S. steamer Kearsarge, which arrived at Boston Monday night, brings the gratifying intelligence of the capture in the port of Bahia, by the U. S. steamer Wachusett, of the pirate Florida, and twelve officers and fifty-eight of her crew, the balance being on shore at the time. No lives were lost. The Surgeon and 20 of the crew are on board the Kearsarge.

MR. BRIGHAM, at his apothecary establishment and fancy good store, Wade's block, has a very valuable lotion for chapped hands, sunburn, inflammation of the skin, &c. It is an article of Mr. B.'s own compounding, and is far superior to most preparations of the kind, as we can testify from actual experience. See notice.

Harper's Monthly, for December, has the following list of contents:—

Resigned; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men; Harvest Memories; A Tour through Arizona; Wrecks; Recreations of a Philosopher; Dear Mother; The Pigot Murder; Music in a Crowd; French Flower Farming; In the Meadow; After Petroleum; Almost Divorced; A Visit to the English Courts of Justice, &c. &c.

THE HOME MONTHLY.—The November number of this valuable magazine is full of choice and valuable reading. We know of no better work for the family circle.

Godey's Lady's Book, for December, is already before us. It is a sterling number.

TO INVALIDS.—The White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns to-day, is performing wonderful cures, and is destined to become one of the most popular species of the age.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Literary Association, held on the evening of the 5th inst., the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our number by death, while in the service of his country, our beloved associate, GEO. A. FLAGG: Therefore, Resolved, That while we recognize in this event the dispensation of an All-wise and merciful God, we mourn the loss of a true friend and brave companion, who had endeared himself to us by words and acts of kindness and consideration.

Resolved, That we tender our earnest sympathy to the widowed parent of the departed, who has suffered this irreparable bereavement, and trust she may be directed to the Great Source of consolation for support in this hour of need.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved widow, and to the Middlesex Journal for publication.

J. G. POLLARD, } Com.
GEO. H. CONN, } Com.
C. P. POLLARD, }

TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.—A Paris correspondent writes:—

"One of the most curious exhibitions which I have seen lately was the exhibition, by a M. Mary, of a system of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak. He has succeeded to such an extent that there is little doubt much more will be achieved when his system becomes more developed. It is something to enable the deaf and dumb to express themselves even by a word. A little French-girl, the earliest who had received tuition, was able to speak a number of sentences in French. The pupils are taught, by means of the hand alphabet, to form their mouth, and place their tongue in a certain position, and when once they hit the right sound and by encouragement repeat it, they can retain it for future use. The only wonder is that something of the kind was never thought of before."

VOTE OF WOBURN.

Proceedings of Town Meeting,

November 8th, 1864.

Whole No. of ballots cast for Presidential Electors, 948

FOR ELECTORS AT LARGE.

Edward Everett, of Boston, 608

Whiting Griswold, of Greenfield, 608

Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, 340

Erasmus D. Beach, of Springfield, 340

Dist No. 1.—Richard Borden, of Fall River, 608

A. H. Howland, of New Bedford, 340

No. 2.—Artemas Hale, of Bridgewater, 608

John Wilson, of Cohasset, 340

No. 3.—George Putnam, of Roxbury, 608

Andrew Pieros, of Boston, 340

No. 4.—John M. S. Williams, of Cambridge, 608

Abraham Jackson, of Boston, 340

No. 5.—John G. Whittier, of Amesbury, 608

Samuel E. Peabody, of Salem, 340

No. 6.—George L. Davis, of No. Andover, 608

James H. Carlton, of Haverhill, 340

No. 7.—Stephen M. Weld, of West Roxbury, 608

Leverett Saltonstall, of Newton, 340

No. 8.—Levi Lincoln, of Worcester, 608

Isaac Davis, of Worcester, 340

No. 9.—Wm. S. Clark, of Ashurst, 608

Wm. H. Fuller, of Whately, 340

No. 10.—John Wells, of Chicopee, 608

Abram Paige, of Springfield, 340

STATE OFFICERS.

FOR GOVERNOR.

John A. Andrew, of Boston, 502

Henry W. Paine, of Cambridge, 351

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Joel Hayden, of Williamsburg, 506

Thomas F. Plunket, of Pittsfield, 350

SECRETARY.

Oliver Warner, of Northampton, 506

Frederick O. Prince, of Winchester, 350

J. C. Bodwell, Jr., of Woburn, 1

TREASURER.

Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, 506

Nathan Clark, of Lynn, 351

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Chester I. Reed, of Taunton, 506

S. O. Lamb, of Greenfield, 351

AUDITOR.

Levi Reed, of Abington, 506

Moses Bates, of Plymouth, 351

COUNCILOR FOR DISTRICT NO. 3.

Thomas Talbot, of Billerica, 506

Isaac Davis, of Cambridge, 351

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Joseph H. Waitt, of Malden, 506

Loren L. Fuller, of Malden, 351

COUNTY TREASURER.

Amos Stone, of Charlestown, 506

P. P. Jewett, of Lowell, 351

REGISTER OF DEEDS.

Caleb Hayden, of Cambridge, 506

E. W. Keyes, of Charlestown, 351

SENATOR FOR DISTRICT NO. 5.

John Hill, of Stoneham, 505

S. T. Sanborn, of Winchester, 352

REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS FOR DIST. NO. 6.

Daniel W. Gooch, of Melrose, 506

Thomas J. Greenwood, of Malden, 351

REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE 19TH MIDDLESEX DIST.

Joseph G. Pollard, of Woburn, 610

John Cummings, Jr., of Woburn, 346

TOWN MEETING.

On Art. 1.—Chose Horace Conn, Moderator.

Mr. Conn not being present, it was voted to choose another Moderator. Chose S. M. Allen.

On Art. 2.—List of Jurors; Voted to strike out of the List the name of

A. B. Brooks, and substitute that of Ames Gowen.

Joseph Kelley, " " Oliver C. Rogers.

Stephen Nichols, " " Warren Emerson.

Edward Champney, " " Munson Johnson.

T. Chandler Parker, " " John Robinson.

Voted, To adopt the List.

On Art. 3.—(in relation to selling a piece of land on Fowle street,) Voted, To refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 4.—(in relation to prosecutions for violation of the license law,) Voted, To dismiss.

On Art. 5.—(in relation to the claim of Wm. T. Spiller,) Voted, To refer the whole matter to the Selectmen.

On Art. 6.—Voted, To rescind the vote passed at the last April meeting, instructing the Selectmen to prosecute all illegal sellers of intoxicating liquors in Woburn.

On Art. 7.—Voted, To accept Chapter 221 of the Acts of the Legislature of Massachusetts, of 1864, in relation to Public Baths.

On Art. 8.—(in relation to the feasibility of establishing Public Baths,) Voted, To refer to the Selectmen, with instructions to consider the subject and report at a future meeting.

Voted, That a committee of three be added to the Selectmen.

Voted, To choose them by nomination from the chair. The chair nominated Ephraim Cutler, Thomas Emerson, A. W. Goodale.

Before dissolving the meeting, the Chairman addressed the town as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: The Selectmen

feel that there is much credit due to the

citizens and voters of Woburn, for the

extremely good order and good feeling

which have been manifested here to day—

and hope that the same good order and

OUR SCHOOLS.—The following testimony in reference to the bad effects of the high-pressure system which obtains so generally in our schools, both public and private, is from the recent report of John D. Philbrick, superintendent of the Public Schools of the accomplished city of Boston—where they are nothing if not intellectual. Be intellectual or die, we believe, is the rule of society at Boston. Mr. Philbrick, who has had a long experience as a teacher in addition to his experience as Superintendent, says:

"I am fully convinced that, in some of these schools, the pupils are overworked—that they are overworked to such an extent as to constitute an evil of great magnitude. This evil exists in both the upper and lower classes, but it is more fully developed, and more injurious in its effects in the highest divisions, where the pupils are competing for medals. It is found in the schools for boys, as well as in the schools for girls, although it is more general and more harmful in the latter. The baneful effects of this mis-taken system are not limited to a few individual pupils, who come to school in delicate health, and without the ordinary power of endurance. They are destructive to the health of scores and hundreds who commence their school life with sound and vigorous bodies. This hurtful system operates in three ways to the injury of pupils—physically, by preventing bodily exercise and recreation; mentally, by exacting too constant and too severe intellectual application; and morally, by unnecessarily tempting children to deceive in order to escape the consequence of failures in lessons."

Of course we cannot expect in this part of the world to exert much influence upon the management of our public schools, so long as the directors of such schools are chosen by political conventions, with the usual strict regard to the soundness of their party faith and their general incompetency. When, however, the same change shall be made in this respect as has already been so successfully made with regard to other departments, and the appointment of School Directors be intrusted to the Judges of our higher Courts, we may hope to have the direction of our Public Schools put into the hands of men all of whom at least know how to spell, and a majority of whom have some local reputation for scholarship and intelligence. Until that good time comes, probably it is in vain to attempt to do much with our public schools.

As to our private schools, however, the classes who controul them, teachers and patrons, are generally men and women of fair education and at least average sense. If it can be shown to these that our present system is not sufficiently general, and thus not sufficiently harmonious and thorough, inasmuch as it almost ignores the cultivation of the physical powers, they have the remedy in their own hands, and we shall have new schools instituted upon a wiser system, if the old ones cannot be reformed. The military drill, which already has been introduced into so many private schools for boys, is a step in the right direction, and shows how soon correct principles begin to embody themselves in our impressible and sensible American community. Dio Lewis's new School at or near Boston is another instance—and as the demand increases, the supply will also increase. For all intelligent Americans feel that the destiny of their country is to aid in the improvement of the manhood of the race. The best proof of the goodness of institutions political or social, is the result—the quality of man and woman they produce. Europe has shown what can be done for a class, by sacrificing a large proportion of the nation to its development. Our mission is to show that superior results can be attained, not only for a class but the whole, by striving for the good of all, and sacrificing none—not even the very least and obscurest. To show on an immense scale that the good of all is the good of each—that Selfishness is simply folly. To do this, our education must aim to develop and perfect all the powers of the being, physical, mental and spiritual. And, inasmuch as the development of the physical nature is, in the order of growth, first, that the education of the young should not neglect—whatever else is neglected—the harmonious and graceful development of the physical being.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alternative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, &c. Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness whether or Infancy, or in the System or produced by special causes.

Nothing that is in the market so general and restorative in its properties enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no deadly botanical element; nor fiery extract; it is a combination of the extracts of the basic mineral and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be forewarned against disease, and, so far as the human system can be protected by human means, against maladies, to be removed by wholesome atmosphere, impure water and other external causes. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In the "New York Journal and Argus" it has been found infallible as a preventative, and resistible as a remedy and thousands who resort to under apprehension of an attack, escape the effects of this malady, who neglect to avail themselves of its protection. Those who are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being plied with quinine for months in vain, until failing in their strength, are now easily relieved by this preparation.

Upwards of a hundred invalids are relieved by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and appears cured in its original tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia, and in less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION.

Acting as a gentle and painless appetit, as well as a lively and changeable one, it is not unfrequently restored to health within a few days.

Volunteers Attention! Indiscretions of Youth.

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Acting as a gentle and painless appetit, as well as a lively and changeable one, it is not unfrequently restored to health within a few days.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Langour, find this a most efficient and instant relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agony of BILIOUS COLIC is immediately assuaged by the use of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed to be believed. In cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature, Decay and Debility and Descriptio arising from OLD AGE, it exercises an electric influence in the system, and gives a sense of well-being and a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to re-energize and re-establish them.

Each dose, at least, it is in *The Only Safe Stimulant* being manufactured from sound and innocent materials, and entirely free from the electric elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonic and stimulant preparations.

The Bitter has been a universally, and, it may be truly added, deservedly popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Manufactured by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers everywhere.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, a Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropical Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excretes the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu.

For Weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion or Abuse, Attended with the following symptoms:—

Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of breathing, Weakness, Trembling, Wakefulness.

Horrors of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Palpitation, Universal Lassitude of the Mental System, &c.

Hot Hands, Flushing of the Face, Dryness of the Skin, Eructations on the Face, Palid Countenance.

These are considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients is ever contained in the box.

Helmbold's Pills and Ointment are now retail-
ed, owing to the high price of Druggists, &c., at 30cts.

70cts. and \$1.10 per Box or Pot.

Dealers in my well known medicines can get Show Cards, Circulars, &c., sent them, FREE OF EXPENSE, to be distributed among Thomas Holloway, 50 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes.

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Helmbold's Pills and Ointment are now retail-
ed, owing to

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV. : No. 8.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

The Artist.

There came a great painter to paint us the Earth,
He painted the ground of it green;
He smiled—and the figures sprang quick into birth,
And spread themselves over the carpeted earth—

All over that carpet of green.

"Oh, how shall we ever ourselves know apart?"

Cried out to each other, the flowers;

Then the Sun, that great painter, the first of his art,

Seized his brush, and the flowers no more paled apart;

For he gave each its hue to the flowers.

He garnished with silver the gates of the East,

He garnished the West with gold;

By him hath the day its yellow-bound vest,

While the rose and the lily its talents attest—

The Sun was a painter of all.

An artist of taste is our artist, the Sun,

And the grace of the rainbow declares;

For he threw at a dash all the colors in one,

And hung it the back of the shower-cloud upon,

Arching the path of the stars.

But his finest of touches remained to be made:

His subject was chosen well;

He painted the face of the earliest maid;

And sent her through Eden in glory arrayed—

His subject was chosen well.

The forms of beauty and bays of grace

That we meet in groups on the winding way,

Are but copies struck off of the first of their race;

Each wearing the blush first called to her face

When the Sun fell in love with his that day.

Oh, a prince among painters is our painter the Sun,

A prince among painters is he;

If he hangs up his pictures or ever they're done,

And gives a free ticket to every one—

His gallery open and free.

A Visit to Mrs. Kent's.

I visited Mrs. Kent's more for the purpose of inquiring for her husband, who had been in the army most of the time for two years, than for anything else; because she had three little ones to look after, and was in humble circumstances.

His regiment, the Fourth Vermont, suffered very severely in the battles of the Wilderness; and the last information I had received was, that she had heard nothing from him. She met me at the door, saying: "Oh! I am so glad to see you! I had a letter from my husband last night. Walk in."

I entered her little kitchen, where three

rosy-cheeked children were having a merry time over a pet black kitten.

"And what news from your husband?" I inquired.

"Oh! he's living, and I'm so thankful; but he's wounded in both limbs. He wrote me he was doing well, and that the surgeon thought amputation would not be necessary. He said he must have died, had it not been for the Delegates of the Christian Commission."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why he was wounded whilst fighting in a ravine; and, in the confusion he was left behind. He lay there two days without a morsel of food, when he was picked up by some of the Commission folks, who were searching about to see if any body had been left. They gave him food and stimulants; dressed his wounds; took off his wet, muddy-clothes, and put on clean ones; and then sent him to a hospital in Alexandria. Oh!

what a blessed work the Christian Commission is doing!" and overpowered by her emotions, she burst into tears. In a moment she continued: "He told me to help the Christian Commission, if I ever had a chance; for it had been the means of saving both the souls and bodies of many of his comrades.

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let me see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter; and going up close to the grenadier he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"I am so glad. I have a blanket I can

spare, as it is coming warm weather, and—"

"O mamma!" interrupted Charlie, a bright-eyed boy of five years—for our conversation had attracted the children from their play—"O mamma! I will send my new frock; and then the Mission folks will show it to papa, and he'll know his own little boy sent it, and then he'll be so glad."

"And how will he know his own little boy sent it?" I asked.

"Oh! it's just as big as me; and he'll know it in a minute. My papa knows most every thing," and he straightened up, as if to give more significance to his words.

"They may have the kitty, too," said three-year-old Walter, not wishing to be outdone by his brother.

"Yes, they may have it," chimed in his twin sister Mary.

"What will you have to play with, if you let the kitty go?" said I.

Walter hesitated a moment.

"Well—we'll play with the chips," he said at last.

"And the posies," added Mary.

"I guess the Mission folks will be well supplied with everything needful if they depend upon you," observed Mrs. Kent,

laughing as she went into a little bed-room adjoining, and brought out a thick

blanket and two cotton shirts. "There,"

said she, holding up the shirts, "these are

almost as good as new; and so are worth

sending. I'm sure if Mr. Kent was here,

he would give them; and if he lives to

come home, he can get some more, per-

haps," and then going to a bureau in one

corner of the room, she unlocked a little

drawer and took out a silver dollar, and

handing it to me, said: "My grand-

mother gave me this when I was a child,

like Charlie, and told me to keep it, to

remember her by, till I found a better

use for it. I can remember her just as

well without it; and I'm sure the time to

spend it has come."

Again the grenadier presented arms and said:

"A grenadier of the guards does not eat

with lackeys. Your majesty told me that

I should eat with you, and trusting to

your word I have come hither."

"True," said the Emperor: "lay a cover

here near me; lay aside your arms, mon-

ami, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went to his

usual place, took up his carbine, and

turning to the Emperor, presented arms, and said:

"Here, mamma, don't forget to put in

the table of his Emperor."

Some idea of the enormous amount of

tobacco-smoking in the world may be

formed from the fact that one of the Bra-

zilian mail packets recently brought to

England six millions segars, and that

an American mail steamer, which left

Southampton lately, landed before her

departure two thousand bales of unman-

ufactured leaf tobacco.

Marshfield, the home of Webster, gave

a unanimous vote for Lincoln.

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon, "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the

soldier. "Vive l'Empereur!" he shouted, and then withdrew.

(From our Correspondent.)

MR. EDITOR.—On the retrospect of a

visit recently made to your town, I feel

constrained, with your permission, to ex-

press my delightful satisfaction with the

beautiful scenery with which it abounds.

On the first of September last, after a ride

of fifty miles, I, for the first time, entered

the pleasant and romantic town of Wo-

burn; and during a week's stay visited

many lovely and attractive places.

Among the first that met my view was

the celebrated "Rag Rock," from whose

summit the town lies spread out before

you as one vast garden. It was a lovely

morning that I, in company with friends,

visited this spot, and beheld for the first

time the gorgeous splendor of the scenery

below and around. The village church

spires, pointing heavenward, glittered in

the morning sun, while here and there the

waters of some pond or river sparkled in

its radiance; mingled in sweet harmony

was the winding grove of evergreen, and

smooth, finely shaded streets, in which

might be seen the quiet citizens passing

hither and thither on business or pleasure,

or as to whether the company should be

select, she gave a general invitation to all

the beggars and ragmen in the city, and

neighborhood. The gentry fell in with

the idea, and freely accepted the invitation.

A sumptuous repast was provided

in a large room on the ground floor, to

which the beggars had free access during

the whole evening. A quadrille band

supplied music for the company in the

ball room up stairs, and all went merry

as a marriage bell; it is said to have been

a ludicrous sight to witness the company

in a quadrille, or pairing off in an Irish

'breakdown' or 'plantation jig.'

Dancing and a general merriment was kept up till

nearly four o'clock in the morning, when

the party separated and returned to their

hovels and to their business in different

parts of the city, evidently highly pleased

with the hospitality of their generous

hostess. Everything was conducted in

the most orderly manner, only the presence

of a solitary policeman having been

necessary to keep things straight."

A RAG GATHERERS' BALL.—The Toronto (Canada) Leader of Thursday has the following account of a curious scene in that city:

"The very unusual entertainment of a rag-gatherers' ball came off in this city on Monday night, at which there could not have been less than three hundred ragmen and their wives and sweethearts, and other friends and acquaintances.

The entertainment was given by a Mrs. Ashal, a woman who has made a good deal of money by the rag business. Having just built a large brick shop on Richmond street, a little west of Church street, on the south side, she determined to entertain her customers at a grand ball and supper; and not being particular as to whether the company should be

select, she gave a general invitation to all the beggars and ragmen in the city, and neighborhood. The gentry fell in with the idea, and freely accepted the invitation.

A sumptuous repast was provided in a large room on the ground floor, to which the beggars had free access during the whole evening. A quadrille band supplied music for the company in the ball room up stairs, and all went merry as a marriage bell; it is said to have been a ludicrous sight to witness the company in a quadrille, or pairing off in an Irish

The Middlesex Journal,
— AND —
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

Course of Lectures in Woburn.

Considerable disappointment having been expressed by many of the people of Woburn, that they were not to have a course of lectures this winter, Rev. Mr. Fay and others have been casting about to see if they could meet what has come to be regarded as almost a necessity by such villages as ours; and they are happy to be able to announce that a course of six lectures will be commenced in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst.

As indicative of the unusually high character of the course, it is sufficient to say that President Hill and Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge University, Rev. Messrs. J. M. Manning and Edward Everett Hall, of Boston, and probably Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, will speak.

Tickets for the course, one dollar, and for sale at the Post Office, A. E. Thompson's, Brigham's, and the Woburn Book Store. Single admission, 25 cents. As the course is to commence so soon, those wishing to procure season tickets will see the necessity of doing so at once.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The December number of this magazine is the handsomest yet issued. The opening plate "The Snow-birds' Christmas Visit," is a perfect gem; and the Frontispiece of the volume, suggested by a story of Hans Christian Andersen's, is one of those engravings upon which the eye will linger for a long time, and turn to again and again. The double Fashion Plate is finely engraved and richly colored. The literary contents are of a very high order. Price \$2.50; 2 copies \$4.00; 9 copies \$16.00; 21 copies \$35.00. Address Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The English newspapers in sympathy with the Southern rebellion are, as was to be expected, highly indignant at the capture of the pirate steamer Florida in a neutral port. The Times regards the capture as an act of piracy, while the Herald, a notorious rebel organ, says if our Government does not release the Florida, all the maritime powers have a right to interfere in the matter. Let 'em try it.

There was a terrific hurricane at Calcutta, Oct. 5th. Of 200 ships in the Hoogly 19 were totally lost, and of the remainder only 20 were reported seaworthy. One hundred and fifty were driven from their moorings, stranded and damaged. It is believed that a greater portion of their cargoes will be saved. There was no serious loss of European lives. There was much excitement at Lloyd's in view of the heavy losses. The American ships Loochow and Singapore were totally wrecked, the Dirigo almost wrecked, the Red Rose, Southampton, Richard Busted, Hindostan, Western Star, Empire, Southern Cross, Eastern Belle, Continental, Southern Belle, Leionide and Harry Warren were more or less damaged. 12,000 persons are stated to have been drowned. Total loss estimated at two hundred million francs.

Subscribers to newspapers sometimes move away to parts unknown, and others from various but generally from insufficient causes allow notice to be sent to the publisher that their paper is not taken from the office. Undoubtedly every publisher has more or less of such cases. It is a very mean way for the subscriber thus to treat his publisher. It is dishonest. We have upon our books the names of several persons who have treated us in this manner. We begin to think it will be well for us to advertise the name of each person, the amount due, and the circumstances under which the paper was stopped and appoint a day when the same will be sold at auction in the several towns in which the indebted person may reside, and then add to the advertisement the amount for which the debt sold. Should all the publishers in the State adopt this plan, the result would prove a valuable directory of the moral character of the persons named.

A young man in Wheeling went out to get chestnuts, climbed a tree, the hub broke, and he fell sixty feet to the ground. He fortunately had a companion, a young lady of great physical strength, who picked him up and carried him a mile to a farm house. That young lady is a jewel. We trust that the young man may proceed at once to give her the legal right to carry his name as well as himself.

Though General Butler is stationed in New York, it is said he has an eye on Brooklyn.

Bumors are afloat to the effect that government will offer generous terms to the rebels before December. It would be a grand act to do so.

George B. McClellan has tendered his resignation as Major General in the U. S. Army, and it has been accepted. Gen. Sheridan has been promoted to the vacancy.

STUFF THE SOLDIERS WITH TURKEY. The New York Tribune makes a stirring appeal to the public in behalf of the proposed Thanksgiving festival for the soldiers. "Turkey" is the burden of its song. It says:

Let us take thought not of what Thanksgiving day shall be to us at home, but how much of comfort and compensation it shall bring to those who, scattered along the banks of the James and the Appomattox, and in the Valley of the Shenandoah, will turn their thoughts with the utmost longing to those homes that many of them may never see again. There at least let us do what we can to dispel all feeling of loneliness so natural at such a season, to pile upon the soldier's table the plentiful bounties of Thanksgiving Day. Let us turn now from the screaming of one American bird to the slaughtering and roasting of another. The Eagle has had his turn on "a thousand hills;" turn now to the Turkey, and turn him on tens of thousands of spits. No tent should be without that noble bird for a Thanksgiving Feast. The young men who will recall on that day the loved faces around the fireside at home, the games of ball on village greens, the shooting-matches, the skating-frolics on Northern ponds, the sleighing-parties over New England hills, the dance in the evening, the dear "girls they have left behind them," must sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner of hard tack and salt pork. All else of festivity he must forego—except the shooting-matches where men are the targets—but of eating give him enough. Fill him full with Turkey! Fill his mouth as well as his head with "merry thoughts." Put a "drum-stick" in every fist for another purpose than to beat the long-roll. Let camp-fires be reflected in faces ruddy and redolent with Turkey; let the fatness thereof be wiped with thankful hand from beard and moustache. Let him so feast on Turkey that its memory will make the hours short in the lonely watch, and fill his dreams in a shelter-tent. The lean and hungry Rebels "are fit for stratagems and spoils;" let our soldiers be "with fat Turkey lined," and go into the next honest fight with traitors with Turkey—the good, honest, American bird!—for his battle-cry. It is little enough we can do for those who are doing so much for us. A surfeit of fight, on our behalf, deserves at least, as a poor return, a surfeit of Turkey. Those who have many, send many; those who have two, send one; those who have one only, send that to the soldier, and go without at home. Better a dinner of herbs with the love that has sent the bird to camp, than the stupefied Turkey and the thought of hard tack on that day for the soldiers. One day's rations to the brave fellows and let it be Turkey roast, with all the fixings! The Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the Army of Western Virginia—let not a single mess in all their tens of thousands be without Turkey to head its bill of fare on the 24th of November. Though there be not enough left for seed for next Thanksgiving, be this day remembered as the Day of the Feast of Turkey when the soldier comes home and fights his battles o'er again with his crutch, for the instruction of his children and his children's children. Scream, O beautiful bird, in every poultry-yard in the land, your last scream, a louder cry than your bigger brother ever compassed, for the bravest of soldiers shall gnaw your white and dark meat to the last sweet morsel, and crunch your tender bones. Give them

Turkeys hot and turkeys cold,
Turkeys young and turkeys old,
Turkeys tender and turkeys tough,
Till they thank the Lord they've turkey enough."

IKE HEARD FROM.—In our last from Mrs. Partington, she thus discourses concerning Ike: Betsy Jane writ to you about poor Isaac being grafted into our noble army; it was during the late prevailing restriction. I've been so dreadful uneasy—laws a me! But, Dan!, at last we've heard of him by a neighbor who is home on a furrow. Ike—poor innocent! at one's took his place, so neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corporal, and soon proved so deficient that he was prompted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear known about taking up articulars, computation of lims, and the like, surpasses me. Howsumever, if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the gallus fellows whose heads have been disseminated, by the bursting freely of pontoons and things, why we must sacrifice him freely on the altar of *epultry uniform*, and may the Lord have mercy on his solar system.

TO YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.—We would call your attention to the advertisement of the Boston Mercantile Academy, 228 Washington Street, Boston, for a thorough business education. It stands second to none for thoroughness of instructions and in the estimation of merchants and business men of Boston.

"Perley" says that a medal of honor has been given to Sergeant David Murphy, of the Mass. 19th, of Woburn, for capturing the battle flag of the 47th North Carolina Regiment at Hatcher's Run, October 27.

The Newburgh Daily Telegraph has been suspended—cause, high cost of material and labor.

[From our Correspondent.]
The Afterpiece of the Election.
BOSTON, Nov. 17th, 1864.

We have had a change in objects of interest since the Presidential election. That momentous affair was carried on with great spirit by both parties, up to the last moment, and then there was a great stand still and waiting to receive returns. The Republicans have been very jubilant over the result, and the Democrats have submitted with a good grace to defeat. The former build great hopes in the future and the latter predict great calamities, as coming upon the country. Time will show which is right. The country will need the help of all its friends, and especially the blessing of Almighty God to restore peace and union. Both parties deserve high praise for the spirit and enterprise they have manifested.

On the evening previous to the election, the Kearsage steamed into our harbor, bringing the welcome intelligence of the capture of the Confederate steamer Florida, Oct. 5th, by the U. S. steamer Wachusett, Capt. Collins. The Kearsage brought with her twenty of the crew and Surgeon Charlton of the Florida, as prisoners of war. Of course such an arrival was an inspiration in the pleasure it created. The first public appearance of Capt. Winslow and his officers and crew, was at the dedication of the National Sailors' Fair on Wednesday evening, at the Boston Theatre. They were received with immense applause. Captain Winslow and Captain Worden, of Merrimac and Monitor fame, were introduced to the audience, and were greeted with a warm welcome. On Thursday the city government gave a flattering reception to the officers and crew of the Kearsage. This vessel is anchored near Lewis's wharf, and the men were conveyed in boats to that wharf, and under an escort of a company of marines from the Navy Yard, under Capt. William H. Hale, with their band, marched through many of the principal streets to Faneuil Hall. The officers rode in barouches with the Mayor and committee of the city government. The sidewalks were crowded with spectators all along the route, who cheered the procession as it came along. Capt. Winslow with his Lieutenant, Thornton, were in the first carriage, and took off their hats and with smiles bowed their thanks for the cheers given them. There was no mistake about the heartiness of their welcome, for an exploit like that of the Kearsage, in one of the fairest and most equal of fights, capturing and sinking that notorious rover of the seas, the Alabama, created an enthusiasm in foreign nations, and the yankee nation is accustomed to do honor to her naval heroes. Faneuil Hall was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The lower floor was occupied by the tables on which the banquet was spread, and the galleries were filled with ladies. The platform also was crowded. Cheering, waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, music by Gilmore's Band, greeted the entrance of the men whom the people delighted to honor.

The Mayor, in his welcome, referred to a similar welcome given in the same hall, to Capt. Isaac Hull, of the Constitution, for his capture of the English frigate Guerriere, August 10th, 1812, being 62 years ago. Capt. Winslow made a brief reply, in which he commented on the unfriendly sentiment in Europe towards our country previous to the capture of the Alabama, and the changes his victory accomplished. Speeches were made by other persons, and the banquet and the exercises were very interesting.

The National Sailors' Fair has been a great success. Arms, trophies, a curio room, a music department, a fine collection of paintings, a beautiful temple of Flora, ladies work in worsted, ottomans, chairs, stools, afghans, make a fine show, and are very rich and valuable. Besides the attractions of the hall there have been theatrical performances at the Melodeon by an amateur company, the Monitor and Merrimac exhibition on the Frog Pond of the Common, concerts at the Music Hall, and a splendid exhibition of paintings at the Atheneum Gallery, all of which have been well patronized. The receipts have been large and a handsome beginning will have been made in the net receipts, towards the erection of a Home for Seamen and Mariners disabled in the service of the Union. All honor to the ladies who have exerted themselves in such a successful manner, and to all gentlemen who have aided in the Fair.

Our Puritan Fathers would hardly have countenanced all the circumstances of this Fair. They would not have chosen such a place for the exhibition, nor countenanced an amateur theatrical company. Raffles would not have specially pleased them. But the object they would have liked. It is however, a very pleasant and successful way of raising money for benevolent purposes, and highly popular, and no great harm arises. In New York they refused, in their Great Fair for soldiers, to have raffles, and succeeded in raising a large sum without lotteries.

It has justly been charged as a great neglect of the sailor, who has done so much in the present war for his country, in blockades, captures and naval battles, that no contributions, no fairs, and no sewing circles have been got up in his behalf, but the handsome affair in Boston will go far to silence complaint and

restore Jack to good humor. The Kearsage arrived in good time to give an impulse to the Fair.

A writer in the Illustrated Times says: "Of two sermons, by Spurgeon, nearly a quarter of a million copies have been sold; and, as each sermon fills a sheet, 500 reams of paper have been expended on these alone. Did ever sermons sell like these before?"

The gunboat Tulip, one of the Potomac flotilla, was blown up down that river on Friday, and out of sixty-five persons on board only ten are accounted for.

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

The Vicksburg Herald says of the raves of the worm in the Mississippi valley,—

"The cotton crop of those plantations leased from government to be worked by freedmen, will fall very short of the most moderate calculations, if the same casualties have befallen it in other localities that will cut it short in this immediate region. We do not suppose that a solitary planter in this country will make one fourth the amount of cotton he might have reasonably expected to gather three months since."

"Ma," said a little boy, "why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell my son. Why is it?" "Because he gets licked and put in a corner."

Eighteen millions of new copper cents and six millions of two-cent pieces have been coined within the last two months. And still no one has any pennies to make change with.

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times, writing October 8, gives a gloomy picture of the Confederate position, and says Lee's army is almost worn out. There was nearly a panic at Richmond when Gen. Grant threatened an attack on the 29th of September, as Lee had only a handful of men to resist it. He thinks if Gen. Sherman establishes himself in Georgia there will be reason for apprehension about Richmond during the winter, the like of which has never existed before.

At Birdisle, England, recently, a boy was sentenced to six months hard labor in jail, for taking six walnuts from a tree which did not belong to him. And yet England pretend to be civilized.

The particulars of the capture of Plymouth, N. C., by our fleet, have been received. Some forty prisoners, forty pieces of heavy and twelve pieces of light artillery, and a large quantity of small arms, are among the trophies.

The ladies are now adopting a new fashion for buttons. Buttons on ladies have lately increased by degrees from the size of a pea to the dimensions of a four pound dumb bell and the area of a soup plate; now they are to be square. Yes, square. Next month they will be triangular, and in the spring they will exhibit the shape of a rhomboid.

GREAT WINE YEAR IN FRANCE.—Foreign papers say that nothing can be more magnificent than the vintage this year in all parts of France. In the wine districts there is a superabundance of grapes. The proprietors of vineyards are actually puzzled to know what to do, their usual supply of casks having long been filled.

—Mrs. Frances L. Clayton, now in Maine, enlisted in the army at St. Paul, Minnesota, with her husband in 1861, and fought by his side until he was killed at the battle of Stone River. She has been in eighteen battles, once a prisoner, three times wounded—in the head, hip and knee. After her husband's death she made known her sex to her general and was discharged.

A London paper says the Mormon delusion is stealthily making inroads in the great towns of England, and diffusing itself through the agricultural districts wherever ignorance and credulity are to be found.

There is in California a colony of Mormons who reject polygamy. They have just held a meeting in San Francisco, under the title of the "Conference of the Reorganized Church of Latter-Day Saints." The San Francisco Bulletin says that their numbers in California and Nevada are as follows: Members, 357; elders, 48; priests, 11.

—A fabric is now manufactured at Lawrence, Mass., from refuge scraps of leather, which are reduced to a pulp by grinding and maceration, and reconverted into solid "sides" of leather by pressure. The article thus produced is used mainly for inner soles.

—There are now three female American sculptors, to wit: Miss Hosmer, Miss Stephens, and a Mrs. Freeman, now in Italy, and just becoming known to fame.

OUR FINANCES.—A Washington letter to the New York Post claims good authority for the statement that the Secretary of the Treasury has not yet fully decided upon his policy for the winter. He must have more money—not less than one hundred millions by the first of January. The only point which he has de-

cided is that under no circumstances will he increase the amount of legal-tender notes in circulation. His chief aim this winter will be to sustain the value of the currency, and to obtain what money is needed to prosecute the war. Congress will be called upon for more legislation. A vigorous attempt will be made to bring down the premium upon coin to at least 200, and a new description of bond will be issued in the course of the winter. The project of offering gold to merchants at a fixed rate is yet undecided upon.

NOTICE.—The following parties are respectfully requested not to attend the series of Popular Lectures to be given in this town the ensuing winter:

The man with croaking boots.
The woman with the cough.
The man who sees a friend and desires to sit beside him.

The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies under his escort.

The woman who cannot refrain from audible criticisms on the looks of the lecturer.

The man who eats pe-a-nuts.
The man who laughs in the wrong place.
The man who is invariably ten minutes late.

The young woman who goes invariably to see the fashions.

The man who invariably has to go out five minutes before the termination of the lecture.

The man who continues to read his evening paper during the entire lecture.

WOBURN'S SURPLUS.

SELECTMEN'S OFFICE, WOBURN, Nov. 18, 1864.

E. MARCHANT, Esq. Dear Sir: I have received the following note from the Provost Marshal of this district.

Yours, very truly,

A. E. THOMPSON,

Clerk of Selectmen.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, 6TH MASS. DISTRICT,

Lawrence, Nov. 17th, 1864.

Sir:—I have the honor to state in reply to yours of the 15th ult., that the surplus, over "all calls," for Woburn, is 52 men, Nov. 1st, 1864.

Very respectfully, &c.,

H. G. HERRICK,

Capt. and Pro. Mar. 6th Dist. Mass.

A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.—By and with the advice and consent of the Council, I do hereby appoint THURSDAY, the 24th day of November next, to be observed throughout this Commonwealth as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

I cordially and earnestly invite the people of Massachusetts, uniting with all the people of our common country, whose patriotic loyalty and whose religious faith and convictions combine to inspire their hearts with the spirit of devout thanksgiving and joyful gratitude for the national and temporal benefactions as well as for the personal and spiritual blessings of the year, to lift up their hearts with one accord in solemn and grateful adoration to Him who lives in the Heavens and rules the Universe, but who has condescended to our own estate, — who has owned and visited and redeemed the children of men.

For the innumerable mercies of divine forbearance and love; for the tender sympathies and associations of home and household; for the ties and affections of friendship; for the examples and testimonies of the noble, the brave and the good who have lived with us on earth, and who, offering their lives in devoted sacrifice for mankind, have passed beyond mortality, but who, though dead, yet speak to us; for the fruits and the feast of nature; for the gifts and faculties of mind and hand and of every art which helps our conquest and mastery over poverty and want, over disease and accident, over ignorance and wrong; for all our capacities of enjoyment and happiness; for all our opportunities of activity and usefulness; for all the sunshine and the rain; for the strength vouchsafed to us in the experiences of affliction not less than in the delights of our happiest days; for the revelation of duty; for the bliss of being and for the hope of immortality; let us unite with heart and voice in prayer and songs of grateful and adoring praise.

Let us kindle afresh in the sublime devotions of the sanctuary the fires of patriotic love of country, the pure flame of unselfish consecration to the cause of her honor and welfare.

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SOUTH READING.

PRISONERS, BUT FREE AGAIN.—In an engagement at or near the Weldon Rail Road, about the 20th of October, Sergt. Joseph E. Wiley and Corp. Geo. W. Ranson, of this town, attached to the 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, were taken prisoners but escaped again, and fortunately met each other at a house which they sought for refuge, but being apprised that they were not in a place of safety, they travelled many miles in the darkness of night to rejoin their comrades. The house referred to had been deserted by the rebels, with furniture and other articles remaining. Among the things which were found in it, and which was sent home by Sergt. Wiley, were two letters written by the soldiers to their friends at home, but which had not been sent. The writer of one of them, describing a battle with the Yankees, says "the Yanks fought well, but we fought better, or we should not have whipped them." He says he is heartily sick of the war and longs to have it ended.

POTATOES.—Some of our citizens have procured several car-loads of potatoes from Maine and elsewhere, and disposed of them here at from 75 cents to 85 cents per bushel, according to the quantity and amount of trouble in delivering them. They are large but of excellent quality.

WINTER.—Snow has made its appearance very early this season. On Sunday afternoon it began to fall, and a quantity gathered during the night, so that on Monday morning the branches of trees were gracefully bowing to its weight as in mid-winter. On Tuesday afternoon and night more snow came, and on Wednesday morning sleighs were in considerable use.

By invitation of the Union Club, the citizens of South Reading, and the adjoining towns, assembled at the Town Hall in South Reading, on Wednesday evening, to rejoice and give thanks for the result of the late national election. Delegates were present from Stoneham and Melrose. The meeting was called to order at 7.15 o'clock by D. Allen, Esq., President of the Club. The Glee Club then favored the audience with a song, after which prayer was offered by Rev. C. R. Bliss. Introductory remarks were made by the President, who was followed by Rev. C. R. Bliss and F. A. Sawyer, of Charleston, S. C. A collation was given by D. Allen, Esq., which was abundant. Patriotic and spirited sentiments were offered and happily responded to. Hon. D. W. Gooch, of Melrose, made an eloquent and soul-stirring speech. The great gun was brought out, and spoke about 50 times during an early hour of the evening. The meeting was crowded by a highly enthusiastic and patriotic audience, and amid three rousing cheers for the Union, the Constitution, and Honest Old Abe, the meeting dissolved.

"A haughty spirit before a fall."—BIBLE.

After the attack on Fort Sumter in 1861, a Southern editor used the following language respecting the inhabitants of the Free States:—

"The Yankees—the most contemptible and despotic of God's creation. They have long very properly looked upon themselves as our inferiors—as our serfs. Their uprising has all the characteristics of a servile insurrection," &c.

And Bishop General Polk, in a similar strain, represented the descendants of the Plymouth pilgrims as a degraded caste, fit only to be the subjects and servants of the Southern Chivalry.

The events of the present war may ere long teach these poor sinners the lesson which the haughty king of Babylon learned in a seven years feeding on grass with the beasts of the field, namely, that "those who walk in pride, the King of heaven is able to abase."

Many of those who heretofore said that a peck of corn a week and a corresponding supply of coarse clothing was ample food and raiment for their slaves, have had an opportunity to try similar fare for themselves; thus proving the truth of the divine words, "The measure ye mete shall be measured to you again."

Truly the great God seems writing on the wall for the perusal of those who have spoken contemptuously of his "higher law;" and the proud "cotton lords" may yet learn, if not in the last ditch, yet in the valley of humiliation, that some other power beside cotton is king; that indeed the "most High rueth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

Let us wisely observe these things, not be high minded, but fear, remembering that while God resisteth the proud, he giveth grace to the humble. J. E.

South Reading, Nov. 1864.

SHEEP SKINS.—What is the best method of preserving sheepskins for mats. Steep the skins in water, and wash them well till they are soft and clean; they are then scraped and thinned on the fleshy side with the fleshing knife, and laid in fermented bran for a few days, after which they are taken out and washed; a solution of salt and alum is then made, and the fleshy side repeatedly and well rubbed with it, till the fleshy side is well bleached; after which, make a paste to the consistancy of honey, of the alum and salt solution, by adding wheaten flour and the yolks of eggs, and spread this paste on the fleshy side; after this they are stretched and dried, and when dry, rubbed with pumice stone.

BEES IN BATTLE.—Let me inform the Admiralty of a new arm which in extremity may be used in naval warfare. A small privateer, with 40 or 50 men, having on board some hives full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by 500 seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury, while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies, sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance. During the confusion occasioned by a time of war, a mob of peasants assembling in Hohnstein, in Thuringia, attempted to pillage the house of the Parish minister, who having in vain employed all his eloquence to dissuade them from their design, ordered his domestics to fetch his bee hives, and threw them in the midst of the furious mob. The effect was what might be expected: they were immediately put to flight, and happy to escape unscathed.—*A Beemaster in the Times.*

Married

In Woburn, Nov. 10, by Rev. N. D. George, Mr. William Emery to Mrs. Sarah R. Edgcomb, both of Woburn.

In Boston, Nov. 13, by Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Dedham, Samuel S. Jameson of Woburn, to Miss Ellen F. Bacon of Boston. [Incorrect in our last.]

Died

In Woburn, Nov. 15, Mrs. Susan T. Hunt, aged 44 years.

In Woburn, Nov. 12, Timothy Murray, aged 3 days.

In Woburn, Nov. 12, Timothy Kerigan, aged 32 years.

Standing Wood at Auction.

I shall offer at Auction, on Monday, 21st Inst., at 12 o'clock, M. all the Wood standing on about 16 acres of land on Bedford street, in Woburn, a short distance from W. street. The ground is mostly of Oak, Maple and Birch, which is a superior quality for Market Wood. There are many Cedars suitable for Fence Posts on the lot. Access easy at all times. The location is in the heart of the business community for buyers in Woburn Centre and Cummington to supply themselves, that has been offered this season. Terms at the sale.

By order of ELIJAH WYMAN, P. M. THOMPSON, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Nov. 19th, 1864.—15

BOSTON AND LOWELL

And Nashua & Lowell, Wilton, Stony Brook, Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell Railroads.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.—ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 14th, 1864, trains will leave BOSTON for:

Upper Enfield, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.

Wellesley, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.

Tyngsboro, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.

Groton Junction, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Wilmington, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV: NO. 9.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

[By Request.]

Sermon Delivered by the Rev. Daniel March, D. D., in the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphiæ, November 6th, 1864.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137. v. 5, 6.

In such words of lofty and unconquerable devotion, the patriotism and the piety of the Hebrew people spoke out in the dark days of disaster and exile. Jerusalem was both the civil and religious capital of the nation, and the people mourned over its desolation, equally because there was the temple in which the fathers worshipped, and there was the throne on which their kings reigned.

With them devotion to God and devotion to country united, was one sacred and consuming passion. It was all one with them, whether they were called to defend the civil Constitution of the nation, or the ordinances of their national religion; for both were of divine origin, and upon their maintenance depended the existence and prosperity of the people.

With them patriotism expressed itself in devotion to God, and piety kept the love of country alive in the hearts of the people. It was the decline of patriotism and piety which divided the nation, and gave up the country to be ravaged by fire and sword. And it was the revival of the love of God and of country in the hearts of the sorrowing exiles by the river of Babylon, which brought them back from the strange land, and restored them to the possession of their beloved Zion.

The word of inspiration records the history of the Hebrew people for the instruction of all subsequent times, and one of the most obvious and important lessons taught us by that history is this—*Patriotism is a religious duty.*

The love of God and the love of country should go hand in hand, united and inseparable. When the old Jewish patriotism was Christianized in the first preachers of Christianity, it became a still more intense and martyr-like devotion to one's own people. The heroic Apostle who spent his life in preaching the Gospel to other nations wept and mourned for his own people like the exiles by the Rivers of Babylon. He said there was nothing he would not be willing to suffer, if by such means he could promote their welfare. We could not have better authority for saying that patriotism is not only a religious but a specifically Christian duty.

There is no place so sacred, there is no occasion to inculcate the love of country as a Christian duty. There is no class of persons exempt from the demands of this sacred obligation. If in any country on the face of the earth indifference to the nation's welfare could be excused it could not be done in these United States. If there ever has been a time in our country's history when the Christian pulpit might leave other teachers to inculcate the duty of patriotism, and Christian churches might leave other organizations to look to the interests of the nation, this is not such a time.

The day after to-morrow will be to us, as a people, the most momentous day that has passed since we took our place among the nations of the earth. The cause of American Independence, in our father's days, could better have afforded to lose the campaign of Saratoga, and the siege of Yorktown, than we, their children, can afford to have a wrong decision of the question which is to be decided by the people of this land within sixty hours. And the mode in which that decision is to be made, is such that every individual citizen must share the responsibility, and be held answerable to God, to his own conscience, and to posterity for the consequences. The people themselves are to decide of their own voluntary choice in the exercise of the highest act of personal sovereignty, whether they will continue to hold their place among the nations of the earth honored, united and mighty, or whether they will basely and recklessly throw away all that has been purchased by millions of treasure, and rivers of blood, and the utmost extremes of sorrow and suffering. On the 8th day of this (November) month the page of national history is to be emblazoned with glories that will shine through all time, and irradiate the uppermost parts of the earth, or it will be darkened with a dishonor which the blood shed in a hundred years of war will not avail to wash out.

Everything for which the first settlers of this country endured the woes of exile and the privations of the wilderness; everything for which our fathers suffered and died in laying the foundation of our civil and religious liberty; everything that we learned in our childhood to regard as most precious in the institutions and privileges of our country; everything which is essential to the maintenance in this Western world, of a free and glorious Christian nationality, to encourage the struggling millions of other lands, and to keep the beacon of hope burning for darkened nations; everything which promises peace on earth and good-will to men; everything for which we pray when we say "thy kingdom come," is vitally interested in the decision which the suffrages of this people will make in the course of the passing week. One of the great acts in the world's history is to take place, and what is done will be written down in the records of national retribution forever.

Not in the councils of cabinets; not by the enactments of legislative bodies; not on the battle-field, amid the thunders and the onset of charging hosts, is this great, solemn, and momentous decision to be made. The supreme sovereignty of the nation comes back to the people, and they,

by their own calm, peaceful, determinate choice, are to pass the verdict of life or death upon themselves as a nation. If they decide one way, they will ensure for themselves and for their posterity in the future country, glorious with justice, radiant with truth, joyful with liberty, crowned with the blessing of heaven, and endowed with the riches of earth. If they decide the other way, they will decree for themselves and their posterity national dismemberment, never-ending conflict, perpetuity of human bondage and every moral dishonor.

It is impossible to exaggerate the solemnity and the awful moment of the day which is so near at hand. It is impossible for a Christian citizen to escape the responsibility of acting on that day as becomes a servant of the righteous God and a disciple of the Prince of Peace. No man is at liberty to be indifferent when the existence of the nation is imperilled. No man has a right to stand by as a disinterested spectator, when called to sustain the integrity of a government, which by the admission of its enemies, is the best that ever existed on the earth. The best of every American should be stirred to its utmost depths by the peril of the hour. To be unmoved when the everlasting principles of truth, of justice, and of humanity are at stake, is a crime against country and a sin against God.

The suffrage of the citizen in his scepter of power and of sovereignty, for the right use of which he is responsible, not to a person, but to God, to country and to the human race. If he subjects that sacred sovereignty to the demands of selfishness or passion, he dishonors his citizenship as much as the king dishonors his crown by injustice and oppression. No monarch on earth is more absolute in his acts of government than the free citizen of this country in his right of suffrage. Each individual vote is a fraction of the sovereignty, and Government and the Laws of the land, and thus determines the question of life or death, peace or war, liberty or bondage for millions.

Any one of us would feel it to be a very solemn responsibility to be called to decide such fearful questions alone. The act of voting for the choice of rulers, so far as its influence extends, is just as solemn a responsibility for any individual citizen to bear. He is a judge upon the bench, and the sentence of life or death, condemnation or acquittal for millions, must come from his lips. In his hand is the source of the power by which legislatures enact laws, magistrates administer justice, generals command armies, presidents enforce the decrees of oppression, or proclaim peace and liberty throughout the land.

The citizen, to the extent of his individual influence is the only true and lawful sovereign under God, on earth, and in the use of his sovereignty he is to exemplify the same principles of pure, immaculate justice, truth and love, which are exemplified in the administration of the Supreme and Eternal Sovereign.

The Christian citizen should regard no act of his life with more earnest, conscientious, prayerful consideration, than the act of voting in an election which is to decide the great questions of order, of justice, of human improvement, of National integrity and of National life for years and generations to come. These are the reasons in general why I have thought it incumbent on me, as a Christian minister, to urge upon your attention the duty of a Christian citizen in the sanctuary on this sacred day. I desire to bring all the solemnities of God's house and all the sanctions of our holy religion to impress it upon your minds that the responsibility of citizenship is great and sacred, and that, in all probability, never again after the close of this week will any one of us see the time when the importance of fulfilling that responsibility will be as great. And this duty is to be discharged not from partisan feeling, not from the impulses of passion, not from the desire to lift up one man and to pull down another, but simply and solely in the fear of God, from the love of country, from the desire that every human being in our whole territory, may receive the protection of justice, the enlargement of truth, and the enjoyment of liberty. I desire you all to feel most solemnly as Christian citizens, that these great interests are at stake, and that the responsibility of giving them the most peaceful and powerful defense rests with you. It is not my province, nor is this the time or place minutely to dissect platforms, to compare candidates, to review policies and campaigns. That has been done by other hands within your hearing and before your eyes already. This is the place and the hour to insist that a pure, disinterested, conscientious, Christian citizen for the interests of the whole nation shall govern the conduct of every citizen in this awful crisis of our country's history. It shall be abundantly satisfied if anything that I can say shall induce any to discharge the first great duty of citizenship with a more conscientious devotion to God, to country and to truth. And all who would so fulfil their duty must act from such considerations as these.

1. Every individual citizen should vote in such a way as will most effectually disappoint and defeat the devices and the forces of Rebellion in this land. If of two policies, or two candidates before the people, one is more acceptable to treason than another, then every loyal man and true citizen knows at once in what direction his duty lies. It is a dreadful thing to do anything which shall even seem to countenance the stupendous wickedness of Rebellion against a Government which its worst enemies have declared to be "the best and freest, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most advanced through all the ages." We have bought this accession of moral force to the Government at a very great price, and we must afford to give it up. The thousands of lives that have been sacrificed, and the millions of dollars of money that have been expended in this conflict, have all been paid that the nation might cast off the hindrance which held it back from the high career of enlightenment and of Christian civilization. The afflictions and bereavements that have come upon uncounted homes,

from the utmost north away westward and southward to the Golden Horn of California; the hardships and sufferings worse than death borne by brave men in the field and in cruel captivity; the rude graves of fallen patriots scattered along the hillsides and in the valleys, from Missouri to Florida, and from Gettysburg to Galveston, all tell how dear we have paid for the means of a Government of freedom, and of advance toward a Government that shall rest upon moral convictions, and an administration that shall fulfil all righteousness. These things have cost too much to be thrown away, when we have hardly yet learned to prize their worth, or to enjoy their possession.

Having taken so many steps forward in the career of true national greatness and glory, we are bound by all the sorrows and sacrifices of the past and all the brightening prospects of the future, not to go back, but to press onward the ark of our liberties again to be descended by the abominations of slavery; not to suffer the hands of state to fall into false or feeble hands. Having beaten up and down through the darkness and tempests of four years, we are just beginning to see the guiding star of the nation's true destiny through the clouds; we find ourselves upon the right course, the haven of rest is before us, and God forbid that any man shall vote for a return to the wanderings and the tossings of the deep when the safe harbor is so near at hand.

Forward, rather let us say, in God's name, through toll and cloud and battle, if it must be for the sake of greater tempests still behind. Forward in the direction where the divine brightness and the morning stars are waiting to sing the hymns of praise over the new creation of joy in the house of bondage, justice in the halls of legislation, peace upon the foundation of righteousness and prosperity as constant as the dews and rains of heaven. The effort to go back to the old order of things will only end in greater disaster and deeper infamy. The only hope of preserving the life of the nation is to lift the whole mass of the people to a higher level of moral rectitude than they ever occupied before, and to shake off all the public and political falsehoods and injustices and corruptions which have hung like a thousand ill-fitting collars about their necks, and so nearly drowned us in the Dead Sea of feeble and faithless concession to wrong.

Methinks I see this nation so punie and delivered at last, crowned with light and irradiating the ends of the earth with its glory; holier than Jerusalem, wiser than Greece, mightier than Rome, using its great power to protect the feeble; gathering its great riches to help the poor; aggrandizing itself with the conquests of beneficence. I seem to hear its mighty voice in the far future, louder than the thunders of the sea, proclaiming liberty to all the nations of the earth; gathering the dispersed and scattered multitude of man; gathering the lost millions of the human race to the standard of the cross; causing the mountains and valleys of a regenerated world to break forth into singing, and the sigh of the prisoner and the woes of the afflicted to give place to songs of praise. In all its boundaries there is no slave, in all its arts no forging of the weapons of war, in all its population of a thousand millions, not one failing to bless the memory of the citizens who voted, and the thousands who gave their lives in the dark days of treason and war, to make America free—to make it a praise in all the earth. Oh! who would not wish to have their name upon the roll of benefactors, whom future generations will bless for so great a deliverance?

The Traitor's Doom.

A STORY OF THE REBELLION.

BY LIEUT. H. B. TAYLOR.

Robert Sutton is a particular friend of mine. We first met at West Point, and our tastes and dispositions being alike, a deep and lasting friendship sprang up between us, and many happy days we spent together while pursuing our studies. The time came when we must part. Robert had received his commission as lieutenant in a regiment of infantry stationed at Independence, Missouri. I also had received my commission as lieutenant in an artillery company stationed at Fort Washington. Our parting was sad, but we cheered each other by promises to write often.

For three years our correspondence was uninterrupted, but when this rebellion broke out, in the tumult and excitement that followed we lost track of each other. It was in the fall of 1863 that my regiment was ordered to Washington. We were encamped upon Meridian Hill, and one night, my company being upon guard duty, I was sitting in the guard quarters, lazily watching the wreaths of smoke as they ascended from a cigar that I was smoking, my thoughts far away at the home I had not seen for most three years, when my reverie was suddenly interrupted by hearing the sentry stationed at the door challenge some one, and supposing it to be the colonel, I flung away my cigar, and assuming a military attitude I turned towards the door, when I found myself face to face, not with the colonel, but Robert Sutton!

Our meeting I cannot describe, but you can imagine what it was. As we had many things to talk about, I am afraid that my guard duties were somewhat neglected. As my duties required me to sit up all night, Robert volunteered to sit up with me, and so relieve the tedium of my lonely vigil.

After I had gone the rounds of the guard it was twelve o'clock, and it was not likely that I should be again disturbed. I went to my room, and taking a box of cigars and a bottle of wine, I returned to the guard quarters, and we prepared to enjoy ourselves for the remainder of the night. Robert established himself in a large arm-chair, his feet on top of the stove, while I threw myself upon the settee. As I lay there watching Robert I noticed a large scar upon his left temple, and partially concealed by his hair, which was the reason that I had not noticed it before, and my curiosity was at once aroused.

"Robert," said I, "where did you get that scar?"

"I got it down in Tennessee, while with General Grant. It came pretty near using me up, too. Perhaps you would like to hear how it happened—so I will help myself to another glass of wine, and then, if you wish it, I will proceed with my story."

Of course I was glad to hear of any adventure in which my friend had been engaged, and I will try and relate it in his own words:

"Last August my regiment was stationed about twenty miles southeast from Nashville, at a place called Remington, which boasted of being the county seat of —— county. Our regiment then numbered about six hundred men, and two companies of cavalry attached to it. It was the only force stationed at this place, and our orders were to keep watch of the numerous guerrilla parties which were roving through the country, and when it could be safely done, to send out foraging and reconnoitering parties into the surrounding country.

"One afternoon a man on horseback was seen coming towards our lines, pursued by a party of rebel cavalry, who gave up the chase as they neared our lines. When the fugitive reached us, the appearance of both horse and rider betokened that they had travelled both fast and far. The rider appeared to be a citizen, of middle age. He stated that he was a citizen of the county, and a strong Union man, and that his principles gave offence to those of his neighbors who sympathized with the rebels, and a small guerrilla force, consisting of twenty men, being in the vicinity, he was reported to the commander of the force as a suspicious character. That morning they started for his plantation, with the intention of arresting him, but a faithful black slave was coming, and informed his master, who mounted his fleetest steed and started for our camp; but the rebels perceived him and started in pursuit; but he proved to be too much for them, and reached our lines in safety.

"He requested to see our commander, and was conducted to the tent of our colonel, who held a long conversation with him. He told the colonel that a short distance from his plantation, in an old catholic church, the rebel sympathizers had collected a large quantity of ammunition, for the use of guerrilla parties who came that way, and that all the guard they had at the present time, was the before mentioned guerrilla band. Upon being questioned as to how he obtained his information, he said that a brother-in-law of his who pretended to be a rebel, but was a Union man at heart, informed him of it.

"The colonel called a council of his officers, and laid the case, before them, and after a short consultation they concluded to send a force that evening to seize the ammunition and capture the guard if possible. "If the cavalry had been there this duty would have been performed by them; but they were away upon a reconnoitering expedition, and were all eager to perform this service, and to avoid showing partially, the colonel told them to put nine black pieces of paper and one marked in a hat, and after they had been shook up the one who drew the marked paper was to be the lucky one. This being done, I being in command of the company, was fortunate enough to draw the prize. I was ordered to have my company in readiness at eight o'clock, P. M.

"At the appointed time we left camp, our guide leading the way; I kept close to his side, watching every movement, for I had taken a dislike to him when I first saw him. Several times when asked a question his answers were vague and indistinct, as though his thoughts were occupied with something of more moment. This and his restless manner did not tend to quiet my suspicions, and as I did not want he should give us the slip, I followed him to the rear of the company and told Sergeant Walden to pick out two men upon whom he could depend, and have them take their place in his rear, and keep a close watch of his movements.

"If I had been convinced that my suspicions were correct, I should have turned back immediately, but I did not know but my dislike to the man caused me to regard him with suspicion; so I concluded to keep on, if indeed he was a traitor, and not let him lead us into any trap. I kept an advance guard some distance ahead of us, and flanking parties on either side, and about midnight arrived at the church, which was a large wooden structure, two stories in height, with a tower in the center.

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

"Having brought lanterns with us we lit them, and myself and Lieut. Carver were about starting on an exploring tour through the interior, when we were startled by a voice which seemed to proceed from the churchyard, calling upon us to surrender as we were surrounded, which one glance assured me was the truth. I saw that the only chance for us was to gain the interior of the church, and a party of rebels were trying to get between us and the door; calling upon the men to follow me, I started for the door, which the enemy had already reached, but our headlong charge soon scattered them, and we rushed into the church and succeeded in closing the door in their faces. When we started for the door our guide tried to give us the slip, but the brave sergeant and his men were watching him, and succeeded in forcing him into the church.

"The lower windows were all protected with heavy shutters, which fastened upon the inside. Taking a lamp I proceeded to take a survey of the interior. In the vestibule a flight of stairs led up into the gallery, which ran around three sides of the building, and there were windows upon two sides, upon which there was no shutter; I stationed a guard at each of these windows, and then went down stairs; calling Lieut. Carver to me, I asked him what was to be done.

"Can we get a messenger to camp to inform them of our situation?" said he.

"I am afraid not," was my reply; "but we must try it, for it is our only salvation." I called Sergeant Walden to me; I asked him if he thought he could elude the enemy if we could succeed in getting him out of the church, unperceived by them, and proceed to camp and inform the colonel of our situation.

"I will try it," said the noble fellow, "and if you can hold out until to-morrow noon, I will bring a force to your relief, if the rebels do not kill or capture me."

"There was a large piece of woods a short distance from the church, and a ditch and hedge-fence ran from the church-yard to it. My plan was to take twenty-five men and make a sortie in that direction, and in the confusion that must ensue, the sergeant could gain the hedge, and under its cover gain the woods, while we were to fall back to the church.

"All being ready, the door was opened, and we made a rush for the hedge, which we reached without opposition, as the rebels were not dreaming of such a movement. They supposed that our whole force was trying to cut their way through the lines and escape, accordingly they made a rush from all directions to thwart our plans; but as we had seen the sergeant gain the hedge we commenced retreating, hard pressed by the enemy, and our chance of escape would have been slim if it had not been for Lieut. Carver, who saw our perilous situation, and gallantly came to the rescue. His appearance was unexpected to the rebels, and charging upon them, they gave way, so that we gained the door with the loss of four of our brave men, whom the rebel bullets laid low.

"I supposed that the rebels would set fire to the building, as they knew it would be impossible to carry it by storm. Our gaining the church was something that they did not have laid down in the programme for our capture. Further examination showed me why the enemy did not wish to burn it. I was walking in an open space in the rear of the altar, with a lantern in my hand, when I perceived an open trap door, which communicated with a vault under the church; approaching it I saw a flight of stone steps, and I could plainly see the bottom of the vault from where I stood. I went down the steps with the lantern in my hand, and as I reached the bottom I found myself in close proximity to about thirty barrels of powder, which had been stowed there for safe keeping. I went up the stairs a little faster than I came down them, and placing my lantern upon the altar, where it threw its light down the stairs, I again descended; I was standing in the farthest corner from the steps and behind the barrels of powder, which I was proceeding to count, when the light suddenly became obscured, and looking up I saw a man descending the steps; I supposed that it was one of my men, and I did not discover my mistake until he had approached quite close to me, when to my surprise I saw that it was our traitor guide, whom I supposed was in the gallery, guarded by my men. As I was in the darkest part of the vault, he did not observe me, so I thought I would watch him and see what he was after. He first went to the corner opposite from where I stood, and picking up

The Middlesex Journal,

AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

Thanksgiving.

The day of our annual Thanksgiving, on Thursday last, found the people of Massachusetts in the enjoyment of many and remarkable blessings, for which, we trust, they were truly grateful. It is in the fourth year of our civil war, and although our territory has not been the scene of conflict, many of our sons have fallen in battle, or have died of sickness in consequence of exposure in the camp. To families thus bereaved, especially, to those who have been deprived of loved ones, during the present year, the recurrence of this anniversary must have brought sadness, for it is on such days, when families meet together, that departed friends are specially and kindly remembered.

We thank our Puritan Fathers for instituting Thanksgiving Day. It has become a pleasant remembrance of them, and it is linked with all the past history of New England, and is sacred to kindred ties binding the hearts of households more closely together. It was a happy thought to remember the soldiers, far away at such a time, and make the generous contributions that have been made in turkeys, chickens, puddings, pies, &c., to send to them in the field, so that, although absent, they may celebrate a New England holiday in distant and rebellious States. Like St. Patrick's Day, so universal is the remembrance among Irishmen, wherever they may be, is becoming our Thanksgiving Day, in whatever land a Yankee may have his home. We hope, that if it is convenient, our soldiers may give some portion of their fare to the poor half-starved Seesee soldiers, and win them back to duty and Union by kindness, for fighting, ought to be relieved of its harsh influences by occasional outbreaks of benevolence.

Our readers, fresh from this festival with all its enjoyments, have doubtless been made more happy by their gifts to the poor. Our asylums for the poor, where so many aged ones are gathered, should be particularly remembered, that the sunlight of other and better days, when they were at parental homes, or had homes of their own, should gleam over the dark clouds of the present and impending future, and gild the sunset of life.

While we are thankful for all successes of the Federal Army and Navy, our joy is tempered with commiseration for the suffering, and our hearts cry out for Peace whenever it can honorably be attained; and when that day comes the Nation will have a festival of serene joy and wild acclamation.

Probably, in no part of the world, has the Sun looked down upon the sight of so much plenty and true enjoyment—gazed upon such happy, virtuous and comfortable households, and perceived so many advantages of education and religion, as among us. May our New England still continue to flourish, and improve in every virtue, and may our whole land, North and South, East and West, enjoy equal privileges, and our only strife be, who will best serve the country, embody and carry out the principles of Christianity, and benefit the nation and the world.

We should not forget that there are many things in our land very much to be deplored. Sabbath breaking, profanity, irreverence, abound in many places, and we shall need the example and labor of all good men and women to counteract the evil influences of war and the dangers from an increase of wealth and luxury, dissipation and lawlessness. Through the dark clouds of the present, there are rays of light streaming of hope in the future, but we shall need all our diligence and care to extricate the nation from the dangers which threaten us, and carry us safely on the career of greatness and virtue, that Providence, a while ago, seemed to have marked out for us among the nations of the earth.

Clay is used in refining sugar. The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped like sugar loaves. The large ends are upward. The small ends are open. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay is put over the top, and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar white. Paper manufacturers use clay in making paper. In this way they obtain a good price for it, and cheat the printer, who has to pay 30 cents a pound for it. It is also very destructive to type.

It was Sergeant Daniel J. Murphy, not David, who had a medal of honor given to him for capturing the battle flag of the 47th North Carolina Regiment. It was one of the most daring acts which we have had to record during the war, and reflects much credit upon the young hero who performed it.

An urchin, suffering from the application of the birch, said: "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better; let anybody get such a licking as I have had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acre."

Sailors' Fair.

On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of attending the "Childrens' Offering," an entertainment given for the benefit of the "Sailors' Fair," in Academy Hall, Woburn, consisting of tableaux, dramatic reading, singing, &c. We cannot particularize every attractive and interesting feature of the exhibition, but will give a passing comment upon all.

The tableaux of "Faith," "The Tambourine Girl" and "The Twins," representing statuary, stood before us in bold relief, apparently as massive as though they had been wrought by the artistic skill of a Powers, from columns of solid marble.

"Valentine," "The Greek Girl," "The Spirit of Fire" "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Little Bo Peep," (three scenes,) were all beautiful and worthy of praise.

"Now I'm Grandma"—Represented by a young Miss, who having mischievously donned a ruffled cap and spectacles, sat busily engaged on a piece of knitting-work (perhaps soldiers' stockings), veritably hiding her roguish smiles behind the ruffles of her cap, and assuming the more sober and dignified countenance of that much honored matron.

"Our Father"—Represented by three young lasses in the attitude of prayer,—with clasped hands and bended knees,—whose innocent eyes in their fixed earnestness, seemed to utter, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name."

"First Appearance of our Youngest," was represented by an automatic Miss, who danced to the music of the piano, pleasing the most fastidious, and bringing down the house with unbound applause.

"Patriotic"—a group of three,—A young lady in the centre representing the Goddess of Liberty, dressed in white, with her hair hanging profusely about the shoulders, while in her hand she held her magic wand, upon which was the cap of Liberty, while above floated our glorious and blood-bought banner. At her feet on the left, stood a lad attired in the dress of our noble tars, and on the right, another, in the Union-blue of our gallant soldiers, and upon the whole was thrown a beautiful crimson hue, adding much to the beauty of the scene, inspiring all hearts with a reinvigorated love of country and a firmer determination to "do and die" for Freedom.

The dramatic readings, by Misses Bennett and Gordon, exhibited great perfection in elocution, and reflected much credit upon both.

The exercises were interspersed with singing and music, by Messrs. Leighton and Trowbridge, and Misses Clough and Teare, assisted by Mr. Albert H. Fernald, of Boston, who in his comic melodies brought down the house with applause, and added greatly to the exercises of the evening.

The audience retired highly pleased with the perfection of every arrangement and the exactness with which each part was performed, all saying with every smile and word—"Well done!"

DR. DIO LEWIS, AT LYCEUM HALL.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Lewis, the celebrated gymnast and lecturer, will give a lecture on "Physical Education," to the citizens of Woburn, on Thursday evening next. The doctor is too well known to the people of our town to need any extended notice in favor of his system of physical culture, which is being rapidly introduced into many of the best schools in this and neighboring States. We have no doubt that the hall will be filled by an appreciative and intelligent audience. The doctor has done a "noble work" already, and his future promises to be brilliant, indeed.

A RUNAWAY.—On Saturday morning last, the horse belonging to Mr. F. A. Hartwell and driven by Mr. Charles Bates, while starting out of Ockley Court, accidentally came in contact with a post, throwing the seat and its occupant out, whereupon the beast became frightened, and ran at a furious pace down Main street, entering the sidewalk in front of C. A. Smith's dry goods store, where he came in collision with an iron post, which he carried away, and continuing on until he got in front of Adkins' periodical depot, he again attempted to enter the street, but the wagon coming in collision with another post, the shafts gave way, leaving it, while the animal kept on down to the store. Fortunately no one was injured. Damage, about \$500.

All babies born after the fourth of March must be stamped.—[Internal Revenue decision.]

The executor on the estate of Stephen A. Douglas reports to the court in Chicago, that he has paid to Mrs. Douglas over \$7,500, and to the children over \$7,000, being proceeds of the estate after paying all its debts. This will be gratifying information to the many friends of the family who had supposed the estate to be insolvent.

The census of Chicago, just taken, gives a total population of 189,353, against 138,186 in the year 1862; and the present total valuation is \$48,372,000, against \$37,239,000 two years ago.

PRESENTATION.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be perceived that the members of Niagara Engine Company, have presented their foreman, Capt. William Conner, a watch and chain. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Ferren, the clerk, and appropriately responded to by the worthy recipient.

The reader will not fail to notice the advertisements of Mrs. Hale, whose store in Lyceum Hall building, is well stocked with a choice and desirable assortment of seasonable goods.

THE TOPER'S AUTUMN SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason, too, 's the same,
Both comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt you and me,
I fall more harder and more frequently.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN GONE.—We regret to record the death of Hon. Bowen Buckman, which took place at his residence, in Woburn, on Wednesday afternoon last. Few men in our town were better or more favorably known than Mr. Buckman. His kind and genial manners, his strict probity, and well known interest in public affairs, had won for him in a marked degree, the respect and esteem of the whole community. Through a long life he has always been known as a just man in all his dealings with his fellow-men, doing the thing that was right from a sense of duty rather than of policy. His kindness to strangers was always marked, and the writer of this remembers with gratitude the cordial sympathy and welcome extended to him a short time since, when he "took up his abode" in Woburn. We look upon his death as a public loss; but we are thankful that he was spared so long to adorn a community which will long cherish his memory and profit by his example.

William Webb, a boy, who was sentenced by a provincial magistrate to six months imprisonment, for stealing six walnuts from a tree, has had the sentence reduced, by advice of Sir George Grey, to one month's imprisonment.

Sir—I copy the above from the "Illustrated Times," of London, and hope the English will now be entitled at least to "pretend" to be a civilized nation.

Yours, EDWARD SYKES,
of London.

THE COURSE OF LECTURES.—The statement made in our last week's issue that a course of lectures would be given in Lyceum Hall this winter, was incomplete in its details, as all the arrangements had not been made when we went to press. But we are happy to be able to announce now that they are finished, and also that the clergymen of our town have kindly consented to speak in the course, which will give us three more lectures at the same price.

The course will therefore consist of nine lectures, instead of six, and be given in the following order: The first by President Hill, of Cambridge University; the second, by Rev. Dr. Neal of Boston; the third, by Rev. Mr. Webb, pastor of the Shawmut Avenue Orthodox Church, Boston; the fourth, by Rev. J. M. Manning, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston; the fifth, by Rev. Mr. Hepworth, pastor of the Church of the Unity, Boston; the seventh, by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Cambridge, or Rev. Mr. Hale, pastor of the Twelfth Congregational Church, Boston; the eighth, by Rev. Mr. Fay, and the ninth, by Rev. Dr. Bodwell of Woburn.

The course will commence on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets for the course, \$1.00; Single tickets, 20 cents. Season tickets for sale at A. E. Thompson's, Brigham's, the Post Office, and the Woburn Book Store.

Those who have purchased the old tickets can exchange them for the new ones, at the places where they were purchased. There will be so short a time for the sale of the season tickets, that they may be procured at the door on the evening of the first lecture.

THE DEPREDATIONS OF THE PIRATE FLORIDA.—It appears from a memorandum book found on board the pirate Florida, that she captured and burned from March 29th to Sept. 26th, the following vessels:—Ship Avon, of Boston, 1600 tons, cargo, guano; schr. George Latimer, of Baltimore, with over 1000 bbls. of flour and other merchandise; brig W. C. Clark, of Boston, with 25,000 feet of lumber; bark Honora Stevens, of New York, with lumber; whaling bark Golconda, of New Bedford, with 1000 bbls. sperm and 700 bbls. whale oil; schr. Margaret D. Davis, of New York, in ballast; bark Greenland, of Brunswick, with 900 tons of Government coal; bark Gen. Berry, of Thomaston, with hay and straw; bark Belinda, of Eastport, in ballast; schr. Howard, of New York, with fruit; bark Mondamin, of Baltimore, in ballast. The Florida also captured the Southern Rights, but her cargo being English, she was bonded. The steamer Electric Spark, with an assorted cargo, was sunk.

A new substitute for cotton is thus referred to by a Paris correspondent:

Great excitement prevails in those districts of France where cotton is most used, on account of the discovery of a substitute for the now dethroned king. This substitute is the China grass or white *urtica* (nettle weed), which may be cultivated cheaply in all parts of France. The experiments with this new textile fibre have been going on for a year or more under the direction of a competent committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce, of Rouen, and this committee, with the weed, the raw fibre, and various specimens of woven and colored and uncolored cloths in hand, have shown the chamber, beyond all question, that the substitute is a genuine one in every point.

They declare, without reservation, that none of the qualities of the cotton are wanting. I call your attention to the lengthy report as published in the two late numbers of the Moniteur.

The Minister of the Interior is furnishing seed, obtained from China, to agriculturists, and the speculation is going to assume at once colossal proportions.

The plates of the new fifty cent fractional currency are nearly ready for printing. These notes will be of the same breadth as those now in circulation, but nearly twice as long. The new five cent notes will be of the same size as the old ones, while the ten and twenty-five cent notes will be of lengths gradually between the highest and lowest denominations. It is probable that a three cent note will be issued for the greater facility of making change.

Seven years ago, Venango County, Pa., was regarded as one of the poorest, as it is one of the smallest counties in the State of Pennsylvania. More than one third of its entire surface could have been purchased for less than three dollars per acre. Its best improved farms would bring little if anything over thirty dollars per acre, and its entire industrial products did not exceed three hundred thousand dollars. Choice oil lands sell now readily at from three hundred to five thousand dollars per acre, and they have been sold as high as forty-five thousand dollars per acre. The yield of oil from this county during the last year was over fifty millions of dollars, or greater than the entire coal and iron trade of the entire State of Pennsylvania, and should the present price of oil be sustained, the product will be nearly eighty millions of dollars the coming year.

How to extract stains: cut neatly round with a pair of scissors, and when you have made a hole sufficiently large, nothing will be found there. The simplicity of the process is as remarkable as its rapidity.

A firm of biscuit manufacturers in Carlisle, England, by way of showing what rapid work they could do, recently reaped a field of wheat, threshed it, ground it, and made hot biscuit out of the flour in four hours.

"TAKEN THEIR SIGN DOWN."—We notice, after a successful campaign, the Union men of Woburn have taken in their transparency and retired from the stirring scenes of political, to the quietness of civil life.

The body of Irving Foster, who was killed before Petersburg, June 18th, 1864, has been disinterred, and is now on its way home. His remains will probably arrive in Woburn the first of next week.

While filling the reservoir of the Charlestown, Mass., water works, a few days since, the pumps would not operate, and an examination proved that the pipe was completely filled with eels. The next day the trouble occurred again, and on the two occasions over 2,500 pounds of eels were removed.

Since June of last year, United States Marshal Keyes has paid over to the United States Treasurer, as the proceeds of captured blockade runners adjudicated at Boston, over \$5,000,000.

A reading room in Richmond, supplied with the northern papers, charges \$5 per day for admission.

Twenty thousand dollars were recently refused for two sheep which have their home in Middlebury, Vermont.

A short-sighted professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street, and in sudden recollection of his former mishap, he cried out, "Is this you again, you brute?"

Cowper says that "the tear that is wiped with address may be followed, perhaps, with a smile." An exchange says, if it is a woman's tear, the perhaps it is unnecessary; you can generally dry it with a dress.

A policeman on night duty sends us the following observations: "It seems to me that with many young men the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home."

"Mother," said a bright-eyed little boy as he saw an inebriate staggering down the street, "Mother, did God make that man?" "Yes, my child." "Well," said the little fellow, after a moment of thoughtfulness, "I wouldn't."

A HOG PANIC.—The General Government having appointed agents to go through Kentucky and buy all surplus hogs, at eight cents per pound, delivered in Louisville, and at the same time issued orders prohibiting any railroad or steamboat from taking hogs out of the State, some of the people are much excited. The hog growers are disposed to complain that they cannot take advantage of the increased prices now offered in neighboring States, and consumers are apprehensive of a coming scarcity. The old packers are also disengaged, as no others in Louisville are permitted to pack this fall except the authorized agents established in a government packing-house.

AN ORIGINAL FOR SOME AMERICAN DICKENS.—The indefatigable individual who invites visitors to take a look at "Gen. Grant" at the Fair is a rare specimen of a showman. He sticks to his post like a post: taking his nourishment at intervals between his rich exhortations, when he seems to have exhausted the resources of quaint invitation; he always has some new phrase of his coining and quite irresistible in his appeals. Never did ox or man have such a persistent and amusing eulogist. By all means see the quadruped and listen to the biped.—Boston Transcript.

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RE-INTERMENT.—The mortal remains of the late S. D. Quimby have been recently removed from Franklin, N. H., the place of his birth and death, to this town, where his family reside and where he spent so large a portion of his active life. The occasion afforded a fitting opportunity for his pastor, Rev. Mr. Robinson, on the last Sunday morning, to preach a sermon of consolation to the afflicted ones, at the close of which he alluded to the Christian character of Mr. Quimby, as exemplified in his life, and the calmness and resignation with which he met the approach of the King of Terrors.

DEER SHOOTING.—A man in the employ of Dr. S. P. Bartlett, shot a deer last week in the woods in the westerly part of the town. He was a fine animal of his species, weighing some 250 pounds and must have found his way thither from some of the wilds of our neighboring States. Our town can now boast that it affords an opportunity for deer shooting, among its other attractions.

THANKSGIVING.—Union Service was held in the Baptist Church this morning, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hinckley, officiating.

SCHOOLS.—The High School will commence on the 28th inst., and the other schools, Dec. 5th.

SOUTH READING.

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.—The school exhibitions of last week were, as a whole, of a higher order than those of previous years.

Most of the schools are in good condition, and reflect credit upon those who manage them, and upon the liberality of the town. The exercises of the High School, on Friday afternoon, were of an interesting nature. Eight young ladies graduated with honor, having well earned their diplomas. At the organization of the class, which contained only eight members at the graduation, about a dozen lads were connected with it, and commenced on the course of study prescribed by the Committee, but various causes had removed them all from the school. Seven of them, though young in years, but filled with true patriotism, responded to the call of their imperiled country, and promptly and eagerly entered its service. They have been in many battles and dangers, yet all have been preserved save one, who received wounds at the battles of the Wilderness, of which he died. On the evening of Friday, Cyrus Wakefield, Esq., whose name the diplomas bear, invited the graduating class to his new and splendid mansion, where with few friends, they spent several very pleasant hours in conversation, and in exercising their gifts upon the piano. It is a matter of congratulation that our liberal minded men are becoming more and more interested in the welfare of our public schools.

HIGHWAYS.—A few weeks ago we spoke in terms of praise of the repairs that had recently been made on Main street. We heartily repeat for having bestowed credit where it was not deserved.

It was fair weather when the article was written, and the street was in excellent condition; but

Middlesex

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV : No. 9.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Rhymes for the Times.

THE POOR BEAUTYESS.

Found dead in her bed!
Her spirit has fled,
For light and air,
To a morn more fair,
From the bitter night
Without air or light.

Found dead in her bed!
Her life she has fled,
From her living death,
Where each labouring breath,
Was a hopeless strife
Between death and life.

Found dead! found dead!
She has gone home for bread;
And her sister slave
She has left in her grave,
Slumbering there
Without light or air.

Found dead! found dead!

She has gone home for bread;

And her sister slave

She has left in her grave,

Slumbering there

Without light or air.

Oh, where was the smile
Her care to beguile?
Oh, where is the tear
To fall on her bier?
What heart will bemoan
The maiden that's gone?

Oh, who can disclose
What visions were those
That fever'd her brain,
As with care and pain
She made her own shroud
In that toil-worn crowd?

Did her spirit roam
To her childhood's home,
Where a father's care
And a mother's prayer
Cloth'd all the place
With a deathless grace!

Did she dream of flowers,
And the fragrance thereof;
Of the fresh, sweet breeze,
And the balm of bees;
Of the glad, free song
Of the feathered throng?

Did she think of the day
When she went to pray;
While the world seem'd blest
With a Sabbath rest;
As she laboured there
Without time for a prayer?

Oh, bury the slave
In a pauper's grave!
But the sin and the shame
Still live on the same;
And will not be hid
By the coffin's lid:

Live on as before
And lie at the door
Where the beggar of old
Found the cur with his gold
Less moved by his state
Than the cur at his gate.

W. K.

Early Methodism Illustrated.

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism in England, it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. For a long period after its introduction the clergy and higher orders of society in the west of England manifested a dislike to the new doctrines which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail up the doors of a Methodist chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher as a spree by two young gentlemen, became the subject of investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay dearly for their practical joke.

Among the uninstructed local preachers was one known by the name of "The Old Gardener." This old man was no common character—indeed, he was quite an original, and by far the most popular preacher among the disciples of John Wesley in that vicinity. He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St. A—, working hard at his occupation as a gardener by day, and praying and preaching to his fellow-sinners, as he called them, in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner—giving away all the surplus of his earnings in charity, distributing Bibles, and promoting to the utmost of his ability the extension of Methodism. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark, iron-grey, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Although extremely ignorant, he possessed no small degree of cunning; of this the following incident affords ample evidence:

The "Old Gardener" was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived with his wife in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, not far from the high road. Three young "squires," who had just finished their studies at the University, and who all despised and hated Methodism, having heard that the old man had been recently making a collection to build a Methodist chapel, thought it would be a good frolic to rob him temporarily of the proceeds of his collection. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors:

"We set out," said he, "upon our expedition with blackened faces, on a dark night, a little before twelve o'clock. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage: yet I confess,

when it came to the point, I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten a poor old man and his wife in the dead of night.

The clock struck twelve. "Now comes the witching time of the night," exclaims Tom.

"Don't let us frighten the poor couple out of their wits," said I.

"No," said Ryder, "we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and Little John."

I said that I would rather return than proceed. "Recollect," said I, "the old fellow is an old soldier, as well as a saint, and fears nothing human."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Ryder, "he goes."

He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open.

We entered, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us hesitate.

"Who is out there at this time of the night?" exclaimed a hoarse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the "Old Gardener."

"Give us your money, and no harm shall befall you," said Tom, "but we must have your money."

"The Lord will be my defence," rejoined the "Old Gardener." "You shall have no money from me; all in the house is the Lord's—take it if you dare!"

"We must, and will have it," said we, as we entered the inner room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

We soon wished we had suffered it to remain open, as you will see.

Now, consider us face to face with the "Old Gardener;" and a pretty sight we presented. Three ruffians (ourselves) with white waggoners' frocks and blackened faces. Before us the "Old Gardener," sitting on the side of his bed. He wore a red worsted nightcap, a checked shirt and a flannel jacket; his iron-grey face, fringed with a grizzled beard, looking as cool and undismayed as if he had been in the pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle.

A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three paralysed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the "Old Gardener," the candle, flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolutely froze our blood and made cowards of us all. The gardener saw the impression he had made.

"What! do you want to rob and murder," exclaimed he; "you had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world!"

Ryder first recovered his speech.

"Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener, I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart, we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets."

We laid our purses on the table before him.

The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all soon be in another world. Pray, let us pray. And down fell upon his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning, and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped and eyed the purses, and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and I thought, gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought we should have leave to retire; but, to our dismay, the "Old Gardener" said,

"Now we will praise God by singing the 100th Psalm!"

This was agony to us all. After the psalm, the old man took up the second purse, and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly,

"I have unfastened the door, and when you hear me move, make a rush!"

The "Old Gardener," then, pouring out the contents of the second purse, exclaimed,

"Why, there is almost enough to build our new house of God. Let me see what the third contains."

He took up the third purse.

"Now," whispered Ryder, "make a rush."

We did so; and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away at his flint and steel. We expected to be

instantly blown into fragments. The front door, however, flew open before us; the next step and we found ourselves in the garden. The night was pitchy dark. We rushed blindly through the nursery ground, scrambled through brambles and prickly shrubs, ran our heads against trees, then forced ourselves through a thicket hedge. At last, with scratched faces, torn hands, and tattered clothes, we tumbled over a bank into the road.

Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged and dirty. We looked at each other, and in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laughter.

"We may laugh," exclaimed Tom, "but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us for the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it. We have lost our money; being obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a great heap of gunpowder, while the iron-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us with an immediate passage into eternity. And a meeting-house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country."

The affair was not yet ended. Reports were spread three men disguised as black devils, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the "Old Gardener," who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist Meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday 'Old Gardener,' intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting-house when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was complete. Tom, who hated of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting-house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by 'Old Gardener,' if we could contrive to be present without being suspected. Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation; and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel, we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of our adventures was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely and humorous phrasology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. "I never," said he, "saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however," he slyly observed, "if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces towards the door; but a lifting of the steel and flint kept them quiet."

He then added, with a knowing shake of the head and an exulting laugh, "But they had not smelt powder like the old soldier they came to rob. No, no; it was a large heap—say, large enough to frighten General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself were not afraid. No, no, my dear friends," shouted he, "this large heap of gunpowder was—it was my stock my whole year's stock of leek (onion) seed!"

The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saint almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for a moment stupefied by the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we joined each other, but could not speak. We could barely chuckle "Leek seed," and then roared with laughter.

It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house, which the High-Church party named 'The Leek-seed Chapel.'—St. James Magazine.

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Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged and dirty. We looked at each other, and in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laughter.

"We may laugh," exclaimed Tom, "but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us for the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it. We have lost our money; being obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a great heap of gunpowder, while the iron-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us with an immediate passage into eternity. And a meeting-house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country."

The affair was not yet ended. Reports were spread three men disguised as black devils, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the "Old Gardener," who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist Meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday 'Old Gardener,' intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting-house when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was complete. Tom, who hated of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting-house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by 'Old Gardener,' if we could contrive to be present without being suspected. Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation; and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel, we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of our adventures was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely and humorous phrasology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. "I never," said he, "saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however," he slyly observed, "if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces towards the door; but a lifting of the steel and flint kept them quiet."

He then added, with a knowing shake of the head and an exulting laugh, "But they had not smelt powder like the old soldier they came to rob. No, no; it was a large heap—say, large enough to frighten General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself were not afraid. No, no, my dear friends," shouted he, "this large heap of gunpowder was—it was my stock my whole year's stock of leek (onion) seed!"

The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saint almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for a moment stupefied by the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we joined each other, but could not speak. We could barely chuckle "Leek seed," and then roared with laughter.

It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house, which the High-Church party named 'The Leek-seed Chapel.'—St. James Magazine.

Now we will praise God by singing the 100th Psalm!"

This was agony to us all. After the psalm, the old man took up the second purse, and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly,

"I have unfastened the door, and when you hear me move, make a rush!"

The "Old Gardener," then, pouring out the contents of the second purse, exclaimed,

"Why, there is almost enough to build our new house of God. Let me see what the third contains."

He took up the third purse.

"Now," whispered Ryder, "make a rush."

We did so; and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away at his flint and steel. We expected to be

TO MAKE FARMING PROFITABLE.—

Every beginner in farming, by securing the following essentials, will succeed:

Buy no more land than there is capital enough to pay for with one third more for surplus. A small farm free from debt, with plenty of means to stock it, and carry on its work, will yield more than a larger one encumbered with debt, conducted feebly in every part, with bad fences, poor implements, bony animals, weedy fields, and thin crops.

Let out the fields in good order, so as to give ready access to every field at all times, passing through other fields.

Provide good fences and necessary gates, and valuable time will not be lost in driving out intruding animals, nor crops lost by their depredations.

Furnish good farm-buildings to secure properly the crops, and to afford shelter to animals.

Select the best animals and the best implements that can be secured for a reasonable price.

Bring the soil into good condition by manuring and draining, and keep it so by a judicious rotation.

Effect a clear and systematic arrangement of all the work, so that there shall be no clashing or confusion.

Employ diligence and energy, and adopt careful management.

The Middlesex Journal,

AND

WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

THE SHOE-BLACKS OF LONDON.

We have often been interested in the little boys who follow this occupation in our own cities. They have got to be almost as indispensable to public convenience as the poor girl or woman who plies her broom at some dirty crossing of the public thoroughfares. These boot-blacks are a shrewd race; they know when to raise their prices, as they did after the defeat of McClellan, for most of them are of the democratic stripe in politics. They take to chewing tobacco, too, as naturally as a duck goes to the water. On questioning one who spat out a mouthful of the dirty juice on to his brush for the purpose of mixing his blacking, as to the propriety of so using the fluid, he replied, "that he did it to make more spit." In answering our question as to how much money he made on an average per day, he said that since he raised his price from five to ten cents, his gains would average from \$2 to \$2.50 per day. But he desired us to say nothing about it, as he was afraid if the government should hear of his prosperity, he would have to stamp every boot that he might black. He said the government already derived quite a revenue from the tobacco he used, and he thought he could not afford to be taxed any more, when coal and provisions and clothing, were so high.

In London, some of the shoe-blacks, as we learn from an interesting article in the *British Standard*, have a regular organization. In 1862, three hundred and seventy-three boys, known as the "London Shoe-black Brigade," earned in the streets in pennies, £6,228. Seven other societies are now in existence, and their gross earnings amount to a prodigious sum. All these societies are managed on precisely the same plan, though by distinct committees, and they are restricted to certain districts by a sort of "Congress of Shoe-blacks," which gravely mapped out London, painting the frontiers with the red, blue, yellow, brown, and other colors of the various uniforms. Besides these there is a Society for Roman Catholics, differently managed, and there are also the parish shoe-blacks, not in allegiance to any Society, undisciplined, vagrant and troublesome—the "free-booters" as they may be called—who prefer the license of the idler with small gains to the strict rule and larger earnings of the legalized system. The original Shoe-black Brigade has its head-quarters near Temple-bar, in a large house paid for by the boys themselves, with every other expense; for this Society has been, for several years, self-supporting. About 1,300 young lads have been sent out and started in life by the agency of this one Society, which employs at present seventy-four boys, who earned last year 1,824. These wear a red uniform, and are managed by ten lawyers in the Temple and Lincoln's-inn, who, without a patron or a chairman, have carried on the work for twelve years in perfect harmony. They have regulated the savings and investments of all the earnings of their protégés, amounting to more than 17,000. The boys employed by this Society are selected from twenty ragged schools in the district, and each of them continues his attendance at the particular school every day after his work, as well as on Sundays, affording a good example to his schoolmates, and an object of abiding interest to the teacher of his class. Before eight o'clock in the morning you will find all these happy little fellows, neat and clean, in the Society's great room, where a hymn is sung, and a short prayer is offered. Fortified with hot coffee and other good things for the "inner boy," they march to their stations and ply a busy trade.

The charge for blacking boots is one penny. The boys are under the government of some very benevolent men, who visit every station frequently, and supply blacking to the industrious, or bestow reproof on the idle, until about six o'clock, when the boys return with their earnings, and soon fill up a great bowl with copper money, among which are often found some foreign francs and cents. Part of which each boy brings in is paid to himself, part is laid by for him in his bank, and part retained for the expenses of the society. It is thus that each lad is taught to earn, to spend, and to save money with honesty, care, and providence. Many of them keep adding to their store until 20 is hoarded, but from time to time they draw on their "bank" to help a mother's poverty or a sister's sickness, or to sport the vanity of a "brave new waistcoat, with blue glass buttons."

It is evident that a shoeblack's occupation is only a temporary means of subsistence, by which he may live while he learns, and may acquire habits of industry and earn a character that fits him for regular work-day life. Hundreds of these boys are thus every year enabled to enter the army and navy, and to become domestic servants or errand-boys, or to emigrate to wider fields of labor in the colonies. Many of them write to the Society from all parts of the world, re-

membering with gratitude the share it has had in saving them from ruin, the kindness of the committee, the pleasant evenings with the magic-lantern, the country excursions, the schooling and discipline, the rewards—now, the punishments of their shoeblack days—and, more than all, the gentle influence of their Sunday-school. Failures there are, no doubt, both numerous and grave; but in what effort of social reform can we say there are not? Year by year, however, the success of this system of managing the street boys has increased, and the managers, who claim a right to speak from experience, assure us of the fact that the London shoe-blacks are a signal instance of the happy fruits of that practical Christian benevolence which gives work, and food, and learning, and home to the outcast, while it cheers the desolate heart with a love of a friend to the friendless.

FAMILIAR LETTERS.—This is the title of a series of letters from Europe, by the late President Felton, of Harvard University, published by Ticknor & Fields, and just issued from the press. We all remember the sorrow which his sudden and unexpected death excited, just as he had entered upon his duties as President, and had created the hope that for many coming years he would devote himself to the advancement of the University as its head. These letters are, as their title intimates, familiar; and they seem to have been written with no view to their publication, in the simple and pleasing style with which we address a most intimate friend, who loves us and will therefore pass an imperfection by, if any are perceived in our letters. Now it is just this fact that makes these letters so valuable and delightful to read. The genial character of the man pervades them; he opens his whole heart and betrays all his tastes and loves. They are not political, philosophical, geographical or historical; but they give us a running commentary on all the places visited, and a vivid description of the wonders of nature and curiosities of art, that came under the writer's notice. He did not set out to write a book and compile materials for it out of other books, or from minute and specific observation to make a book of reference, but let loose from the cares of Professorship in 1853, for a brief season, he sailed in the ship Daniel Webster, from Boston for Liverpool, and passing through England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey and Greece, the last of which places occupied the most of his time and employed most copiously his pen, he returned home. So eminent a Greek scholar would naturally pause in the land whose history, and whose men of genius he had most carefully studied, and all students of Greek literature will delight to linger over his descriptions.

We think that this book will be very popular, and among the choicest books as a present for the New Year, that will be brought out. It bears the date of 1865, and is beautifully printed.

LYCEUM.—The first lecture of the course was delivered on Tuesday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, President of Harvard University. It opened with a good attendance, but not so many as we expected to see out. The entertainment is within the means of everyone, and an hour per week cannot be better, or more profitably spent, than at the Lyceum.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The December number is before us. The contents are: An Army: its organization and movements; Aphorisms; *Ænone*; The Vision; The Undeine Comedy; Self Sacrifice; Shanghai; On Hearing a Trio; The Ideal Man for Universal Imitation—or, the Sinless Perfection of Jesus; Sketches of American Life and Scenery; Tidings of Victory; Editor's Table; &c. It is a very valuable number.

The Atlantic for December has the following list of contents:—

The Highland Light; English Authors in Florence; A Tobaccoconial Ode; Malacca Days; On Translating the Divina Commedia; House and Home Papers; On the Columbia River; Our Last Day in Dixie; The Vanishers; Ice and Esquimaux; The Process of Sculpture; Bryant's Seventieth Birthday; Leaves from an Officer's Journal, II; England and America; We are a Nation; Reviews and Literary Notices, &c. &c.

The Old Farmers' Almanac, for 1865, is already published. Mr. Thomas is as fresh and vigorous as ever. Of course he is bound to live a thousand years.

Desperate, but unsuccessful efforts, have recently been made to burn New York City. Most of the principal hotels were set on fire, but the work of the incendiaries was promptly met and subdued.

ARRIVED HOME.—Capt. Cyrus Tay, of Woburn, attached to Co. B, 32d Mass. Regiment, arrived home on Tuesday evening, his term of service having expired.

Artemas Ward says:—"If I am drafted I will resign. Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what alls me. That's what keeps me under."

General Tom Thumb with his wife and son are giving private receptions to the leading people in Liverpool.

Monticello, the former residence of Thomas Jefferson, in Albemarle County, Virginia, was sold at auction, a few days ago, under the sequestration act, for \$80,500. Benjamin F. Ficklin, purchaser.

The voting population of Philadelphia has increased over that of 1860, and it is more than probable that a census taken to day, would show an actual increase of population, equal to that in times of profound peace.

Just before starting for somewhere, General Sherman telegraphed to his wife: "Don't expect to hear from me, except through rebel sources, for some time to come. Good bye."

"Rotation!" is the cry among the hungry office seekers. "No Rotation," is the stern response of the "ins," who are determined to serve their country and draw their salaries, or die in the attempt.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street door.

The last new sensation in London is preaching in theatres. Every Sunday night five theatres are filled to overflowing with excited audiences. The admission is one shilling. It is said to be a very profitable speculation. We have often thought that there would be a much larger attendance at church, if a few of 10 or 15 cents were charge for admission, and the fact above stated goes to prove it.

A statement having been put forth that Garibaldi had virtually expressed himself in favor of the South, a private letter from the general is published, in which he asserts that he has been misunderstood, and says, "My opinion of the American question is well known. Not only do I hope from it the abolition of slavery, but I consider the question to be one affecting all mankind, and woe to the world if the North does not come out victorious."

The Washington Star says: "There are at this time, according to trustworthy information in the possession of the authorities here, some five thousand deserters from our army, in Canada, whither they have fled to escape the vigilance of the local provost marshals, whose arrests of them are daily increasing in number."

A letter from headquarters of the army of the Potomac says that during the past week the number of deserters from the enemy has largely increased. They corroborate each other's statement that Lee's army is sadly demoralized, and there are but few of the troops who can be trusted on picket duty. Those who have come in are generally from North Carolina and Alabama regiments, though there are also a few Virginians and Georgians. They all agree in declaring that there are a great many watching anxiously for opportunity to follow their example, and that the rebel soldiers generally despair of a successful issue of the war.

At the late Presidential election Lincoln carried eight of the large cities, and McClellan seven. The Lincoln cities were Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore and Indianapolis. For McClellan—New York, Brooklyn, Albany, New Haven, Buffalo, Milwaukee and Louisville.

A Washington telegram says several European powers have communicated to our government their disapproval of our seizure of the Florida, and they have been politely informed that they need not have troubled themselves about it, as this Administration never attempted to justify it.

A true soldier is considered one of the highest types of a man. But the officer merits not the name or title he bears who does not make the comfort and health of his men a subject of unceasing thought, and of the most indefatigable effort.

"Look out for rats," says the Machias Republican. Mrs. Stephen Berry, of that town, cried out in her sleep a few nights since, that some one had cut her throat. She was covered with blood, and on close inspection it was found that a rat had bitten the side of her neck and ear severely. The sharp tooth varmint also attacked a child in an adjoining room.

Correspondence has been had between the Secretary of State and Mr. Joseph Parker, of Manchester, England, in regard to the reception by the President of the address lately signed by three hundred and fifty thousand British subjects, urging a cessation of hostilities between the Northern and the Southern States. The President declines to receive the address, and preparations are making for its introduction at the next Congress.

In the close study of the art of whistling it will be found that while a person has a right to whist in his own field or barn or shop, he has no right to whistle in the church, the court house, the school room, or in any place where he goes to do business, or where people are engaged in anything like brain work.

"In youth," says Lord Bacon, "we are our mistresses; at a riper age, our companions; in old age, our nurses; and in all ages our friends."

In Bavaria the new king is not merely a boy, but a boy who has been reared in such seclusion, that he never, it is said, had money in his pocket until he was eighteen years old.

BURIAL OF A SOLDIER.—On Wednesday afternoon funeral services were held over the remains of Irving Foster, at the Congregational Church in North Woburn. Rev. Eli Fay officiated on the occasion, who, after reading portions of the sacred Scriptures, made an appropriate address to the friends of the deceased and the returned soldiers present, closing with prayer.

The deceased was a member of the 39th Mass. Regiment, Co. K, and was killed, while in action before Petersburg, June 18, 1864. He was in his 23d year, and was a man of excellent character, and much beloved by all who knew him. His body was deposited in Woburn Cemetery, and a volley was fired over his coffin.

Beside the returned soldiers present, the funeral was attended by the members of Niagara Engine Company, the Selectmen of the town, and numerous private citizens.

PROMOTIONS.—Assist. Surgeon Samuel W. Abbott, of Woburn, has been promoted to Surgeon.

2d Lieut. John E. Tidd, of Woburn, attached to the 32d Mass. Regt., to 1st Lieutenant.

The Young Men's Union Club of Woburn, was dissolved last Wednesday evening, Nov. 31st. Their career was brief but brilliant.

The funeral of Hon. Bowen Buckman, was largely attended at the Baptist Church, in Woburn, on Saturday last. His remains were deposited in the Woburn Cemetery.

The lecture on Thursday evening, by Dr. Dio Lewis, was well attended and proved very interesting to the audience. The gymnasts performed some new feats with great success. We are glad to learn that sufficient interest exists in the public to warrant the opening of a gynastic school in Woburn.

Mr. Paxton, distinguished for his labors in connection with Sabbath schools, will deliver an address in the Congregational Church next Sabbath evening. Service to commence at 7 o'clock.

The edifice now being prepared for the Unitarian Church and Society in Woburn, promises to be one of the handsomest structures in the State. No expense is spared in the workmanship, and as the exterior of the building assumes a finished form, one cannot but gaze upon its fair proportions with admiration and delight.

The weather for the past few days has been all that could be desired.

WANTED.—The cold weather approaches, and our men in the field will need mittens. Let the long winter evenings at home be occupied in knitting soldiers' mittens. [Sanitary Commission Bulletin.]

Our ladies have done a good work in knitting stockings, for the Woburn soldiers; but we are informed that there is a great scarcity of mittens for our men. The ladies now propose to remedy this deficiency, and those who feel disposed to co-operate in the good work, are informed that yarn will be furnished them, by the same individuals who furnished it for the stockings. We trust all our female friends will see the necessity of at once turning their attention in this direction. Let it never be said by a returned soldier, that he was unable to perform his duty, or suffered even, for so cheap, but so necessary an article, as a pair of mittens. Hundreds of pairs should be sent forward without delay.

The notice of "A Surprise," by X. Y. Z., is received, but it being too lengthy for this issue, will appear next week.

We are glad to see that the town has been improving the walls on Pleasant street, crossing Winn street, by widening and leveling it, making it better for pedestrians and much easier for vehicles passing there. This was a much needed improvement. Other crossings are sadly in want of attention, and that in front of our office is of no earthly use in wet weather, as it is covered from one to two inches deep with mud.

Since the above was in type, we learn that stones are being prepared for the crossing in question, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing them put down.

On Tuesday, 15th ult., the members of Co. K, 39th Reg. Mass. Vols., in Woburn, were invited by Dr. EDWARD GAGE, of Paris, to meet him at the Central House and partake of a dinner. It was a pleasant reunion of some of the discharged members and their friends who were at home on furloughs.

The dinner consisted of an abundant supply of well cooked beef, turkeys, ducks, puddings, &c., (the Gages' never do things by halves), served by attentive and good looking waiters. The occasion was enlivened by remarks from several of the "Boys," all of whom seemed to concur in the sentiment of one of the brethren, that the next time they met, Dr. Gage might be Commissary and Farragut and Porter.

It was midnight when the rebels fired upon Fort Sumter, and since then from the dial of time has rung out one—two—three—and now it is about to strike four o'clock, and before another year has rolled on its course the glorious sun of liberty will arise, and the dark and terrible night of slavery, injustice and wrong, pass away. Peace, with its benign influences, will spread her glad wings, and heaven's blessing rest upon a united, peaceful, liberty-loving, purified, and God fearing people.

ACCIDENTAL DROWNING.—Last Sunday afternoon a boy, named Langford, about eight years of age, was found drowned in a well recently opened on the premises of C. J. Bishop. There were only four feet of water in the well and it was twelve feet in width.

Give freely; but never boast of thy givings, as paramount to another's.

The Confederate privateer Florida has been sunk in nine fathoms of water.

The despatch steamer Greyhound, conveying Generals Butler and Schenck and Admiral Porter down the James River, on Sunday, was discovered to be on fire, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that she was burned to the water's edge. Ten horses belonging to General Butler and staff were roasted to death, and it is feared that the army mail was destroyed. The passengers and crew barely escaped with their lives.

The Augusta Daily News, has news confirming the capture of Milledgeville and Gordon by General Sherman's army. The Governor of South Carolina has ordered the reserve militia of that State to assemble at Hamburg. The Governor of Georgia has issued a proclamation making a levy of all citizens between the ages of sixteen and forty-five to serve for forty days.

The prisoners captured on the Florida have been sent to Fort Warren.

A newspaper is to be published in Paris devoted exclusively to matrimonial interests. Its only advertisements will be "wants" and "replies" from persons who wish husbands and wives; its literature is to be love correspondence; its essays are to treat of the affections, of marital duties and rights; and its editorials will give advice to the ill-treated, the deserted and the lonely, gratis. This is a progressive age.

George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, has procured a pass for Richmond from President Lincoln. The object of his visit is to intercede with Jeff. Davis for pardon of his son, who is in Hood's army and under sentence of death for murder. Young Prentice alleges that he acted in self defence, and was shot at twice before he defended himself by killing his assailant.

A little boy and girl had been cautioned never to take the nest-egg when they gathered the eggs; but one evening the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg, and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother, mother! Susy, she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

"There is no place like home," said a brainless fop the other evening, to a pretty young lady. "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh yes," was the reply. "Then," said she, "why don't you stay there?"

People who are obliged to eat sausages three times a day during the dog days, are justified in growling at their fate.

Says Artemas Ward:—"Yumma differ as much as you please about the style of a young lady's fitter, but I tell you confidentially, if she has forty thousand pounds, the fitter is about as near ripe as you will get it."

WOULD LOSE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.—A Maine officer recently applied for a furlough, stating that if it was not granted he should lose fifty thousand dollars. This attracted attention at headquarters, and the officer was desired to forward a statement of how he would lose it. He did so to the effect that he had been in the army without leave of absence for two years; that he was engaged to a young lady worth fifteen thousand dollars; that there was another fellow after her, and that she had written to him that if he did not come home and marry her right away she would have the other man. He got his furlough.

An exchange paper says that there are 50,000 heathens (Chinese) in the United States; that idols are worshipped in two temples in San Francisco; and suggests that the work of evangelizing these poor creatures is an inviting one for Christians of every sect.

WINCHESTER.

THANKSGIVING.—The sermon of Rev. Mr. Hinckley, on Thanksgiving day, was an able one, shewing in an unimpassioned manner that the speaker was thoroughly in the Union and for putting down the rebellion, at all hazards. He took for his text, "Watchman! What of the night?" The duty of a watchman is to look after the safety of cities in dark and perilous nights. They are not only stationed in the city and in the church, but they are also placed on the

morning, in order that they should fit perfectly the exquisite shape of her exquisite foot. Of course they had to be ripped off every night, and the same pair could never be worn but once. She is said to have made more conquests with her feet than with her face, beautiful as it was.

[From the Watchman and Refector.]

The Autumnal Rain.

All summer long the panting earth
Watched seaward with imploring eyes,
If happy o'er her burning death
God's little signal cloud might rise;
But long her prophets pray in vain,
And the deaf heavens withheld the rain.

All summer at the portal bells
Pale neighbors stood with empty urns,
As one by one the village walls
Refused their wonted sweet returns;
And men, grown kind with common pain,
Shared their last up and hoped for rain.

All summer strolled the looling folks
Through pastures parched in ceaseless sun—
No Moes' mid the desert rocks
Send smite and bid the waters run—
Then beating up the farmyard lane,
Asked their sad masters for the rain.

All summer long the thirsty corn,
Deserted of the day of shears,
By dewless night and cloudless morn
Held up its supplicating leaves;
And branchy wold and swarded plain
Blessed of God the boon of rain.

At length the prayer was heard. Imprest
To the Almighty's bounteous hour,
Rose north and south, east and west,
The winds, the angels of His power,
And mustering from the misty main,
Came with them all the clouds of rain.

A lull. Then like a calm high priest,
The bells spun his flowing sleeves,
And trailing robe and rustling vest,
Making sweet music through the leaves,
I heard at solemn midnight plain
Walk forth the great autumnal rain.

And soon from gion and forest arch
The gales received the tempest's form,
And swelling swift, the storm march
Drives of the hills the thundering storm.
Charge! Charge! On Famine's haggard train
Triumphant swept the heavenly rain.

'Tis morn; and trembling in the sun,
Alive with thanks each steaming sod,
The earth, her summer mounding done,
Looks with wet eyelids up to God,
Who giveth, when His poor complain,
The early and the latter rain.

I WONDER.—When a young man is a clerk in a store, and dresses like a prince, smoking "fain cigars," drinking "noise French brandy," attending theatres, balls and the like; I wonder if he does all upon the avails of his clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor with lily-white fingers covered with rings; I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work of the kitchen?

When a deacon of the church sells strong butter recommending it as excellent and sweet; I wonder if he don't rely upon the merits of Christ for salvation?

When a man goes three times per day to get a dram; I wonder if he will not by and go four?

When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it; I wonder if her "pretty figure," will not shorten her life some dozen years or more, beside making herself miserable while she does live?

When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread, or mend a garment; I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top, for instance?

When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading, but neglects to pay the printer; I wonder if he has a soul.

morning, in order that they should fit perfectly the exquisite shape of her exquisite foot. Of course they had to be ripped off every night, and the same pair could never be worn but once. She is said to have made more conquests with her feet than with her face, beautiful as it was.

My Guardian Angel.

BY FRANCIS E. MURTHA.

Thou art my guardian angel, Mary,
My hope and guiding star,
No matter where'er I chance to be,
At home, or wandering far.
I feel so happy when thou'rt near,
When thou art by my side,
For thou art all the world to me—
My life, my joy, and pride.

I often meet thee in my dreams,
Mid groves and shadowy bower,
And wander through that lovely land
Of sunshine and of flowers.
Methinks no earthly cloud or care
Could linger round my heart—
Thy sweet, angelic, happy smile
Would bid them all depart.

The Portsmouth Chronicle advises people to go to Concord, N. H., and purchase country produce. It says the current rates there for butter are from 35 to 38 cts. per pound, and cheese 16 to 18 cts. per pound; potatoes 50 cts. per bushel.

Married

In South Reading, Nov. 24, by Rev. Charles R. Bliss, Mr. Charles Avery to Miss Dolly M. Burditt, all of S. R.

In Norway, Me., Nov. 24, by Rev. W. H. Ventres, Mr. John C. Bullard, of Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Martha M. Hobbs, formerly the successful teacher of the Mystic School in Winchester.

Died

In Woburn, Nov. 28, Mrs. Nancy Dean, aged 53 years, 10 months.

In Winchester, Nov. 24, Emily A., only daughter of S. E. and Sarah D. T. Bond, aged 20 years.

In Winchester, Nov. 27, Patrick Langford, aged 7 years, 5 months.

In Reading, Dec. 1, Charles W. Jones, aged 19 years, 10 months, 18 days.

In Stoneham, Nov. 3d, Mrs. Sarah M. Winn, wife of J. A. Winn, aged 32 years.

In Stoneham, Nov. 5th, Alonzo B. Edney, aged 19 years.

In Stoneham, Nov. 16th, Trueworthy Palmer, aged 67 years.

In Stoneham, Nov. 20th, Asa C. Butterfield, aged 64 years.

In Stoneham, Nov. 20th, Flora M. Frederick, daughter of J. E. and Mary A. Frederick, aged 4 years, 3 months.

In Stoneham, Nov. 23d, Freddie D. Hadley, son of Darius and Mary A. Hadley, aged 9 months, 6 days.

In Stoneham, Nov. 26th, Walter Muliken, aged 33 years.

In Stoneham, Nov. 26th, Pamela P. Bucknam, only daughter of S. W. and Arabella Bucknam, aged 2 years, 7 mos. 3 days.

In Wells, Me., Nov. 27, of diphtheria, Charlie M., son of Edward and Laura P. Anderson, formerly of Woburn, aged 5 years, 3 months, 8 days.

35 Acres of Wood and Timber at Auction.

Will be sold at Auction, in lots, on Monday, the 1st of December, A. M., at Woburn, in the rear of the house of S. A. T. Bond, standing on 35 acres of land, situated on the northerly part of Burlington, on Woon Hill, so called, near the residence of Joshua Miller. Said wood consists of a large growth of Oak, Maple, Pitch and White Pine, of superior quality for market.

There is on said lot, a large number of White Pine Trees, suitable for sawing purposes, of the very best quality.

This lot of Wood is decidedly one of the largest growth and the best quality for the market that has been offered at auction in this vicinity for years. Access good.

By order of GEORGE WINN.

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Burlington, Dec. 1st, 1864. decd-3t.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, &c.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of THOMAS SKINNER, late of South Reading, in said County, deceased, Greetings:

Wth Administrator, with the Will annexed, of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell the whole of "The Homestead," containing about two acres of land, with buildings thereon, being a part of the estate of said deceased, and held, near the residence of Joshua Miller. Said wood consists of a large growth of Oak, Maple, Pitch and White Pine, of superior quality for market.

There is on said lot, a large number of White Pine Trees, suitable for sawing purposes, of the very best quality.

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By order of GEORGE WINN.

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Burlington, Dec. 1st, 1864. decd-3t.

The Vernatella Liquid Blacking

GIVES TO THE LEATHER NOT ONLY A

Splendid Jet Black Polish,

an Elegant and Fashionable Perfume

The neatness and convenience of using Liquid Blacking and the superior polish which it gives over other kinds has heretofore been in a great measure counterbalanced by its disagreeable vinegar odor, and the trouble of fitting something into the bottle, to apply it.

But the Vernatella Blacking is the only

most DELIGHTFUL Perfume, which remains with the leather as long as the blacking lasts, and each bottle has a stick ready fitted in the stopper.

Vernatella Blacking also softens and benefits the leather.

Be sure and enquire for the VERNATELLA Blacking.

PRICE 12 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Manufactured in the Chemical Department of the Cahoo Manufacturing Co., and for sale by

WYMAN & TYLER, AGENTS,

22 Water st., Boston, Mass.

THE VERNATELLA

For making the Soles of Boots and Shoe leather

prof and wear longer, is also for sale as above.

decde-3t.

INFORMATION FREE

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility,

Incompetency, Premature Decay and Youthful

Error, actuated by a desire to benefit others, will

be happy to furnish to you, free of charge, a

full and accurate description of the simple remedy used in his case. Sufferers wishing

to profit by the advertiser's bad experience,

and possess a sure and valuable remedy, can do so

by sending him a full statement of their

case, and the full information of vital importance—will be carefully sent by return mail.

Address—JOHN B. OGDEN,

No. 69 Nassau Street, New York.

P.S.—Nervous sufferers of both sexes will find

this information invaluable.

Decd-3t-m-p-n-e

DR. POLAND'S, WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY

For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore

Throat, Croup, and Whooping

Cough.

CURES GRAVEL

AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by Competitors.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made in 1852, in the spring of last year, and was used for one individual, who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and soon others using it received a great benefit. The article, however, was not advertised until the following November, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in November, an individual who purchased a bottle of hard enough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years duration. This being truly a distinctive feature mentioned in the advertisement, it was inferred that inasmuch as the White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, and its astrigency could be counteracted, if the other articles entering into the Compound were removed, it would be a wonderful medicine. The fortune has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures affected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine, and for all those who are affected by such diseases. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

But while the White Pine Compound is so useful, it is also a great wonder, that it has not been more generally used.

There is a very natural reason for this, the White Pine has a great number of medicinal qualities.

The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may be given.

James Cartier, a bold French mariner, as early as 1534, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River Saguenay. On his return home, he was found by his men only afflled and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore, however, were still alive, and were seen to have been affected by the same disease. He observed that they recovered soon. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they told him that they had the bark of the White Pine, and that it was good for the scurvy. He therefore caused the bark to be brought to him, and he made a decoction of it, and applied it to his men, who were affected with the same disease, and they recovered.

It is a well known fact, that the bark of the White Pine is a powerful diuretic.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful astringent.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful antiseptic.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful antispasmodic.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful tonic.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful emetic.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful cathartic.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful diaphoretic.

The bark of the White Pine is a powerful antiseptic.

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Middlesex

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV. : No. 11.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

A Victory.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bells ring out their glad news
With mirth-inspiring sound;
The gaping cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around;
And thousand joyful voices cry
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played,
Less frolicsome than she,
That rosy, prancing maid.
She had such tresses glistened white;
Her eye with fear is filled,
And rushing in-and-out, she screams
"My brother Willie's killed!"

And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A mother sat in silent ease,
A knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her gay hairs and shrieked,
"My joy on earth is gone!"
O God! my son! my son!
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed
With matron's treasure blessed;
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell:
But like a corse, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth-floor fell.
A thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

[Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.]

The Widow Graff, or What Saved the Train.

The widow Graff lived in a hollow of the Blue Ridge. It was a wild, lonely spot, yet a railroad had found out, and wound its way among the mountains and gorges with its great passenger and freight trains.

The widow Graff had a small cabin and a few acres of land, and she had three little girls. They feared God, and loved their mother and tried to help her. In the summer they picked berries, and walked three miles to the nearest station to sell them. Here one of the conductors on the road often met these little girls. How did he treat them? He spoke kindly to them. When they were very tired carrying their heavy baskets over the rough way in the hot sun, remembering his little girls at home, he would sometimes take them on the ears, and set them down near their own cabin door.

How happy this little ride made them, and how heartily they thanked the good conductor for his kindness. And do you not suppose it pleased the poor mother? Oh, yes; it went to her heart. And to show their gratitude, sometimes the children picked a basketful on purpose for him, and sometimes their mother sent him a present of fruit from her own garden. He took their gifts, but always paid for them.

Now I will let the conductor tell you what happened. "The winter of '54 was very cold in that part of Virginia," he says, "and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountain. On the night of the 26th of December it turned round warm, and she rain fell in torrents. A terrible rain swept over the mountain tops, and almost filled the valleys with water. The night was pitchy dark, but as my train wound its way among the hills, I had no fears, because I knew the road bed was all solid rock.

"It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger in that whistle, and I sprang to the brakes at once; but the brakemen were at their posts, and soon stopped the train. I seized my lantern and made my way forward as soon as possible. And what a sight met my eyes! A bright fire of pine logs shone on the track far and near, showing a terrible gulf open to receive us. The snow and rain had torn out the base of the mountain, and eternity seemed spread out before us. But widow Graff and her children had found it out, and had brought light brush from their home below and built large fires to warn us of our danger. And there had they been for more than two hours watching beside this beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and her children stood, wet through and through, she grasped me by the hand, and said,—

"Thank God, Mr. Sherburn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed that we might stop the train, and, my God, I thank thee!"

"The children were crying for joy. I fell on my knees and offered up thanks to an all-wise Being for our safe deliverance from a terrible death, and called down blessings upon the good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, fireman, and brakeman, the tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks.

"I made Mrs. Graff and her children go back to the cars out of the storm and cold, and telling the passengers the story of our wonderful escape, the ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude to the courageous woman and her brave little girls. More than that a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars was made up for her on the spot, the willing offering of a train of grateful passengers.

"The railroad company built her a new

house, gave her and her children a life pass over the road and ordered all trains to stop and let her off whenever she wished. So you see a little kindness, which cost me nothing, saved my life and my train from destruction."

On the power of kindness!

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—A man, unless he happens to be a devil incarnate, very soon gets tired of killing those he can see. Even the surgeon who is dissecting a corpse covers up the face of his subject. Those orbs have sunk their fire into the abyss of death, but they are still human eyes. To mark the death-gaze of the slaughtered, the poor fellow who never did us any harm—to feel our feet slippery in his blood—to have his blood spurt on to our hands, and his hot brains brash into our face—is this kind of business very soon sickens and revolts the bravest soldier. When you have seen a few men slashed or shot to death, my Christian friend—my melodious poet, with your sing-song about the "tentied field" and the "embattled strife"—my mellifluous pastor, with your high sounding eloquence about the "God of battles"—you will think as I do, and mayhap you may come to acknowledge how comparatively tender and merciful are the men in shoulder-straps whose trade it is to kill and how often the gorge of their souls rises at their dreadful calling. Turn to the book of Maccabees, and read that one tremendous pregnant passage—that one line: "And Nicanor lay dead in his harness." When you have seen thus, lying stark, and stiff, his brave clothes all dabbled in gore, his mouth wide open, grinning, awful, the bloody foam on his lips dried into a purple crust, and the camp follower—the Thinard of the army—creeping up to rifle his pockets, and draw of his boots, and cut off his ring-finger, and smash his jaw for the sake of the gold setting to his false teeth, you may form some ideas about the "Romance of War," very different from those you have previously entertained.—*Sala in the Telegraph.*

MANLY SIMPLICITY.—The charm of full grown simplicity always gains us, and we believe even requires, contrast. We must be a little surprised at a man's being simple before we can value the quality in him. Thus the style and manner of royal personages are generally simple, and there are doubtless plenty of reasons to make this probable and a thing to expect; but persons dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of greatness are delighted with this simplicity, which they are confounded with humility, because it seems to them a striking contrast with state and splendor. So with the aristocracy of intellect and genius. It appears a fine thing for a great author or thinker to be artless and unaffected; and we like it because, if he chose to be pretentious, we could only say he had more right to be so than his neighbors; but the truth is, these people have not really the temptations to pretend that others, their inferiors, have. The world allows them so distinguished a place that there is no need for them to struggle and use effort in order to seem something higher and more important than they are. It needs a reliance on self to be perfectly simple in treating of self; and this reliance, as a conscious quality, it is scarcely modest to bring forward unless the world has given its sanction to the self-estimate. [Saturday Review.]

THE LADY'S REPENTANCE.—A young lady was addressed by a young man, who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he could not consent to the union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, "Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made no reply, but, after a silence of some minutes she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall I do? I have left my money behind me in my room." "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, "Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window and said, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;" and then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke? [Life of Dr. Raffles.]

Kitty's Rebellion.

BY JENNIE BRADFORD.

One sultry summer's afternoon, some seventeen years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of the cool lemonade which stood on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty can't say please," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "please," a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything she was told. She quite reveled in conversational powers for a year-and-a-half-old. For the first time in her short life she had taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down again untouched, and the child ran back to her doorstep as thirsty as before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came patterning back, and the thirsty red lips were put up again for a drink.

"Kitty say please."

"Tant say please." So baby went away thirsty again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at first playfully as it seemed, but as the wee rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst rather than say "please," it became a rather serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high chair.

"Mamma lift Kitty up!"

"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head—muttered "tan't say please," and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table, but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with hunger and thirst? The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little ones knew that one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted; yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue—should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day, but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world. So she took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly and seriously her naughty behaviour. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but after all, Kitty could not "say please," any better than before. At length, distressed and tired out and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young culprit, playfully, nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the fatal please came along; that she couldn't do. Year-and-a-half understood very well that to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her that he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never thought of in the same breath before. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much grit was latent in that soft little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained stout-hearted, and far from righteously.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All through the warm night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only sob, "Tant say please," when the water came near. For the father and mother, that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than give up.

So the night wore away, and the morning broke; but it brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverseness of its young rebel. She woke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrined in a dainty, delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world. Terrible agent of evil! Glorious worker of good! Kingliest power in creation!—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Kitty's will. So

they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side in the conflict.

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied the adjoining tenement, having learned the state of things from the children, came in to plead for her. She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing the child; that it was downright cruel to treat her so; that if she had a little girl, she would never see her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on a sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat, and thirst and excitement would really be the death of her own dear naughty little darling.

She tried to think up some compromise by which Kitty could be relieved without a sacrifice of parental government. At last she quietly placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press her hot little hands against its cool sides and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips; then suddenly she set it down with a pitiou look, and went away moaning.

It was a cruel battle between Desire and Honor, for such a little heart. Again and again, the little creature would come up and look wistfully into the mug full of white milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not sink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made them clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether she was risking too much. He advised her to "put it through; the little thing couldn't stand out much longer." Moreover the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It was a great treat for any of the children to ride with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet arrived; so that when he proposed to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run ask your mother to please put on your hat then," said the Doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she had lost all desire to go if there was a "please" to it. So that expedient failed.

It was getting toward noon; nearly twenty-four hours during which Kitty had tasted neither food nor drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, disconsolate little object, often crying, but obstinate as ever. Almost heart-broken to see her so, the mother took her in her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how wretched her wilfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with strong crying and tears implored that blessed Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly baby threw her arms around her neck and burst out:

"Please, please, please, please, please!"

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room where she sprang into her father's arms crying, "Please, please, please!" as if she never would be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say please. She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood around laughing and crying, to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to do it. The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this, Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it is a good strong will yet; but it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them, was to disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending.

As time went on, they found, to their thankful surprise, reason to believe that she had understood it so well that in yielding to them at last she had also submitted herself to Him.

Maturer years and new experience deepened and developed her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary for Kitty to be converted after she was a year and a half old. It appeared that the Redemer had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and ended that long contest by changing the heart of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending his Spirit into it crying, Abba, Father!

Ah, these crises in child-hearts mean much faster than by the old processes. The horse-rake, of course, everybody expects to have. In short, wherever there is a reasonable prospect of economizing labor, the farmer is willing to buy machinery.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut the cultivation of tobacco has been found so profitable, that many a farmer has given up corn, preferring to buy grain and hay to feed out to store cattle in winter, for the sake of the manure. A net income of from two to five or six thousand dollars a year from this crop is no unusual thing.

One farmer in this state sold his tobacco crop of 1863 for eighteen thousand dollars, nearly fourteen thousand dollars of which was net profit; and the farmers who got ten thousand dollars for their crop of the same year are numbered by scores. Many a farm has been bought, and more or less buildings erected, and all paid for by the crop of a single year.

Broom corn has, of course, in a great measure disappeared from the Connecticut river valley farms, in consequence of the greater profits of tobacco; but an immense amount of broom brush, which before the war was grown by us, is now brought from Ohio and other Western States.

To grow tobacco the farmer must have manure. He buys as large a number of cattle or sheep in the fall as he has room to keep, and buys hay or grain or both to feed out. In the spring, with good luck, he will make a good thing on the sale of his stock, but the main object has been the manure. In this way, by heavy manuring, the farm is rapidly improving in fertility. By the Virginia system of farming, tobacco was regarded as an exhausting crop. But little grass was cut there for winter feeding. Cattle instead of being stall-fed, the only method of economizing manure and making a large quantity of it, were allowed to browse in winter, by which the manure was lost.

The days of this worthy couple I have yet to learn. But it came to pass in the month of November, 28th day, in the year of our Lord, 1864, that a worthy dame whose Christian name was Harriet, residing within the precincts of Weston Square, in the town of Reading, was set upon by her neighbors and friends as a fit subject for a surprise.

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The days of

The Middlesex Journal,

—AND—
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

A NEW ATMOSPHERE.—The popular authoress, Gail Hamilton, is out with a new book of the above title. The book is racy and has some smart slaps on the lords of creation for their treatment of the gentler sex—we hope Gail will not punish us for the epithet gentler. Because men complain of the extravagance of their wives, she tartly retorts: "They will waste money in cigars, in oyster suppers, in riding when walking would be better for them, in keeping a horse which eats his head off," in paying luxuries, which they would be better off without, in sending packages and luggage by express, rather than have the trouble of taking them themselves, in numberless small items of which they make no account, but of which the bills make great account."

The whole book is a defence of woman and an exposure of the faults of men, but the defence of the one and the attack on the other have so much of truth about them, and the lady writes with so much ease and with such a will, that the ruder sex must smile while they are whipped, and the ladies will laugh to see the masculine creatures exposed in their claims and fault finding.

We do not absolutely believe that Gail is the most perfect pattern of a woman that could be set up, or that she depicts her sex in all points, according to our notion of the graces and perfectibility of the sex, but she says a great deal that is true and timely, and we are glad that her piety and originality secure her a large circle of readers who will be benefited by her writings. The book is published by Ticknor & Fields, and in their best manner as to type, paper and binding. Buy and read it, and you cannot fail to be benefited.

NEW JUVENILE MAGAZINE.—A new illustrated magazine for Young Folks is to be shortly issued by Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington street, Boston. It is to be edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom. The staff of contributors will include many of the most popular writers of Juvenile Works in America and England, the list of which gives us assurance that Boys and Girls are to have a first class publication. Every number will contain capital pictures drawn and engraved by our best artists. It will be published monthly and be of the size of the Continental Magazine, or a little over two thirds the size of the Atlantic Monthly. Single subscriptions, \$2.00 per annum. Single numbers 20 cents. To Clubs, three copies for \$5; five copies for \$8; ten copies for \$15; twenty copies for \$30; and an extra copy to the person forming the club of 20.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—Great good has been done to our cause, since our war commenced, in informing and correcting public opinion, by prominent and intelligent civilians, from our midst, who have visited England and the continent of Europe. No one will forget the sensation produced by the brilliant and convincing addresses made to overcrowded audiences, in London, Liverpool, and other cities of England, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Time will never reveal the full amount of benefit that we have derived from such influences.

We in turn are now visited by a distinguished literary civilian from Great Britain, whose influence for good must be very great. Prof. Goldwin Smith has for some time been among us, observing our people and our ways, but in no captious spirit, telling us some plain truths about ourselves and some facts about his own country, which it will do us both good to know and to heed. His opinions, which have hitherto been friendly, seem to be improving, and he will, without doubt, exert a conciliating influence on his return home. The last number of the Atlantic Monthly has a long article from his pen, on the relations of England and America, worthy the perusal of every intelligent person. It is written with great talent—is calm, dispassionate, candid, comprehensive, impartial and friendly—and will do much to enlighten opinion and allay the growing animosity between ourselves and our mother country. No one can read it without being permeated by a better and more satisfied feeling on many points, now greatly irritating and alienating the public mind. A two fold blessing is due to that peacemaker, who, at such a time as this, shall do ought to diminish the existing rancor and animosity and prevent that end towards which there is so dangerous a tendency. **

LYCEUM.—The second lecture of the course was given by the Rev. Dr. Neale, of Boston, on Tuesday evening last. Although the evening was stormy, the attendance was large. The discourse was very interesting and was listened to with due attention.

The next Lyceum lecture has been postponed from Tuesday evening next, until the Thursday evening following.

The great man is the man who does a great thing for the first time.

FAMILIAR LETTERS.—A correspondent, who has read Prof. Felton's letters, sends us the following respecting familiar letters in general:—

1. We would have everybody write letters to their friends, whether traveling or not, and thus become familiar and expert in this kind of writing. It is often the case that persons thus discover in themselves the ability for composition, which is subsequently developed and brought to the light of public observation through published works. But where the individual does not thus come forth, he furnishes pleasant reading to his friends and exercises himself in an art which teaches him the habit of observation and reflection, and imparts an ability of expression highly desirable. How much happiness is afforded by the reception of letters from friends; and how many friendships are fostered, if not created, by epistolary correspondence. The members of a family are often scattered to the four winds of heaven by business, new relationships, voyages and travels, and how needful, then, is written correspondence to rejoice, soothe, inform and animate our kindred. Friends separate, and in some cases for life, and a vast ocean or a great territory intervenes, and what remains to bridge the chasm and unite, but letter communication.

2. Write well and write often.

Frequency of writing and pains to write well, give that ease and beauty which characterize good letter writers. Write naturally; that is, give expression to your thoughts just as they lie in your mind without any attempt at ornament, which often leads to affectation. Aim to write good English, that your correspondence may be intelligible, and that you may not offend good taste. We know a man who is filling one of the most important offices in one of the largest States in the Union, who evinced when a boy, a great talent for letter writing, and would write home to his mother page after page, in seemingly exhaustless fertility of language and invention, and we have no doubt that this habit was of great use in preparing him to become a most prolific writer of high estimation with the public.

3. Let every one who has a letter unanswered, immediately set about a reply. It is a shame that so many people neglect to write to those who have taken pains to send them an epistle.

4. Every one should consider writing a talent which they are bound to make use of, and use it worthily. Our war has caused a great many letters to be written, and they have proved a great blessing to those in the army and navy, and to those at home.

5. As the mails run all over the country and the postage is so small, no excuse can be given for not writing on account of distance or expense.

SPECIAL INCOME TAX FOR 1863.—We give below the names of all persons in Woburn and Winchester who pay \$100, or over, special income tax:—

WOBURN.

Jacob Brown,	\$ 200 00
Timothy D. Bond,	200 00
E. N. Blake,	220 00
D. O. Blanchard,	145 00
Horace Conn,	260 00
Charles Choate,	687 00
Benjamin Cutler's Estate,	123 00
George M. Champney,	213 00
E. W. Champney,	214 00
John Cummings, Jr.,	775 00
Stephen Dow,	746 00
James S. Ellis,	165 00
Alfred Eaton,	206 00
J. M. Harlow,	121 00
George Holden,	189 00
E. W. Hudson,	118 00
Albert B. Johnson,	150 00
John R. Kimball,	409 00
Joseph Kelley,	247 00
Charles G. Lund,	300 00
Joseph B. McDonald,	125 00
Harris Monroe,	150 00
Stephen Nichols,	180 00
Charles Nichols,	174 00
S. B. Pratt,	357 00
F. C. Parker,	250 00
William R. Putnam,	125 00
Joseph G. Pollard,	125 00
A. P. Pollard,	125 00
S. O. Pollard,	125 00
Henry Shaw,	125 00
Estate Charles Tidd,	125 00
Abijah Thompson,	125 00
J. B. Winn,	125 00
Timothy Winn,	125 00
Moses F. Winn,	125 00

WINCHESTER.

Thomas P. Ayer,	\$ 112 00
C. J. Bishop,	1000 00
C. P. Curtis, Jr.,	570 00
J. H. Cunningham, Trustee,	200 00
Henry Cutler,	149 00
Oliver R. Clark,	150 00
George H. Chapman, Jr.,	383 00
Stephen H. Cutler,	154 00
Edmund Dwight,	144 00
Emmons Hamlin,	490 00
J. B. Judkins,	225 00
John T. Mann,	460 00
Samuel Smith,	222 00
D. N. Skillings,	2500 00
Horace L. Sleeper,	157 00
S. T. Sanborn,	406 00
Abijah Thompson, 3d,	216 00
Stephen Thompson,	239 00
John B. Winslow,	125 00

President's Message.

We give a brief abstract of the more important points. Our foreign relations are reasonably satisfactory.

The President has no doubt of the power and duty of the Executive, under the law of nations, to exclude enemies of the human race from an asylum in the United States. If Congress should think that proceedings in such cases lack the authority of law or ought to be further regulated by it, he recommends that provision be made for effectually preventing foreign slave traders from acquiring domicil and facilities for their criminal occupation in our country.

In view of the insecurity of life and property in the region adjacent to the Canadian border by reason of assaults of desperadoes, committed by inimical and desperate persons who are harbored there, it has been thought proper to give notice that after the expiration of six months, the period constitutionally stipulated in existing arrangements with Great Britain, the United States must hold themselves at liberty to increase their naval armament on the Lakes, if they shall find that proceeding necessary.

The receipts during the year from all sources upon the basis of warrants, signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, on the first day of July, 1863, were \$1,394,796,007.02, and the aggregate disbursements, upon the same basis, were \$1,298,056,101.89, leaving a balance in the Treasury, as shown by the warrants of \$99,739,905.73. Deduct from these amounts the principal of the public debt redeemed and the amount of issues in substitution thereof, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: Receipts \$884,076,646.77. Disbursements, \$865,236,087.86, which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of \$18,442,558.71. Of the receipts there were derived from customs, \$102,316,152.99; from lands, \$588,533.29; from direct taxes, \$475,648.96; from internal revenue, \$109,741,154.10; from miscellaneous sources, \$47,511,448.10; and from loans applied to actual expenditures, including the former balance, \$623,443,929.13. There were disbursed for the civil service, \$27,505,599.46; for pensions and Indians, \$7,517,930.97; for the War Department, \$60,791,841.97; for the Navy Department, \$85,733,292.77; for the interest of the public debt, \$53,085,421.69, making an aggregate of \$865,234,087.86, and leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$18,442,558.71, as before stated.

The public debt on the first day of July last, as appears by the books of the Treasury, amounted to \$1,740,690,489.49. Probably should the war continue for another year that amount may be increased by not far from five hundred millions.

He suggests whether it might not be both competent and expedient for Congress to provide that a limited amount of some future issue of public securities might be held by a bona fide purchaser exempt from taxation and from seizure for debt under such restrictions and limitations as might be necessary to guard against abuse of so important a privilege. This would enable every prudent person to set aside a small annuity against a possible day of want.

The National Banking system is promising to be acceptable to capitalists and to the people. On the 5th day of November 584 National Banks had been organized, a considerable number of which were conversions from State Banks. In this connection the President says, "It seems quite clear that the Treasury cannot be satisfactorily conducted unless the Government can exercise a restraining power over the bank note circulation of the country.

The general exhibit of the navy, including the vessels under construction on the 1st of December, 1864, shows a total of 671 vessels, carrying 4610 guns and 51,396 tons, being an actual increase during the year, over and above all losses by shipwreck or in battle, of 83 vessels, 167 guns and 42,427 tons.

The total number of men at this time in the naval service, including officers, is about 51,000. There have been captured by the navy during the year 324 vessels, and the hostile number of naval captures since the hostilities commenced, 1374, of which 267 were steamers. The gross proceeds arising from the sale of condemned prize property thus far reported amount to 14,396,250 dollars and 51 cts.

The total expenditures of the Navy Department, of every description, including the cost of the immense squadrons that have been called into existence from the 4th of March, 1861, to the 1st of Nov. 1864, are \$238,647,262.35.

The postal revenues for the year ending June 30th, 1864, amounted to \$12,438,233.78. The expenditures to \$12,644,786.20. The excess of expenditures over receipts being \$206,652.42.

It is of noteworthy interest that the steady expansion of population, improvement and governmental institutions over the new and unoccupied portions of our country, have scarcely been checked, much less impeded or destroyed by our great civil war, which at the first glance would seem to have absorbed almost the entire energies of the nation.

The quantity of public lands disposed of during the five quarters ending the 30th of September last was 4,222,342 acres, of which 1,538,614 acres were entered under the Homestead law. The cash re-

ceived from sales and location fees was \$1,019,446.

Since the last annual message all the important lines and positions then occupied by our forces have been maintained and our arms have steadily advanced.

He recommends the passage of an amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery throughout the United States. The next Congress will pass it if the president does not.

The important fact remains demonstrated that we have more men now than we had when the war began, that we are not exhausted; that we are gaining strength and may, if need be, maintain the contest indefinitely.

This as to men: Material resources are now more complete and abundant than ever. The national resources, then, are unexhausted and, as we believe, inexhaustible. The public purpose to re-establish and maintain the national authority is unchanged, and is, we believe, unchangeable.

In regard to the termination of the war, the President says: On careful consideration of all the evidence accessible, it seems to me that no attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leaders could result in any good. He would accept nothing short of the severance of the Union—precisely what we cannot and will not give.

His declarations to this effect are explicit and oft repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. He cannot voluntarily re-accept the Union; we cannot voluntarily yield it.

Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war, and decided by victory. If we yield we are beaten; if the Southern people fail him, he is beaten.

Either way, it would be the victory and defeat following war. What is true, however, of him who heads the insurgent cause, is not necessarily true to those who follow. Although he cannot re-accept the Union, they can.

Some of them we know already desire peace and re-union. The number of such may increase. They can at any moment have peace, simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority under the constitution.

After so much, the Government cannot, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by the peaceful means of legislation, conference, courts, and votes operating only in constitutional and lawful channels. Some certain, and other possible questions are, and would be beyond the Executive power to adjust—as, for instance, the admission of members into Congress, and whatever might require the appropriation of money. The Executive power itself would be greatly diminished by the cessation of actual war. Pardons and remissions of forfeitures, however, would still be within Executive control. In what spirit and temper this control would be exercised, can be fairly judged of by the past.

PROMOTION.—Private Robert M. Dennett, of Woburn, attached to Co. K, 39th Mass. Reg. has been promoted to Corporal. Mr. Dennett volunteered in Co. F, 22d Reg. M. V. M., during the infancy of the rebellion, for three years; but received wounds at the battle of Gaine's Mill disabling him for the service, whereupon he was honorably discharged. Rebel lead in no way daunted his courage or subdued his patriotism, and he again faced the foe with Co. K, 39th Reg., for another term of three years. Although an officer of higher rank during his first term, this promotion not only depicts an ascending and energetic spirit, whose watchword is "onward and upward," but shows us he is duly appreciated.

JUSTICE'S COURT.
BERNE P. L. COVSE, ESQ., TRIAL JUSTICE.
Nov. 28th—Patrick Murphy and John Rowan, assault and battery, on Terence Gowin. Fined \$5 and one-half cost of court each.

Nov. 30th—Ellen Dounegan, assault on Ellen Sheahan. Fined \$2 and cost.

Dec. 9th—S. Henry Doherty, drunkenness. Fined \$3 and cost. Mr. Doherty came up in the late train, and made considerable disturbance, whereupon he was arrested, and was with some difficulty put in the Lock-up over night.

OUR READERS.—Our readers will see in another column, an announcement that the Rev. J. C. Bodwell is about to deliver his course of lectures on the "People and Institutions of England," in Woburn. These lectures were first delivered in Boston some years ago, where they were received with much favor, and subsequently repeated by request. They have been very extensively delivered since, and have been pronounced by good judges to be the best course of Lectures on England extant, from the fact that Mr. Bodwell's residence of fourteen years in the fatherland gave him ample opportunity to know the interior of English society. We understand that the lecturer is to reap no pecuniary benefit. The price of the course is very low. The attendance will be large, and we advise those who wish to hear them to secure tickets without delay.

ARRIVED HOME.—Privates Warren F. Taylor and William H. Hunting, formerly of Co. B, 32d Mass. Reg., arrived home on the 29th ult., their term of service having expired. Private Taylor went out in the 5th Mass. Regt., at the first call of troops, and participated in the first battle of Bull Run.

We learn through private letters that William M. Cobbett, of Woburn, attached to Co. M, 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, who was taken prisoner at the battle before Petersburg, June 22d, 1864, died in Milan, Georgia, September 2nd, 1864. Mr. Cobbett had been in the employ of the government for three years and had seen hard service. He went forward at the first call of the country and served and died as none but a true patriot could, giving his young life as a sacrifice for his country.

GYMNASIUM.—We are glad to learn that a School is about to be formed in town for the purpose of teaching the important art of gymnastics. Those interested in this matter, and all ought to be, are invited to leave their names with Sparrow Horton, Esq., at the Post Office, as soon as may be. A meeting of those interested will be held at Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening, after the lecture. See notice.

WINCHESTER.—

Mr. Winslow for the improvements here made, which it is hoped will be followed by others of public benefit, but perhaps not so actually necessary as the one before alluded to.

Some time since, reference was made to the improvement being made in front of the Mystic School House, in the lowering of the fence and sidewalk. It was then thought that the town authorities would go on and complete the work which they had so far done in an acceptable manner.

But as has been frequently noticed before, these improvements are oft-times commenced, but before their final completion, for want of funds, or from some other cause, they are left in an unfinished state. In this case the old fence still remains in an unsightly position, and is a mark which should remind the Selectmen of their duty in this respect.

The old chimney which has stood ever since the fire, sole remnant of the ancient house on the corner of Bacon and Grove streets, is being taken down, and the ground cleared up, preparatory to the erection of a new structure on the old site. The "Slough of Despond" on Main street still remains to annoy and seriously incommod the passengers over the same. All attempts to remedy this evil seem only to make the matter worse.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY. — The Young Men's Social Assembly Club, composed of many of the present and past pupils in the High School, invited their young lady friends to meet with them on last Friday evening, in Excelsior Hall. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

EXCelsior.

SOUTH READING.

SCHOOLS. — The winter term of the schools commenced on Monday with two changes of teachers. In the North District, Miss Coburn, of Melrose, takes the place of Miss Mary E. Mansfield, resigned; and in the Montrose District, Miss Ella E. Morrison, of the class just graduated, takes the place of Miss L. L. Eaton, resigned. With a good corps of teachers, the schools, will make rapid progress, if the full co-operation of parents can be secured.

LECTURES. — A course of lectures from popular speakers will soon be announced, under the auspices of the Soldiers' Relief Association. Whatever the prospect for business may be the present winter, there is a fair promise of engagements to occupy all the evenings, as usual.

BAKERY. — We are sorry to learn that our Bakery has closed operations for the present, as the price of material and labor consumed too much of the profits of the establishment. We had hoped that the industry of Maj. Wiley would be rewarded by a lucrative business, firmly established.

M.

STONEHAM.

CAMP 33D, MASS. VOLS. } Atlanta, Ga. Nov. 3d, 1864. }

Mr. Whittier. SIR:
I have seen in the Stoneham Sentinel several accounts of different Regiments, but nothing from our Regiment.

Our (33d.) Regiment is now doing Patrol Duty in the City with the 2d Mass., and Col. Wm. Cogswell is the Post Commander. We have present for duty, 11 officers, 69 Non. Com. officers, and 138 Privates with the Regiment. The Stoneham Co. is quite small. They have lost more by death and in battle than any other Co. in the Regiment, but what there is left are made of good substance, and I think all but one for Lincoln & Johnson. I do not hear much about political affairs at home, but do know how they are in the Army, and the Little Mack Stock is like the late rebel victories, few and far between.

Our (20th) Corps have now got marching orders. Where I do not know, but we expect south of this place and the rumor is to Savannah. We are all in hopes it is for our gallant Gen. Sherman to go with us, and wherever he strikes, he goes, — he fights, with great boys, and goes ahead.

I see by the Boston papers received in camp that our Major, E. Doane, has been promoted to Lieutenant Col. and Capt. A. W. Tibbets is Major. They are both very fine men. There is nothing more this eve, so I will close for the present.

Respectfully your obedt. servt.

H. P. MARSTON.

READING.

MR. EDITOR: — Thanksgiving Day was observed in the usual manner here. At the union meeting, held in the Old South Church, (Rev. Wm. Barrows, the pastor, being unavoidably absent) Rev. Mr. Higgins, formerly of the Baptist church here, read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and a fine choir assisted, with excellent music, in that portion of the services. Rev. Mr. Wilcox of the Bethesda church, preached an eloquent and patriotic discourse from the words "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise." It was a live discourse, full of Christian and loyal sentiments, and anti-slavery enough even to suit him whose

"Soul's marching on."

In the afternoon of the funeral of Charles Henry Housman was attended in the same church. Rev. Wm. Barrows officiated in an acceptable manner, and the remains of the gallant soldier who fell in battle for his country, were borne to the grave with military honors.

"By the volleying musket's tone
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride."

On Sabbath evening (Nov. 20.) I had the pleasure, for the first time, of attending the Sabbath School Concert of the Old South Church. It was held in the chapel, which was filled with an attentive audience. The children did themselves great credit in their recitations of texts and poems. The services were conducted mainly by Superintendent Wallis, and closed with remarks from the pastor. The singing, under the direction of Miss Temple, was excellent. The whole occasion was a pleasant, and, it is hoped, a profitable one, to all.

The "Social Readers," at their annual meeting (Nov. 14.) elected Miss Emily Ruggles, President, Mr. A. F. Converse, Vice-President, Mrs. P. A. Hanover, Secretary, Mr. Andrew Howes and Miss Emily Johnson, Critics.

The ladies of the Reading Branch Sanitary Commission are busily engaged, every Tuesday afternoon, in serving up the cloth, (obtained from the proceeds of the late successful exhibition) into articles for the comfort of our gallant defenders.

P. A. II.

Special Notices.

GYMNASIUM. — All persons desirous of forming a class for gymnastic exercise and recreation, are requested to leave their names with Mr. SPARROW HORTON, at the Post Office, at their earliest convenience.

A preliminary meeting of those interested in this subject will be held in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, at the close of the lecture, for the purpose of making all necessary arrangements in relation to instructor, terms, &c.

By order of the Committee.

LECTURES ON ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH. — The Rev. J. C. Bodwell will afford his course of Lectures on the People and Institutions of England, in the large lecture room of the Congregational Church: the first Lecture, on The County and Country People, to be given on Tuesday, Dec. 13th, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Tickets, for the Course of Five Lectures, Thirty Cents; for single Lectures, Ten Cents; to be obtained at Mr. Alvin Buckman's, Mr. G. R. Gage's, Mrs. Pippy's, and at the door.

Lectures. — On Monday, 28th ult., on Pleasant street, a red Cashmere Scarf, which the finder will please leave at the Journal Office, and receive a suitable reward.

dec10-11*

ENROLMENT LIST.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
6th District, Mass.,
Lawrence, Nov. 25th, 1864.

THE ENROLMENT LIST for the Town of Woburn may be found at A. E. THOMPSON'S Store.

ALL CITIZENS are invited to examine this List and give information to the Selectmen, or at this Office, of any errors or inaccuracies therein.

If there are any persons resident in the town liable to do military duty, whose names are NOT found on the list, or any who are known to have removed permanently from the town, or are over (45) forty-five years of age, whose names are still on the List, information thereof is desired, in order that such persons may be added to, or stricken from the List, as the case may require.

H. G. HERRICK,
Capt. and Provost Marshal,
6th District, Mass.

Married

In Woburn, 27th, ult., by Rev. J. C. Bodwell, Mr. Nathan H. Richardson to Mrs. Mary Ann Ayre, both of W.

In South Reading, Dec. 6, by Rev. Dr. Cushing, Mr. Joseph Baker, of Medfield, to Mrs. Mary C. Keith, of South Reading.

On Thanksgiving Eve, at the residence of the bride's father, in Tewksbury, by Rev. H. P. Leonard, of Edgerton, Mr. J. Edwin Blodget, of Billerica, to Miss Lizzie Chapman, of Tewksbury.

Died

In Woburn, Dec. 8, Miss Eleanor Hovey, aged 30 years.

Funeral on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of U. Manning.

White hands all folded now,

Aye, and forever!

Pale lips, closed eyes, and marble brow,

To smile again—oh! never.

Loved friend, good by; our tears are flowing,

No tears shall be wher thou art going.

In Reading, Dec. 1, Charles W. Jones, aged 19 years, 10 mos. 18 days.

In Wilmington, Dec. 3, Mrs. Caroline Carter, aged 69 years, 2 mos. 24 days.

In Stoneham, Dec. 5, Mrs. Harriet Grundy, 78 yrs. 2 mos.

In South Reading, Dec. 7, of membranous croup, Harry Ransom, son of Samuel E. and Phebe A. Currier, 1 yr 10 mos. 18 days.

In South Reading, Dec. 5, Mr. George Albert Hart, aged 21 years.

J. C. BODWELL, JR.,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

AT LAW,

NO. 4, WADE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.

25-27 Water St., Boston, nov12-3m

For sale in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM.

dec10-11

**DR. POLAND'S,
WHITE PINE COMPOUND!**
THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY
For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore
Throat, Croup, and Whooping
Cough.

*By the volleying musket's tone
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride."*

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to in the cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, as reported by druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, none seem to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual, who was affected with a name disease. Now, however, went without a name. November, 1855, for Coughing, when it was first advertised in the White Pine Compound.

Some time in 1859, an individual who purchased a bottle for a bad cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney disease.

The following year, November, 1860, for Coughing, the fact was mentioned to a skilful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretic tonics.

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There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities.

White Pine is the bark of the White Pine, the other articles entering into the Compound will effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine!

The fortune has not yet been realized; but the name of White Pine Compound, during that time, has become well known.

James Cartier, a bold French mariner, as early as 1540, discovered the White Pine, and was the first who named it.

It was first used by the Indians, who called it "White Pine."

It is a well known fact that the bark of White Pine is a powerful diuretic.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 12.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

The Palace and the Angel.

[Read at a meeting of the "Social Readers," Nov. 28th, 1864.]

BY MRS. F. A. MARSH.

We, "Social Readers," met to-night,
As we are wont to meet,
Not to the magic circle come
With slow, unwilling feet,
For we have learned to love the band,
Who pledge to Wisdom heart and hand.

To greet our President, we all
With right good will have come;
And with her every joy, within
Her new and pleasant home;

Here, may she peace and plenty know;
Here, may her soul in wisdom grow.

Now, let me tell in simple words
A dream I had to-day;

True, visions come at midnight hours,
But waking dreams, they say,
May be enjoyed at any time,
And oft a record find in rhyme.

I saw a mansion, fairer e'en,
Than this where we have met,
An angel with serene air,
Gave welcome at the gate;

And soft and low he whispered, "See,
God has been guiding thee to me!"

I entered at the door, and lo!
Before my gladdened eyes

Appeared the forms of valued friends,
(I gazed in sweet surprise!)

The "Social Readers" all were there,
As now the band is gathered here.

And some were there I never knew,
Some wisdom-loving souls,
Who left our circle long ago,
And where Life's river rolls,

Had waited for our lingering feet
To echo on the golden street.

They gathered around me as I stood
Anear my angel guide,
And welcomed me, to learn with them,
The lessons we had tried

In vain, to study while on earth,
Where wisdom-souls had their birth.

On every brow a radiant star
Shone in that wondrous hour,

My spirit felt a holier joy
Than e'er it knew before;

And from my eyes a veil seemed drawn,
As the kind angel led me on.

From room to room the angel passed,
We followed, learning still,

Smiles told how willingly we all
Obeyed the angel's will;

And soon we learned the angel's name,—

Twas "Progress," and from God he came.

So we, in Wisdom's palace dwelt,
With happy hearts the while,

And sipped the nectar only found
On earth, by weary toil.

All, gladly, by the angel fed,

And strengthened by the heavenly bread.

I woke; and, as a bubble bright
With brilliant rainbow hues,

My vision fled, but memory caught
Some fragments, and I muse

To-night, on what the dream hath taught,
Which seemed with joy prophetic, fraught.

READING, Nov. 28th, 1864.

WHAT A TOAD DID FOR A SOLDIER.
We have often written in behalf of toads; we are glad to see them hopping around our garden in large numbers, and have paid boys for bringing them in there in their baskets, by the hundred, as insect destroyers. A friend connected with the United States Sanitary Commission relates for the American Agriculturalist, the following incident which he witnessed, that exhibits Mr. or Mrs. Toad in a new character.

A number of wounded from the battle of Petersburg were lying in a hospital tent, among whom was a negro whose leg had been taken off. He was on a mattress on the ground, and the weather being hot, the dressed stump of his leg was exposed, and a swarm of flies were settling upon it. Presently a large toad hopped into the tent, and taking his station near the edge of the bed, began "gobbling" up the blue-bottles in "double quick." The moment one alighted within six inches of the spot, he would square himself for the attack, his eyes twinkling with excitement, and then with a flash of his tongue and a smack of his mouth, the unlucky insect would disappear. The boy was asleep when this commenced, but soon awoke, and was at first frightened at the "ugly toad" so near him; but our friend bade him to be quiet, and pointed out the service the creature was rendering, when the negro and all present voted him a member of the Commission, with many thanks, and he and his kindred were at once in high favor.

In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it is witty aid of Cincinnati: The democracy are those who kill hogs for a living; the aristocracy those whose fathers killed hogs.

EMPEROR EUGENIE'S BARBER.

The hair dresser, or barber, in France, as in Italy, is generally something of a character, *au fait* of all the gossip of the hour, knowing everybody, and seldom inclined to underrate his knowledge or skill. He takes the tone and color of his epoch to such an extent that, could we resuscitate the professor of these kindred arts in the past, we might reconstruct the history of each period from the airs of the *souvenirs* of its "capillary artists."

Leonard, the hair-dresser of Marie Antoinette, wrote the memoirs of his unfortunate Queen. Plaisir, the barber of Charles X, was the favorite gossip and anecdote monger of the Court. Mariton, who had the honor of combing and shaving the "Citizen King," was staid, practical and commercially-minded, like his royal patron. Oddly enough, the Empress's hair-dresser is named LeRoy, (the King,) while the Emperor's rejoices in the name of Majeste (Majesty). The Master of France has no barber; he keeps to his old habit, and shaves himself.

The two great reigning hair-dressers of the day are Felix and Petrus. The former has been the Empress's hair-dresser since the time of her elevation to the throne until a few months ago, when he lost his post through having weakly yielded to the seduction of an enormous bribe, allowing a lady of the Court to have a duplicate of the head-dress made for the Empress, which duplicate the lady in question vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, not to let any human eye behold in Paris, promising to take it off with her to the south of France that very day, instead of which she wickedly postponed her journey, and made her appearance at the Tuilleries, wearing the facsimile of the Empress headgear.

Though Felix, by thus violating his engagement never to let any one have a copy of any thing he should invent for her Majesty until after the latter had worn it, lost his place and the handsome emoluments attached to it, he is still the first "artist" of Paris in his own line. But he is an absolute despot, and suffers no customer to have any voice as to what he shall do with her hair. A few evenings ago, being in attendance on the Duchess of —, he entered her dressing room, as usual, with the air of an autocrat.

"What dress do you wear tonight, Madam?" inquired Felix, leisurely drawing off his white kid gloves, as he approached the dressing-table, on which was laid out a magnificent set of coral ornaments.

"A white moire antique," replied the Duchess.

"White moire," said the artist with a dissatisfied shrug; "the moire is very commonplace. All the butchers' wives wear white moire."

"My dress is really very beautiful," returned the Duchess, humbly, "and certainly you won't see many butchers' wives with such lace as that," she continued, with a wave of her hand toward the opening door, through which her maid was entering, with the dress extended, its lustrous tissue almost hidden under the splendid overskirt of *point de Venise*.

"With the lace it may pass muster," designed to say the artist, with a second shrug; "but, as for the coral, it will not be becoming to your style of face."

"But, Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of it! I thought of asking you to dress my hair, with double braids, and these beautiful coral beads twisted in the braid."

"But, Madame, your fancies are nothing to me. I can only dress your hair according to my own inspirations, not according to yours. It is *I* and *not you*, who am your hair-dresser. Coral is heavy, Anglican; fit only for Creoles. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms, would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," murmured the lady—

"If you have not confidence in me, Madame, call in another artist! I am responsible for the good looks of my clients!" returned the artiste haughtily, drawing on his gloves, and moving toward the door.

The moment was critical. In another minute the capillary autocrat would have reentered his elegant coupe, and have been on his way to the dressing-room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine!" said the duchess, addressing her maid, "take away these ornaments, and bring the box of pomegranate-flowers."

"And a few diamonds," added the autocrat, replacing his gloves in his pocket, and taking up a comb.

The Parisian ladies have adopted the very pleasant custom of coloring the hair of their dogs to correspond with the color of their dresses.

the hair-dresser of the Grand Duchess of Baden, who passes his existence in a state of vibration between Paris and Baden.

Petrus is, in reality, as autocratic as Felix, but he is the most adroit and delicate of flatters, never assumes an air of command, but contents himself with leading instead of driving.

If Petrus is about to ornament the head of a brunette, he takes occasion to remark that all the great historic women were dark, and expatiates on Miriam, Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel, Malabar, and so on, dwelling on their majestic brows, crowned with a diadem of jet." If Petrus happens to be operating on a blonde, he admiringly remarks, "When God created a companion for Adam, he gave her her hair and lustrous tresses; and if any proof were needed of the superiority of your shade of hair, it would be found in the fact that among our old German ancestors the brunettes powdered gold dust among their dark locks."

If he be called to give the aid of his art to ladies among whose black or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was the "rage" in the time of Louis XV, and prophesies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inexhaustible triflery of the Grand Ducal hair-dresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

—

A PUZZLED DARKEY.—A liberal Virginian, whose Pastor did something in the agricultural line, sent him a fine young pig out of a litter of choice stock. The bearer of the present was an unsophisticated negro boy, and the distance to the minister's some miles. Piggy, much to his indignation of course was tumbled into a bag for safe transport. The boy on his way had to pass a "corner," the country term for a place where a store, generally liquor selling, a shop or two, and twice as many houses, are gathered. There a company of loafers, after inquiring about his burden and its destination, seduced him inside, and while he was there, relieved his bag, which had been left in the road, of the pig, substituting a puppy in its place.

With this last load, he then trudged on to the minister's, accosting him, as he had been instructed, with, "Please Sir, I am Judge —'s boy, and my master has sent you a pig."

The clergyman untied the bag and shook out its contents. His surprise could not begin to come up with the bewilderment of the boy, to whom the transformation suggested very superstitious scruples respecting the character of his burden, involving doubt respecting its fitness for Christian shoulders. In fact it required sharp authority from the minister to induce him to re-shoulder it and return with the message that there was some mistake in the affair.

Arrived at the "corner," he was of course inquired of respecting the reception of his present, and very serious astonishment was expressed at hearing his tale respecting the mysterious transformation. It was not, however, difficult to get him once more to lay down his load and come in, and while he was out of sight to make the re-exchange of pig for puppy. Thus ignorantly re-freighted with the originally intended present, he returned to his master; and in reply to the not very gentle demand where he had been, and why his load was brought back, he stammered out an incoherent explanation, which was at length understood to mean that the pig was not a pig, but a puppy, or perhaps something worse in the shape of the last mentioned quadruped. The master impatiently seized the bag, untied the string, and shook out before the now thoroughly frightened boy —the pig. Scratching his pate, and rallying his best wits in self-defence, he said, "I tell what massa, him can be a pig or a puppy just as him please."

The explanation was doubtless the most available one at hand; and it was one which might not be inappropriate to the facility with which some of the human change character and almost nature in more important characteristics than those which separate the pig from the puppy—especially when in politics, or in the more solemn matter of religious faith, times arise when it costs something for men to come out as they started.

The Parisian ladies have adopted the very pleasant custom of coloring the hair of their dogs to correspond with the color of their dresses.

HINDOO PAGANISM.

THE GREAT JUGGERNAUT SATURN-ALIA—REVOLTING DETAILS.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times, on the 8th of July, gives a long and graphic description of scenes at the Suan Jottra and the Ruth Jottra—the two great festivals of Juggernaut, which are so widely celebrated in Hindostan. Commencing on Sunday, the 19th of June, by the priests bringing forth the god to be bathed. It terminated on the 6th ult., when the cars were drawn back by thousands of people, and the huge was replaced in his home. The writer attended both these ceremonies, and the details into which he enters will speedily dispel any idea as to the Hindoo having abandoned the horrible practice of throwing themselves under the wheels of the Juggernaut car. Passing over the bathing portion of the business, which seems to have partaken of the character of a farce, we will come at once to the closing part of the festival, which is said to have a most sickening and revolting tragedy, and one which it was impossible to witness without horror and disgust:

"The crowd seemed infinitely more dense than it ever had been on the former occasion, and all along the road were booths filled with sweetmeats, hideous masks, trumpery Birmingham ware, and images of Juggernaut, Krishna, and other deities of the Hindoo mythology. It was a barbarous copy of a country fair. There were whistles and tom-toms, shell fish smelling horribly in the sun; hinga 'jack' fruit; some damaged pine-apples, and here and there a rudely contrived 'merry-go-round,' with stout babies enjoying the sport which that machine is capable of furnishing. There were nautch-girls, hideously ugly, chanting their drawing, monotonous strains to the music of an old fiddle and a tom-tom. Then there were little acrobats, who made Catherine wheels like the boys who run, or used to run, by the side of omnibuses in London streets. There was also a stereoscope, with views of the last great exhibition, on show at one price each person. The confusion was indescribable, and when a shower of rain came on, as happily it did once or twice, the throng seemed to get tied up in a knot and to be incapable of disentangling itself, or doing anything but roll helpless from one side of the road to the other. The centres of attraction were the two Juggernaut cars. These are great lumbering masses of wood, about sixty feet in height, carved into all sorts of angles, and decorated on every square inch with figures of the deities. They are constructed in four stories, so to speak, and on each of these a crowd of Brahmins and their friends are collected. Large idols were placed at each corner, and two ropes of great length were attached to the car. They moved upon six heavy wheels, and the entire weight of the ponderous fabric must have been enormous. Hour after hour the multitude streamed past the cars, which were at some distance from each other, or they turned aside to a shed beneath which were placed a number of indecently painted idols, afterwards decorated with a little drapery and hoisted on to the car. It was not until 4 P.M. that a big gong was beaten on the top-most division of the first car, and with a great shout Juggernaut himself, swathed in red cloth, was brought to the spot. A rope was fastened to him and with much exertion was hoisted from stage to stage by the Brahmins—for by himself the god seemed rather helpless. They dragged him up and uncovered him and the crowd salamed to him in their usual fashion. A huge ugly thing he was, with enormous eyes, painted black, with a broad white rim around them. Then another god was brought, and hoisted up in the same way, but to a lower division, and so on till all were full. The crowd meanwhile kept throwing garlands and donations to the Brahmins—dirty, common looking men, with nothing whatever to distinguish them from the common mass except the white Brahminical thread over their shoulders. When the gods were all in their places, two large wooden horses were brought out, one blue and the other white, each with a thick tail sticking up at an angle of ninety degrees. These gay steeds were fastened to the car, and a Brahmin stood upon the back of each, holding a rope.

"At this time the scene was extraordinary. Close by the side of the car was large native houses. Through iron bars in front of these houses some women were peering, and on the roof there were more women of the zenana, with an old crone, keeping watch and guard over them. On the other side of the road was a Juggernaut temple, crowded with women. The road itself was quite impossible for the crowds of people whose oily bodies and dirty ways did not improve the flavor of the heated atmosphere. Far as the eye could reach this throng extended, and when a thousand gongs were set beating and the Brahmins called upon the people, a thrill of wild excitement ran through this enormous living mass. The ropes were fixed, and multitudes rushed to them, eager for the honor of pulling their deity along. On the car itself there could scarcely have been less than two hundred men. Perhaps there were one thousand pulling at the ropes, but they pulled for a long time in vain. The car had

been in one place for a whole year, and had made a deep hole for itself by its great weight.

Again and again the Brahmins shouted and gesticated, laughing among themselves. At last the mob happened to pull together, instead of one after the other, and the huge mass moved forward a few yards, groaning as if it had been a living creature. It stopped, and for a few minutes the crowd stood in almost perfect silence. Then the Brahmins gave the signal, and this time it crushed out a life with every revolution of its hideous wheels, covered, as they were, with human flesh and gore. The vast multitude was suddenly possessed with a fit of delirium. They fought and struggled with each other to get near the car, which had stopped as if by magic. They stopped down, and peered beneath its wheels, and rose with sacred faces to tell their friends of the sight. I made my way to the back of the car, and there saw upon the ground a very old woman, all wrinkled and pucker up, with scarcely a lineament of her face recognizable for blood and dust. Her right foot was hanging by a thread, the wheel had passed over the centre of her nearly naked body, and a faint quiver of anguish ran through her frame as she seemed to struggle to rise. Not one in the crowd offered to move her, or raise her miserable head from the ground, but they stood looking on with vacant stares, while the Brahmins from the car gazed down with as much unconcern as could well be written upon a human countenance. The crowd cried that there were more under the car, and when I looked beneath it seemed as if the wheels were choked with dusky bodies. Two or three chockeyards here made their appearance and compelled the crowd to move back. Upon getting closer to the wheels I saw that one of them was half over the body of a man, and that it had crushed out his bowels, and fastened itself like some insatiable monster, in his blood. Close by him there lay another man crushed to death—he was but a heap of mangled flesh. The Brahmins still looked down from the cars upon those poor wretches with perfect unconcern, and were even signaling for the crowd to pull again; but the few policemen present made them drag the car back, so that the bodies could be got out from between the wheels. The mob cried out, "Apsa, apsa,"—that they did it of their own accord; and, indeed, there was no appearance of an accident. Their bodies, were far under the car, where they could scarcely have got unless they had laid themselves down in front. I saw two other men laying there when the car first stopped, but they got up and walked away. The three bodies were placed together, and the car was dragged on by the people once more. I did not stay to see whether its track was made in fresh blood.

ADVENTURE OF CAPT. SPEKE WITH A BOA CONstrictor.—At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched, a hunt was set afoot and Capt. Grant, myself and some attendants were soon making our way to the "patch." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were therefore obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed; and after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming up of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object, fired. McColl shot a fine young buffalo cow, whilst Capt. Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo, and several spears, cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order

The Middlesex Journal,

AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

COWPER'S POETRY.

It is a pleasure to turn from much of modern poetry to the muse of Cowper, whose poems, and especially the immortal poem of the Task, affords so much delight. If the life and character of Byron has tinged all his poetry, equally so, has the life of Cowper, that quiet, contemplative life of a recluse, driven to retirement by the state of his health and the affection of his mind, colored all his verse.

We design at present only to call attention to those portions of the Task, entitled the Winter evening, the Winter morning walk and the Winter walk at noon. This close observer of all the phenomena of Winter, has pointed out the attractions, the comforts and joys of a season of the year by many regarded as wholly barren and uncomfortable. What a sense of comfort is afforded, and how many pleasant recollections arise, as we read, or recollect to memory, the following lines so often quoted:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

How many, through the newspapers, learn in their quiet retreats what is going on in our busy world:—

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."

The influence of music in beguiling the winter evening hour and making home happy, is well described:—

"The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Regale the night, and set a keen edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds."

A Winter's morning walk in the country may not seem to many fraught with interest, or affording materials for poetry, but Cowper could find subjects enough, The morning sun

Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze
Seen through the leafless wood."

The farmer going into the forest to cut wood is attended by his faithful dog, who is there graphically described:—

"Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed
ears,
And tail crepp'd short, half furrier and half fur
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a
frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for
joy."

Every family should have Cowper in their library for his moral and religious influence, and because he was a true poet of the highest order, and has sense always with his sound. It is fine winter reading and those portions of the Task we have mentioned, will be charming reading with the snow clad landscape in view, the wintry winds howling around, and ourselves seated in our warm rooms with the evening lamp cheering an evening hour.

The recent attempt to fire the city of New York has excited speculation. If done by Confederates, or the secession States, that is, by their authority or suggestion, we should have thought that Boston, rather than New York, would have been selected; for the latter city is supposed to have strong sympathies for the South, and gave an overwhelming majority for McClellan. Boston, on the other hand, and Massachusetts, represented by her capital city, are places where Abolition has its headquarters. New York, however, is the empire State, and her magnificent city is the Queen City of the Federal power, and its destruction by burning, would be a blow of great severity upon the North, which may have been the design.

It is not pleasant to think that our war is to be conducted in such a manner; that incendiary torches are to be applied to towns and cities remote from the scenes of strife, and cities that have been built up at so much expense and with so much taste and elegance, containing no small portion of the wealth of the land and its glory, are to be summarily reduced to ash heaps, or changed into blackened ruins.

While we should allow much to the exasperated state of the public mind at the South, now for nearly four years embroiled by land and sea, as by an impregnable wall, and most of its territory invaded and devastated by hostile armies, we cannot but look upon the attempt to fire our great cities — supposing that they made it — so far away from battle scenes, as in the last degree abhorrent and despicable, and by no means to be justified for what we have done. War unchains the tiger in man, and civil wars

beyond all others, lead to atrocities the most inhuman and degrading. The principle of retaliation, in the shooting of prisoners, etc., is most awful to contemplate, and the extent to which it may be carried is frightful to consider.

SLANDER.

In every country town there are men and women who delight in poisoning the reputation of those around them. They ply their trade busily at the corners of the street, in the parlors of their neighbors, at the sewing circle or within the church of God. These men and women, should they be charged with theft, would repel the charge with indignation, but under divine law is not their crime greater than that of the common thief? For he

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;
But he who fleches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

There is nothing so pure and unsullied as to escape the bedaubing of their nasty tongues. They rob the young maiden of her honor, and gloat over it, as they "whistle it down the wind;" they poison, and then, tulene-like tear to pieces and feast upon the characters of young men.

"Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
Their viperous slander enters."

They insinuate that young Mr. —— has been carried home drunk, and express a hypocritical sorrow for his parents; they intimate that they fear Miss So and So has committed a *faux pas*, and weep crocodile tears as they lament the reputation they are helping to ruin.

It is a very difficult thing to trace the source of these slanders, for these persons tell a

"Whispered tale
That like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows."

When interrogated they deny having said such a thing, or say that some one else has told them, who, they do not remember. This is the most that can be expected of them, slanderers being cowards as well as liars. There are three remedies for those who are injured by slanderers—To live it down, to boot them in the public street, or to sue them. Young ladies are debarred from the second course *ex necessitate rei*, but to a young man of spirit it would prove a most pleasant task. The law of slander is this—

Words are actionable in themselves, when they charge a person either with some heinous crime; with some infectious disease; or with something that may impair his trade or livelihood, or is derogatory to his professional character. In all these cases an injury is presumed, and no special damage need be proved. But other slanderous words are not actionable unless they cause some particular injury.

To merely repeat what others said is no defence in law. The truth is a good and legal defence, but if not made out, aggravates the damages. Words spoken as a matter of friendship without malice are not actionable. Thus, if a man advises his friend not to permit a certain young man to address his daughter, giving as a reason, that he believes he drinks, he is no slanderer, and no honorable young man would complain of his course. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that I have not exceeded the allotted limits, I remain, Yours truly,

VERITAS.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish, through your paper, to say a few words to the teachers of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Wilmington, South Reading and wherever else it is read by them, on a matter which has interested and often irritated myself and many other parents and guardians of children. It is continuing the school after the proper time for closing it. Rules prescribe the hour when the school shall commence and when it shall close. Teachers are usually strenuous in requiring a prompt attendance of the scholars at the opening, and so they ought; but they seem to feel or to act as if there were no misdemeanor in keeping the scholars indefinitely after the hour prescribed for closing. Experience has shown how many hours the scholars can be profitably kept together, and necessity as well as regard to order require that at the appointed time they should be dismissed. School committees are delinquent in their duty in not looking after it.

When children are thus detained, they become restless and impatient, feeling that their rights are not properly respected; they have ceased thinking of their books, except with dislike and regard the teacher with more disdain than through all the previous day. The parents, too, have or ought to have, their rules; requiring a prompt return of their children; perhaps have plans for their employment, and may be looking uneasily for their return—ignorant whether they were kept for misdemeanor or loitering by the way. They may be seriously discommoded by their detention. It is even questionable whether the common practice of keeping scholars, for delinquencies, after the school is dismissed, is, on the whole, advisable, except occasionally in special cases. The evils connected with the practice should be properly regarded.

A special annoyance and one which too frequently occurs, causing sometimes in-

evitable irritation, is being necessitated to wait uncomfortably in a storm, when going for children, until a *tardy* teacher could bring up *arrears*. Such delinquents, if they did but know it, are marked with extra demerits. The evil is easily remedied—be as prompt in dismissing as in commencing.

SLANDER.

In every country town there are men and women who delight in poisoning the reputation of those around them. They

ply their trade busily at the corners of the street, in the parlors of their neighbors, at the sewing circle or within the church of God. These men and women,

should they be charged with theft, would repel the charge with indignation, but under divine law is not their crime greater than that of the common thief? For he

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;

Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to

thousands;

But he who fleches from me my good name,

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed."

There is nothing so pure and unsullied

as to escape the bedaubing of their nasty

tongues. They rob the young maiden

of her honor, and gloat over it, as they

"whistle it down the wind;" they poison,

and then, tulene-like tear to pieces

and feast upon the characters of young men.

"Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave

Their viperous slander enters."

They insinuate that young Mr. —— has been carried home drunk, and express a hypocritical sorrow for his parents;

they intimate that they fear Miss So and

So has committed a *faux pas*, and weep

crocodile tears as they lament the

reputation they are helping to ruin.

It is a very difficult thing to trace the

source of these slanders, for these per-

sons tell a

"Whispered tale

That like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows."

When interrogated they deny having

said such a thing, or say that some one

else has told them, who, they do not re-

member. This is the most that can be

expected of them, slanderers being cow-

ards as well as liars. There are three

remedies for those who are injured by

slanderers—To live it down, to boot them

in the public street, or to sue them. Young

ladies are debarred from the second

course *ex necessitate rei*, but to a young

man of spirit it would prove a most

pleasant task. The law of slander is this—

Words are actionable in themselves,

when they charge a person either with

some heinous crime; with some infectious

disease; or with something that may

impair his trade or livelihood, or is de-

rogatory to his professional character.

In all these cases an injury is presumed,

and no special damage need be proved.

But other slanderous words are not ac-

tionable unless they cause some par-

ticular injury. To merely repeat what

others said is no defence in law. The

truth is a good and legal defence, but if

not made out, aggravates the damages.

Words spoken as a matter of friend-

ship without malice are not actionable.

Thus, if a man advises his friend not

to permit a certain young man to address

his daughter, giving as a reason, that he

believes he drinks, he is no slanderer, and

no honorable young man would complain

of his course. All who wish to join will

have an opportunity. The terms are low

and the school is not to interfere with the

festivities of the holidays. It will not

commence until after Jan. 1st, 1865.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The following

are the contents of the January number:—

A Tour Through Arizona; Heroic

Deeds of Heroic Men; After the Storm;

Scenes in the War of 1812; O, Don't Be-

come a Nun, My Dear; Tom's Education;

The Life of Flowers; Sheridan's Battle

of Winchester; Nora and I; The Sun-

beam; Janie Thompson's Lovers; Ar-

madale; An American War Correspon-

dent in England; Our Mutual Friend;

Monthly Record of Current Events, &c. &c.

For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

VERITAS.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRES-

ENTS.—Our readers are referred to our

advertising columns. They will there

learn where to find an excellent assort-

ment of desirable gifts for the holidays.

Mr. F. B. DODGE, the Jeweler, has a new

stock of desirable goods, which he will

sell very low for the times.

Mr. C. H. DANIELS has taken the store

on Main street, second door south of

Woodbury's dry good store, where he

offers for sale a full line of all goods usu-

NEW GOODS
—FOR—
CHRISTMAS
December 17, 1864.

New Years,
CONSISTING OF
WATCHES,
Clocks,
Jewelry,
Silver Ware,
and **Plated Forks.**

SPLENDID
HOLIDAY GIFTS.

SPOONS, NAPKIN RINGS,
GOLD, PLATED, JET,
AND COMMON
BRACELETS,

THE NEW STYLES OF

LARGE BUCKLES,

Gold and Silver Thimbles,

Locket, Gold Chains,

Gold, Silver and Steel-bowed

SPECTACLES,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

Photograph

Family Bibles,

POCKET BIBLES,

PORT FOLIOS,

BACKGAMMON BOARDS,

&c.

F. B. DODGE.

WOBURN, Dec. 17th, 1864.

ENROLMENT LIST.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
6th District, Mass.,
Lawrence, Nov. 28th, 1864.

THE ENROLMENT LIST for the Town of Woburn may be found at A. E. THOMPSON'S Store.

ALL CITIZENS are invited to examine this List and give information to the Selectmen, or at this Office, of any errors or inaccuracies therein.

If there are any persons resident in the town liable to do military duty, whose names are NOT found on the list, or any who are known to have removed permanently from the town, or are over (45) forty-five years of age, whose names are still on the List, information thereof is desired, in order that such persons may be added to, or stricken from the List, as the case may require.

H. G. HERRICK,
Capt. and Provost Marshal,
6th District, Mass.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the Will of HOWEN BUCKMAN, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that by giving bonds, in the law required, and paying demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to **ALEXANDER BEAL,** **GEORGE A. NEVELL,** Executors. Boston, December 12, 1864.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed,

IN THE POST-OFFICE, WOBURN,

IN State Street, Woburn, each day in Dec. 1864.

To obtain one of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertisements," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Buckman, Dennis Krom, Martin
Blanchette, Joseph B. Phillips, M. L.
Blanchette, M. Oliver Porteous William
Burke, E. Richardson, Estha
Campbell, William Richardson, S.
Curran, Charles Sheehan, Edmund
Cutler, Warren Sawyer, Phebe Mrs.
Eagen, John Wyman, S.
Fellows, Elvira W. Mrs. Young, Alonso P.
Young, Richard
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

New Jewelry Store.

The undersigned having taken the Store on Main street, 2d floor, South of Woodbury's Dry Goods Store, for the purpose of carrying on the **JEWELRY BUSINESS**

in all its branches, hopes, from several years' experience in the business to merit a share of public patronage. In view of which he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.
Watches carefully Repaired and Adjusted. Clocks, Jewelry, and Fans repaired on short notice. Spectacle Glasses changed and repaired. Door Plates, Badges, &c., &c., neatly engraved. Old Gold and silver bought and taken in exchange. C. H. DANIELS.

Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 49.

By the 4th Section of the Act concerning the Militia, approved on the 14th day of May last, it was provided that the Commander-in-Chief should forward to each of the Commonwealths' militia, Districts of Companies, which shall be numbered, and a record thereof made in the office of the Adjutant General.

In accordance with the above provision of the law, it is hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, that the Commonwealth shall be divided into Two Hundred and Forty-nine Military Districts, which are established and numbered as follows:

Military Company.

District.

No. 1—2d Boston 38 Companies

39—2d Chelsea, N. Chelms, Winthrop, 4 "

43 Chilmark, Tisbury, Edgar 1 Company

44 Nantucket, 1 "

45 Sandwich, 1 "

46 Barnstable, Falmouth, Gos- 1 "

47 Yarmouth, 1 "

48 Harwich, 1 "

49 Brewster, Chatham, Dennis, 1 "

50 Eastham, Orleans, 1 "

51 Provincetown, 1 "

52 Scituate, Chassett, Hull, 1 "

54 Hingham, 1 "

55 Rockport, Marshfield, 1 "

56 Abington, 1 "

57 East Bridgewater, Hanson, 1 "

58 Bridgewater, Raynham, 1 "

59 N. Bridgewater, W. Bridge- 1 "

60 Pembroke, Hanover, 1 "

62 Duxbury, 1 "

63 Kingston, Plympton, Hall- 1 "

64 Middleborough, 1 "

65 Mattapoisett, Carver, 1 "

66 Marion, Rochester, Wareham, 1 "

67 New Bedford, 1 "

68 Taunton, 1 "

69 Attleborough, 1 "

70 Rehoboth, Dighton, 1 "

71 Somerset, Swans, See- 1 "

72 Freetown, Berkley, Lake- 1 "

73 Fall River, 5 Companies

74 Fairhaven, Acushnet, 1 Company

75—76 Westport, Dartmouth, 4 Companies

77—78 Westport, Dartmouth, 1 Company

79—80 Westport, Franklin, 1 Company

81—82 Westport, Franklin, 1 Company

83—84 Westport, Franklin, 1 Company

85—86 Westport, Franklin, 1 Company

87—88 Westport, Franklin, 1 Company

89—90 Westport, Franklin, 1 Company

91—92 Canton, Walpole, Dedham, 2 Companies

93—94 Stoughton, 1 Company

95—96 Weymouth, 2 Companies

97 Braintree, 1 Company

98 Quincy, 1 Company

99—100 Dorchester, Milton, 2 Companies

101—102 Roxbury, 1 Company

103—104 Lynnfield, Middleton, No. 1 Company

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215—216 Lynnfield, Middleton, No. 1 Company

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WANT OF DECISION.—Sidney Smith, in his work on Moral Philosophy, speaks in this wise of what man does for want of a little "brass," as it is termed:

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they only had been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can."

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is so little time for overcautiousness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

COMMERCIAL ANTIPODES OF LONDON.—The queenly City of London has many strange servants. She has a long train of merchant princes, but a yet more numerous retinue of humble traders who, with much ado, earn their daily bread. A perpetual jumble of deep poverty and abounding wealth takes place in our streets. The millions from Cope-court and the orange-girl from Hounds-ditch walk together. The board wagon, with its mighty team of Flanders horses, divides the roadway with the costermonger's truck. Luxury, swollen with a thousand delicately-cooked dinners, elbows the sharp-boned pauper who only exists from meal to meal. The metropolis is a wonderful hive of work and wealth, where, though there are numerous drones, the labouring bees are far in excess, and queen bee Industry is the recognized mistress of all. We worship capital. Can anything be done without it? Much! Many thousands rise from their flock or straw beds every morning to toil for food, and to win it, whose capital is restricted to a few poor coppers, and yet battle with their difficulties without a murmur. Nor are these despised members of society useless. Each in his turn contributes something to the general good; and not seldom, while starving himself, increases the full abundance of the rich. We hardly class the costermonger's trade in fish and vegetables with small trades, for, probably, two-thirds of all the fish and vegetables brought to market is distributed to the countless consumers by them. When the choicer specimens of cod, turbot, and salmon are appropriated by well-to-do dealers; when the carefully pulled peas, beans, and broccoli have found buyers, Bob and his donkey, Bet and her basket, Tim and his truck, come into play; and all the cheaper second-rate articles are carried off. When there is a glut of mackerel or herrings, when strawberries are made ripe, or cherries a penny a pound, there is gladness in costermonger's capital, fish-dinners for thousands of poor families, and luscious fruit-puddings, that need no sugar, for half the ragged schools within the bills of mortality. Without these rough, but patiently-enduring and hard-working ministers of trade a large portion of the people would never taste fresh fish, fruit, or vegetables.

SNUBBING OUR FRIENDS.—There are men exemplary in all the duties of life, who never pass a day without snubbing somebody—their wives (of course natural victims, used to be told that they say nothing and do nothing right), their children, their servants, their underlings, their acquaintances, their associates. Every day something has passed their lips which has acted like a blow at the time, and worked on the recollection like a blister, which has been repeated with querulous soreness, and been passed on to the world as a fresh trait of character, which has added to the growing barrier which daily rises between the man and his species. Not that we can cut him—we do not even wish to do so. All the ceremonies of friendly intercourse continue to pass between us; there is no reason they should ever be left off. But at every encounter he gets farther and farther away from our secrets. One by one he loses the key to the hearts of his friends, who stand up in his presence, with instinctive caution, till we doubt not often in his inner heart wonders at his own isolation. For our part we are sincerely sorry for him; and we are so conscious besides that men may have the habit without knowing it, that we would offer one general counsel—never under any temptation to practice a traitor for setting down people worth caring for. Risk a good deal, take a circuitous route, leaving good advice unsaid, or said in less trenchant telling fashion, bear irritations, nuisances, what not, rather than inflict any sudden wound on your friend's self-love. Do not put him, on your behalf, on the duty of Christian forgiveness. Allow him to rest in same ignorance of your opinion, even though you may believe it more to his advantage than it happens to be. Submit to be incomplete; sacrifice the pleasure of being sharp and acute at his expense; for it is very certain that he will not like you the better, and very unlikely also that he should himself be the better, for you having made him feel like a fool. If he is often put under the apprehension of it, the least that can be expected of him is, that he will eschew your confidence, and carefully keep on the windy side of intimacy.—[Careys on Social Subjects.]

TO OUR PATRONS.—We would remind our readers that this season of the year is a time when they are constantly liable to sudden coughs, influenza, sore throat, &c., while the children are in constant danger from croup, throat and lung complaints. It is important that every head of a family should provide a remedy that is ready at all times for immediate use, whether assailed at the dead hour of night, with the breaking out of a hard cold, and racking of a violent cough, or the children with that most dangerous of all diseases—croup—or at the midday hour, you should always be prepared. In Coo's Cough Balsam, you will find a ready and effectual remedy. It grapples and controls instantaneously the most stubborn coughs, while in croup it is a sovereign cure. The price is but forty cents per bottle—the bottles twice the size of any other at the same price. Delays are dangerous. You should always have it in the house. It can be found at all our drug stores.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

And Nashua & Lowell, Winton, Stony Brook, Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell Railroads.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 14th, 1864, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroads, 7.00, 7.30 a.m., 12.00, 5.00 p.m.

W. & M. 7.00, 12.00, 5.00 p.m.

Nashua, 7.00, 7.30 a.m., 12.00, 5.00 p.m.

Tyngsboro, No. Cheimford 7.30 a.m., 12.00, 5.00 p.m.

Groton Junction 7.15, 12.30 a.m., 5.00 p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Wilmington, 9.30, 10. a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30, p.m.

Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30, p.m.

Winchester and West Medford, 6.45, 7.30, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30* p.m.

College Hill 6.45, 7.30, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30, p.m.

Mondays at 11.30 p.m., a train leaves for Lowell.

Nashua and Way Station, Trains from

10.30 a.m., 12.00, 5.00 p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Wilmington, 9.30, 10. a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30, p.m.

Wilmington Watering Station at 7.30, 10.00 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30, p.m.

Wednesday at 11.30 p.m., Saturdays at 10 p.m.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE.

Winton 6.30, 7.30 a.m., 12.00, 5.00 p.m.

Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.30 a.m., 4.00 p.m.

South Merrimack, 6.35, 11.30 a.m., 4.30 p.m.

Nashua, 7.00, 11.45, a.m., 5.00, 9.00 p.m.

Tyngsboro 7.15, 11.37 a.m., 5.15 p.m.

Groton Junction 8.00 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

Lowell 7.30, 9.30 a.m., 12.15*, 2.15, 5.30*, 8.30* p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Wilmington, 9.30, 10. a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30, p.m.

Wilmington 10.00 a.m., 2.45 p.m.

Wilmington Watering Station at 7.30, 10.00 a.m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.30, p.m.

East Woburn at 6.00, 7.45, 10.10 a.m., 1.15, 2.54, 5.00, p.m.

Worcester at 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 9.05, 10.15 a.m., 1.30, 2.30, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00 p.m.

West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 9.15, 10.22 a.m., 1.30, 2.30, 5.15, 6.45, 8.25 p.m.

College Hill 6.19, 7.19, 9.19 a.m., 1.33, 3.10, 5.19, 6.47, 8.25 p.m.

on our part of trains from Nashua.

Northern Depot.

The 9.30 A. M., and 2.15 P. M., Trains from

Lowell stop at College Hill, Somerville, and Milk Row Stations, to leave Passengers from Stations above Winchester.

Woburn Branch.

The Trains on this Road will leave Boston (from Lowell Rail and Depot) for Woburn, at 11.30 and 1.30 A. M., 3.00, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30 p.m.

Leave Woburn for Boston, at 5.52, and 7.32 A. M., 10.00, 11.00, and 4.52, P. M.

A train will leave Boston for Woburn, on Wednesdays at 1.30 p.m., and Saturdays at 10 p.m. on a train which will stop at Boston at 10 p.m. and Saturdays at 8.05 p.m.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.

B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily, Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS, Who promise to restore gray hair to its natural color, with poisonous and impure dyes of sulphur and lead.

Christadore's is the Only Dye that is perfectly clean, perfectly simple, perfectly pure, perfectly harmless, perfectly sure, perfectly poisons, perfectly reliable, perfectly imitates nature, and combines in itself all the perfections of a perfect dye.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from a derangement of the system or produced by special causes.

This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites an Absorption into healthy tissue, and expels all the poisons of the system.

And Melancholy, Induced by Consumption, bear witness to the Truth of the assertion.

The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strength and Invigorate the System.

Which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably cures.

A trial will convince the most skeptical.

Females—Females—Females.

In many Affections peculiar to Females, the Extract BUCHU is equal to any other remedy.

It cures Retention, Irrigation, Pain,

and Coughs.

It cures the various Diseases of the Uterus, Lachrymoria or Whites, Sterility, and for all Complaints of the Uterus, it is a sovereign Remedy.

It cures the various Diseases of the Vagina, and the various Complaints of the Uterus.

It cures the various Complaints of the Vagina, and the various Complaints of the Uterus.

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Middlesex Journal.

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV. : No. 13.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Commonwealth of Massachusetts



HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 49.

By the 4th Section of the Act concerning the Militia, approved on the 14th day of May last, it was provided that the Commandants-in-Chief should forthwith proceed to divide the Commonwealth into Military Districts of Companies, which shall be numbered and recorded thereof made in the office of the Adjutant General.

In accordance with the above provision of the law, it is hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, that the Commonwealth shall be divided into Two Hundred and Forty-nine Military Districts, which are established and numbered as follows:

Military Company

District.

No. 1—38 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Win-

throp, 3 Companies

43 Chilmark, Tisbury, Edg-

erton, 4 Companies

44 Newmarket, 1 Company

45 Sandwich, 1 Company

46 Barnstable, Falmouth, Gos-

nold, 1 Company

47 Yarmouth, 1 Company

48 Harwich, 1 Company

49 Brewster, Chatham, Dennis, 1 Company

50 Eastham, Or, cans, 1 Company

51 Truro, Wellfleet, 1 Company

52 Provincetown, 1 Company

53 Scituate, Cottontail, Hull, 1 Company

54 Hingham, 1 Company

55 S. Scituate, Marshfield, 1 Company

56—57 Weymouth, 4 Companies

58 East Bridgewater, Hansom, 1 Company

59 Bridgewater, Raynham, 1 Company

60—61 N. Bridgewater, W. Bridge-

water, 2 Companies

62 Pembroke, Hanover, 1 Company

63 Duxbury, 1 Company

64 Kingston, Plympton, Hall-

fax, 1 Company

65 Mattapoisett, 1 Company

66—67 Plymton, Carver, 2 Companies

68 Mattapoisett, Marion, 1 Company

69 Norton, Easton, 1 Company

70—71 Taunton, 3 Companies

72 Attleborough, 1 Company

73 Rehoboth, Dighton, 1 Company

75 Somerset, Swansea, See-

kingston, 1 Company

76 Foxborough, Berkley, Lake-

ville, 1 Company

77—81 Fall River, 5 Companies

82—86 New Bedford, 4 Companies

87—88 Westport, Dartmouth, 1 Company

88 Bellington, Franklin, 1 Company

Wrentham, 1 Company

89 Medfield, Medway, 1 Company

90 Sherborn, Foxborough Mans-

field, 1 Company

91—92 Canton, Walpole, Dedham, 2 Companies

93 Stoughton, 1 Company

94—95 Wrentham, 2 Companies

96 Weymouth, 1 Company

97 Braintree, 1 Company

98 Quincy, 1 Company

99—100 Rehoboth, Milton, 2 Companies

101 West Roxbury, 1 Company

102—105 Roxbury, 4 Companies

106 Lynnfield, Middleton, No.

107—110 Lynn, Swampscott, Nahant, 4 Companies

111—112 Marblehead, 2 Companies

113—115 Salem, 3 Companies

116—118 Saugus, 2 Companies

119—120 Beverly, Wenham, 2 Companies

121 Rockport, 1 Company

122—124 Gloucester, 3 Companies

125 Haverhill, Essex, Man-

chester, 1 Company

126 Ipswich, 1 Company

127 Boxford, Topsfield, Row-

128 North Andover, 1 Company

129 Andover, Tewksbury, 1 Company

130—131 Lawrence, 2 Companies

132 Methuen, Bradford, 2 Companies

133—134 Newburyport, 2 Companies

135—136 Georgetown, Newbury, 1 Company

137—138 West Newbury, Newbury, 2 Companies

139—140 Newburyport, 2 Companies

141—142 Amesbury, 1 Company

143 Natick, Needham, Dover, 1 Company

144 Ashland, Holliston, Sher-

born, 2 Companies

145 Framingham, 1 Company

146 Wayland, Sudbury, Marl-

borough, 2 Companies

147—148 Newton, Weston, 1 Company

149—150 Waltham, 1 Company

151 Belmont, W. Cambridge,

Lexington, 1 Company

152 Brighton, Brookline, 1 Company

153—154 Cambridge, Lincoln,

Bedford, Waltham, 4 Companies

155—156 Somerville, Charlestown, 2 Companies

157—158 Malden, 1 Company

159—160 Melrose, Saugus, 1 Company

161—162 Weston, Brookline, 1 Company

163—164 Woburn, Winchester, 1 Company

165—166 Wilmington, Reading, So-

Reading, 1 Company

167—168 Lowell, 3 Companies

169 Dracut, Chelmsford, Bill-

erica, 1 Company

170 Dunstable, Tyngsborough,

Groton, Westford, 1 Company

171 Ashby, Townsend, Pep-

perell, 1 Company

172 Sturbridge, Southbridge,

Dudley, 1 Company

173 Oxford, Webster, 1 Company

174 Mendon, Blackstone, 1 Company

175 Northbridge, Uxbridge,

Douglas, 1 Company

176 Millbury, Sutton, 1 Company

177—178 Milford, 2 Companies

179 Grafton, Upton, 1 Company

180—181 Southwick, Westboro-

Hopkinton, 1 Company

182—183 Northborough, 1 Company

184—185 Princeton, Holden, Rut-

ton, 1 Company

186—187 Sterling, West Boylston, 1 Company

188—189 Bolton, Berlin, Clinton, 1 Company

190—191 Leominster, 1 Company

192—193 Lancaster, 1 Company

194—195 Harvard, 1 Company

196—197 Fitchburg, 2 Companies

198—199 Westminster, Hubbardton, 1 Company

200—201 Princeton, Licester, Auburn, 2 Companies

202—203 Spencer, Charlton, 1 Company

204—205 Oakham, North Brookfield, 1 Company

206—207 Warren, Brookfield, 1 Company

208—209 Harvard, New Braintree, 1 Company

210—211 West Brookfield, 1 Company

212—213 Petersham, Dana, 1 Company

214—215 Barre, 1 Company

216—217 Princeton, Holden, Rut-

ton, 1 Company

218—219 South Hadley, 1 Company

220—221 Springfield, 3 Companies

222—223 Chicopee, 1 Company

224—225 Agawam, West Springfield, 1 Company

226—227 Southwick, 1 Company

228—229 Granville, 1 Company

230—231 Chester, Blandford, Bus-
sell, Montgomery, 1 Company

232—233 Pelham, Prescott, Green-
wich, Enfield, Ware, 1 Company

234—235 Roxbury, Belchertown, Lud-
low, 1 Company

236—237 Hadley, Amherst, 1 Company

238—239 Huntington, Westhampton, Southampton, Easthampton, 1 Company

240—241 Longmeadow, Wilbraham, Monson, 1 Company

242—243 Springfield, 1 Company

244—245 Chicopee, 1 Company

246—247 Agawam, 1 Company

248—249 Springfield, 1 Company

250—251 Granville, 1 Company

252—253 Chester, Blandford, Bus-
sell, Montgomery, 1 Company

254—255 Pelham, Prescott, Green-
wich

The Middlesex Journal,
AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

CHRISTMAS.—To-morrow is *Christmas* day as well as Sunday. We presume, however, all the holiday part will be on Monday.

To Night is Christmas Eve, and when a child, we verily believed, as we were told, that the cattle all knelt down at 12 o'clock precisely. Children now a days look for the *Christmas Tree* gaily decorated and fine presents hanging on it. There is no doubt that the keeping of *Christmas* is spreading in our country, and that New England, once so strong against such observance as belonging to the Romish church and the Episcopal or State church of England, is gradually giving way in favor of it.

The commemoration of Birth Days is of high antiquity and wide spread practice. Illustrious men have thus been honored in all nations. In many families, the recurrence of the birth days of parents and children, is a sort of festival. To celebrate the birth of *Christ*, may appear to some as bringing him down to a level with other men. The Incarnation, so involved in dread mystery; the vast disparity between an infant of days entering upon Time, and Him who was in the beginning with God, the coming of Christ to suffer and die upon the cross, are circumstances which press solemnly upon the mind at such a moment.

The two most ancient commemorations of the church were, in honor of the resurrection of *Christ*, and of the descent of the Holy Spirit, and no mention is made of any public fast, in the earliest days of Christianity, except on the day of the Crucifixion.

It had been a natural and pious custom to celebrate the birth days of those who had offered themselves up as sacrifices for their religion. By their birth days were understood, not the days of their introduction to the sins and afflictions of earth, but of their release from such bondage and their resurrection to glory.

The idea of a birth day festival for the Saviour's birth, seems to have been foreign to the Christians of the early period; they regarded the *second* birth as the man's true birth. It was unknown, the definite time of the birth of *Christ*. The history of *Christmas* was closely connected with the history of another kindred festival, that of the festival of the manifestation of *Jesus* in his consecration to the office of *Messiah*, at his baptism by *John* and the beginning of his public ministry. With Jewish Christians, the festival of *Christmas* probably originated. It was not, however, generally observed until the fourth century, when the festival of *Christ's baptism*, and that of his nativity,—the one coming from the East to the West and the other from the West to the East,—were introduced.

As we have so few festivals and need some at this season of the year, *Christmas* and *New Year*, which seem to work so kindly together, will continue to be kept, although it comes hard sometimes to give presents on both days, but it is perfectly agreeable for children to receive them, they stoutly clamoring for keeping both days, for the visits of *Santa Claus* with his huge baskets of *Toys*, *Books*, *Candies*, &c., are very agreeable to them.

On the whole, no Christian of any denomination need murmur at this celebration. "A merry *Christmas*," and a "Happy *New Year*," are not bad wishes for any one.

As the world advances in scientific discoveries, the spread of Christianity, and the greater comforts and facilities of the race, back to the Saviour's *natal morn*, to the manager and the Shepherd scene, where Angel voices broke the stillness of the night, shall be wafted men's thoughts and affections, and with new insight into the wonders of the event shall be sung the *Christmas hymn*, and the heart of men shall respond to its glory:

"Gold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

The *JANUARY* number of the *Lady's Friend* fully bears out the high reputation of this new monthly, which is now entering upon the second year of its existence. The leading steel engraving, "HUSH! IT IS ASLEEP," is a beautiful picture. The *Fashion Plate* is very handsome indeed, admirably engraved on steel, and richly colored. Then there is a colored design of a *WORK TABLE COMPANION*, a very useful lady, as she seems, in red and yellow and blue; and numerous other engravings of the fashions, *Work Table Department*, &c. The Music of this number is a piece entitled "I STOOD WITHIN OUR COTTAGE HALL." Among the literary contents, which are even unusually excellent, we may specify "A GREAT MATCH," by *Emma B. Ripley*; "LITTLE MAT;" "A STORY OF A HOUSEHOLD," by *Mrs. Hosmer*; "FALSE," by *P. H. Case*; "CUPID AT THE CAFE," by *Miss Donnelly*; "THROUGH THE PAPER-MILL," by *Virginia F. Townsend*; "JAMES SMITH'S STORY," by *Julia Gill*; "CASTLE LINLOCH," by *Aunt Alice*; "MRS. GORDON'S PRESCRIPTION," by *C. M. Trowbridge*; "SISTER LIL," by *Mrs. Tucker*; "LOVED AND HATED," by *Ida Mason*; *Editorials*, &c. &c.

RETURNED HOME.—*Frank D. Nash*, of Co. B, 11th Mass. Reg., who went out with Lieutenant Parker, returned home Dec. 20th. He has seen considerable active service, and is only compelled to withdraw from the field on account of rheumatism, caused by hardships and exposure. We understand he is not to return.

We are informed that *Cook & Taylor*, made their workmen, who have families, a present of a Turkey on *Thanksgiving* day. A good example.

THE JUBILEE.—Notwithstanding the snow and rain on Wednesday evening, the Congregational church was brilliantly illuminated and made ready for a *Parish Jubilee* over their prosperity and success as a people. May 3d, 1859 a committee was chosen to purchase a site for a new meeting house, and May 9th, 1859 the parish voted to purchase the "John Fowle Estate," and chose Dea. *Thomas Richardson*, *Jotham Hill*, *Horace Collamore* and *D. D. Hart* as a *Building Committee* to erect a new church thereon, not to cost over fifty thousand; but they necessarily exceeded that amount twelve thousand, making the cost of the church \$62,000. The new house was dedicated Oct. 31st, 1860, and on the evening of that day the sale of pews amounted to \$20,000, and from March to August, 1863, they realized for pews alone \$24,000. The debt of the Parish March 23d, 1864 was about \$24,000, which has since been raised by contribution from liberal gentlemen in the society and additional sales, so that in the short space of five years, they have erected as beautiful and convenient a church as ornaments any village in America, raising the enormous amount of \$62,000, paying the debt and leaving a balance of \$7,000 in pews sold in the galleries.

Nothing could merit an expression of joy and thanks more than such fabulous prosperity.

The people began to gather at six, and at seven they numbered upwards of a thousand, old and young, although the Furies seemed determined to mar the evening and obstruct the way, so that it would be impossible to gain the church.

The first hour was pleasantly spent in social intercourse, after which the refreshments were served by a committee of young ladies and gentlemen, which somewhat interfered with the former sociability.

After all had been served, they repaired to the auditory to listen to music and singing by the choir, and congratulatory addresses from *L. L. Whitney*, *Dea. J. R. Kimball*, *Dexter Hart*, *Gen. Abijah Thompson* and *Rev. Dr. Bodwell*, and others. There was a little uneasiness on part of the younger portion of the assembly, who unintentionally annoyed the speakers by leaving the room. We did not approve of the noise occasioned by their withdrawal, nor the sharp retort extended, for persons so young could not be expected to keep quiet a great while on such an occasion. We ought to have charity for the young folks, remembering that jubilee with them and jubilee with us means two different things. Manhood can express its happiness and joy in words and songs, and be satisfied; but childhood requires something more than that—the merry laugh, the mischievous smile and buoyant, hurried steps, can only express the fulness of its young heart and give utterance to its gaiety, which invigorates, rather than annoys us, and leads us back to days gone by, when we were gay and happy too, as they, and in the innocent recesses of our heart the thought lingers, "Oh, that we were a child again!" But on this occasion we are sorry to say there did not seem to be that thought among the older people, who probably enjoyed the gathering a great deal better than the younger, who they enjoyed it, with an ominous, "only such one kept saying, 'Hush!'

The speeches over, the hour had arrived for the people to begin to think of retiring to their homes, and one by one they withdrew, while a larger part of the assembly again went below to enjoy a general sing, where they tarried until 11 o'clock, when they retired, and the sparkling gas lights were extinguished, the good time over, and the church left to its usual quietness.

TEA PARTY.—The Tea Party given by the Unitarian Society, at Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening last, was a decided success as to the purpose for which it was given. The large number of persons present seemed to enjoy themselves in a very social manner.

The 'bites' at the *Fishing Well* were numerous, and at the Supper Table they were much more so.

The Flower Stand was very prettily ornamented, and the bouquets found ready purchasers.

The table of *Sweatmeats* was well patronized by the young people, and the "Nut Tree" was made to bear golden fruit.

Many were weighed in the Balance, and were not found wanting, and those who got a peep in the *Stereoscope* were richly repaid.

The "Woburn Orchestra," consisting of seven pieces, made their first appearance in public, at this Party, and did themselves much credit by the good selection of music they furnished.

The net proceeds of the party was about \$300, which is to be devoted to the purchase of musical instrument for the *New Church Vestry*.

RETURNED HOME.—*Frank D. Nash*, of Co. B, 11th Mass. Reg., who went out with Lieutenant Parker, returned home Dec. 20th. He has seen considerable active service, and is only compelled to withdraw from the field on account of rheumatism, caused by hardships and exposure. We understand he is not to return.

We are informed that *Cook & Taylor*, made their workmen, who have families, a present of a Turkey on *Thanksgiving* day. A good example.

The Lyceum Lecture of this week was postponed until Tuesday evening next.

EXCHANGED.—*Private Julius Ramsdell* and *Charles Colegate* of Co. K, 39th Mass. Reg., who were taken prisoners in June last, have returned home after five long months of captivity in rebel prisons, on a furlough of thirty days, to recruit their healths. It gives us much gratification to record events of this character, and it is pleasing to the community to hear that our citizens have been so fortunate as to get home once more among their friends. We hope the "soldier boys" will have a pleasant visit, and that they will be preserved from harm, until the last threatening cloud of "the cruel war is over," and "Johnny comes marching home again," when

"The old church bell will peal with joy,

* * * * *

To welcome home our darling boys;

* * * * *

The village lads and lasses say

With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home."

OUR SCHOOLS.—We hear a great deal of complaint in the community in regard to stringent orders recently issued in our schools, that tardy children, whether detained necessarily or not, shall be sent to the committee or home, to suit the pleasure of the teacher. If thus expelled, they are obliged to make promises to the committee regarding future attendance, which they cannot keep, in order to return.

We have never before heard of an instance where a parent could not detain his child and send him with a note without having him driven out to beg and promise not to be tardy again in order to get in. Are children to be governed by their parents, or are they to be dictated and made troublesome by another? Where is the parent who will submit to having his children debarred from the school, whether with or without an excuse for being two minutes late, as we learn of our free schools, and are they to be turned into arbitrary and despotic institutions, where a child cannot breathe without receiving a *check*?

We would ask if this is beneficial to advancement and progress? Does a child learn better, when it studies for fear of the birch, or for the love and respect it has for its teacher? JUSTICE.

CAUTION.—We notice placards posted upon the various streets, forbidding coasting upon the sidewalks. This is absolutely necessary, and if the caution passes unheeded, rigid prosecution of the law would make it a little too spic to be agreeable. As yet we have heard of no accidents occasioned by it; but as we have been passing down Pleasant street, it has often caused us to shudder, to see youngsters gliding swiftly and heedlessly down Warren street, entirely unmindful of passing teams.

IT is surprising to see what gross carelessness is exhibited by the youth; and we deem the step taken as being the only mode to ensure safety to pedestrians, and preserve the necks of thoughtless boys. There are hills enough in this vicinity for coasting, where there can be no interference with the public thoroughfare, and no danger of collision with passing teams.

A NOVEL WAY TO AID THE SUFFERING.—We cannot look upon the Irish without wonder and admiration, as we behold the sociability and sympathetic intermingling of these brave, freedom-loving sons of the Emerald Isle, as they meet upon our streets and exchange congratulations, or pass along in groups, whirling the smoke from the old 'dudeen,' and conversing in old Erin's brogue with gibberish rapidity, not so intelligible to us as the senseless clattering of a flock of blackbirds, but which to them carries sympathy, and devish means of succor for some suffering friend. It is amusing to observe the novel manner in which they alleviate the sufferings of some afflicted brother, and still receive a recompence for what they give, so that it cannot be begrimed, but only looked to with gratification. One of the friends of the suffering one throws open his doors and notifies the friends that there will be a gathering at his residence (generally a social ball), for the benefit of such a one, and they rally, purchase tickets and meet to have a social *bawl* and enjoy a "Trip of the light fantastic toe,"

and have a good time generally, the reflection of which is cast into the suffering one's apartment in the shape of dollars and cents, greatly alleviating the monotony of the dreary moments attendant to sickness.

If there was a little more of this feeling exhibited among ourselves, to aid the suffering a "mite," as did the good old dame of yore, instead of pleading poverty ourselves, how much happier we should feel, and how much suffering could we alleviate.

COLLISION.—As *Norris's Woburn Express* was passing between *Winchester* and *Medford*, on its return from *Boston*, on Tuesday evening last, was confronted by a runaway horse and sleigh from *Winchester*, which came in contact with and overturned it, throwing the driver into the street. Damage trifling—no bones broken.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES.—The services at the Unitarian church next Sunday will have special reference to the advent of *Christ*. *Mr. Fay* will preach upon the subject in the morning, and the afternoon will be given to the *Sunday School*, whose singing and recitations will refer to the same.

The Lyceum Lecture of this week was postponed until Tuesday evening next.

SOMETHING NEW.—We have before us a new illustrated Magazine for boys and girls, published by *Tickner & Fields*, and edited by *J. T. Trowbridge*, *Gail Hamilton* and *Lucy Larcom*. Among the contributors we notice *Harriet Beecher Stowe*, and *Dio Lewis*. This magazine surpasses anything of the kind in the country for beauty, and will prove a very instructive medium among young folks. It contains eighty pages of reading matter and can be had for \$2.00 per annum. Now that parents in this vicinity are looking for presents for their children, we would recommend this book as the most beneficial and profitable present that can be obtained, as it comes regularly once a month, all the year round, giving the young folks a literary treat, and greatly adding to their store of knowledge.

The subject of Mr. Bodwell's next Lecture, of which see notice in another column, is very attractive. The Women of England will be delineated in their personal appearance, dress, education, manners and social influence, with illustrative anecdotes relative to courtship, marriage, etc. If the weather is favorable the place will be crowded.

WINCHESTER.

MASONIC LECTURE.—By invitation of *Parkman Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons*, *Worshipful Past Master Chas. W. Stevens*, of Mt. *Horeb Lodge*, now a resident of *Boston*, met the brethren, their ladies and friends in *Masonic Hall*, on Friday evening of last week, and gave them a very instructive lecture on the rise and progress of Free *Masonry*, aluding in an eloquent manner to its patron saints, and to some of its prominent members who have made themselves illustrious in our country's history, together with a sketch of the cardinal principles of the Order. It occupied about an hour in its delivery and was well suited to the occasion. *Bro. J. C. Johnson* presided at the organ with his accustomed skill and good taste, and *Mrs. W. H. Bailey* sang several songs in an excellent manner. After the performances the company spent a short time in social converse and in inspecting the hall and its appurtenances.

SUPPER.—The *Y. M. L. A. Club*, and their young lady friends, partook of an excellent oyster supper and the fixings, on the same evening as the foregoing lecture, at *Excelsior Hall*. The teachers of the *High School* were present, and *Miss Addie Burrill*, presided at the *Piano forte*. Much preparation is being made for a merry *Christmas* by the several religious societies, and it is presumed that children, both small and large, will have a grand time, should circumstances favor it.

NOTES BY THE WAY.—In passing up the branch railroad track from the centre towards *Woburn*, and just as one gets to the limits of the town, the eye rests upon a small wooden structure by the side of the railroad, with its door wide open, the opening for windows boarded over and the floor inside covered with dirt and filth. The question naturally arises, for what purpose is this building intended? It bears the marks of having been used for various improper purposes, and in its present condition and form is nothing but a nuisance which ought to be abated. It is stated, that this a depot for the accommodation of passengers living in this vicinity, and that grievous complaints have been made in regard to its unfitness, which have passed by unheeded. It requires only a slight glance at the place to show that it is not fit for a person to go into, much less to remain, without fire at this season of the year or any light except what is gained by having the door open. If the proper authorities have any regard for their character, or for the comfort and convenience of their patrons, they will not allow such a shanty to remain in the position which it occupies.

HOME AGAIN.—It is pleasant to see our worthy fellow townsmen, *Capt. I. N. Knapp*, home again, after a successful voyage to *Havre*, *France*. He has been absent several months and returns in good health.

NO HUMBUG.—To show the advantages of having an article for sale recommended in good family papers, it may be stated, that a person in *Boston* having a certain game for the amusement of young people of his own invention, recently advertised in the "American Agriculturist," and obtained a few lines in favor of the same in that paper. The result is that the proprietor is receiving two or three hundred applications per day for this little game from all parts of the country, and is unable to supply the demand. If all our papers were to be relied upon in this way, we should not have so much distrust expressed in regard to their recommendations.

INCOME TAX.—Many persons have been surprised at the list of income tax payers of one hundred dollars and upwards recently published in this paper—some that others of our wealthy citizens were not included, and others that some of those mentioned were doing so good a business. The fact is that some of our "solid" men have their money so invested as to free them from the provisions of the income tax to any great amount. The pastor of one of our churches last Sunday morning, after a discourse in aid of Foreign Missions, spoke of the published list of tax payers, and his surprise at the large amount of some of them who were of his congregation, and expressed the hope that as they had been so prospered in their business, so they would not forget to be liberal in good works, and if they would give but a tithe part of their income in this way into the treasury of the Lord, as in the olden time, they would do no more than their part and be very acceptable.

EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

A word to the readers of the *So. Reading Department*.

It is more than ten years since the writer became correspondent to the *Middlesex Journal*, and think I am correct in saying that every issue of the paper since that time has contained an article, longer or shorter, contributed by "M." At first, several gentlemen were associated together, who agreed for a time to sustain a department in the paper, being earnestly desired to do so by the then Editors. Years ago all the rest ceased to contribute except occasionally, and "I alone was left," though the least qualified of them all. I have been induced to continue my little aid until the present time that the town might not be wholly unrepresented, as I knew of no one who was willing to take the charge of it.

It is now my turn to cease contributing, and I could wish that some one might step into the breach and more than fill it. For years the *Journal* has been a welcome visitor in many of our families. On account of its local matter, numerous copies have weekly been sent to friends in other towns, states and territories. In taking leave, I wish to acknowledge an obligation to the successive Editors for courtesy and liberality extended to our town for the space allowed its contributors for items of local interest. I cannot but express my gratitude also to the readers of the *Middlesex Journal* in this place for their interest in that department, and remaining so uncomplaining in the simple way of dealing with their local matters, while the other departments, to my mind, have been conducted with much more ability. I now yield the space to these departments, or to some other able pen for this department.

WINCHESTER.

MASONIC LECTURE.—By invitation of *Parkman Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons*, *Worshipful Past Master Chas. W. Stevens*, of Mt. *Horeb Lodge*, now a resident of *Boston*, met the brethren, their ladies and friends in *Masonic Hall*, on Friday evening of last week, and gave them a very instructive lecture on the rise and progress of Free *Masonry*, aluding in an eloquent manner to its patron saints, and to some of its prominent members who have made themselves illustrious in our country's history, together with a sketch of the cardinal principles of the Order

Married

In Stoneham, Dec. 18th, in the Congregational Church, by Rev. Swift Byington, Henry S. Richardson, Esq., to Miss Annie F. Moore, all of Stoneham.

In Woburn, Dec. 21st, by Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Linnell, to Miss Susie F. Young, both of W. No cards.

Special Notices.

At a Meeting of the Ellsworth Lodge, No. 39 of the I. O. of G. T., held in South Reading on the evening of Dec. 12th, 1864, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from our Circle, our beloved sister, Julia E. Lakin, late of So. Reading, and a member of this Lodge, therefore

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, who have thus been deprived of a kind and affectionate sister and friend; and may they, in their afflictions, receive the consolations of His grace, which are neither few nor small.

Resolved, That it is with deep sorrow of heart, that we have been called to part with one of our number, who has ever manifested a deep interest in our meetings, and by her amiable and affectionate disposition won her way to many hearts.

Resolved, That in view of this sad bereavement, we may be admonished to cultivate kind feelings toward each other, and to labor for the good of others while we have the time and privilege of so doing.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions, signed by the W. C. T. and W. R. Sec., of this Lodge, be transmitted to the family of the deceased; and also a copy forwarded to the Middlesex Journal and the Nation.

JAMES NICHOLS, W. C. T.
EMILY C. POLAND, W. R. S.

NOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Woburn Bank are hereby notified that a special meeting will be held at their BANKING ROOM, January 9th, 1865, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M., to act upon the question of organizing and becoming an Association for Banking Purposes, under the laws of the United States, and to transact any and all business necessary for the accomplishment of the same.

Per order of the Directors.
E. J. JENKS, CASHIER.
Woburn, Dec. 24th, 1864.

MR. BODWELL'S LECTURES

ON THE
People and Institutions of Eng-
land.

The second Lecture will be delivered on Thursday evening, Dec. 29th, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the large vestry of the Congregational Church.

SUBJECT:

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

Tickets for the remainder of the Course 30 cents to be obtained at G. R. Gage's, Alvin Buckman's, Mrs. Pippy's and at the door. Single admission 10 cents.

Encourage trade in its legitimate
Channels.

Hovey's Balm FOR THE HAIR.

Half a gross of this valuable preparation for
sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.
dec24

Encourage trade in its legitimate
Channels.

SCHENKS SYRUP, SCHENKS SEA WEED TONIC, Mrs. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP, SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, AYRES' SARSAPARILLA, WISTARS' BALSAM WILD Cherry, Polands' White Pine Compound, and all the popular Medicinal preparations of the day for sale at the lowest market rates by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

dec24

PICTURES — FOR THE — PEOPLE!

DAVIS & CO.,
AT NO. 2 WINTER STREET.

Are the Photographers of Boston. The elite of the city and country, daily through this establishment to procure pictures, which are executed here, either singly or in groups, in the finest style, and under their famous blue sky-light which adds beauty to all their productions.

Card Photographs, \$3 per dozen.
dec 24-25

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

FRANK B. DODGE, Practical
Watchmaker. Also dealer in CLOCKS,
WATCLES, GOLD
CHAINS, LOCKETS,
JEWELRY, SPECTA-
CLES, Fine Silver Plated

Ware, "plated on genuine Albater," Sil-
ver Spoons, Butter, Fruit and Pie Knives,
Napkin Rings, Coral Beads, Thermome-
ters, &c.

Engraving to order.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired.
VIOLIN STRINGS constantly on
hand.
dec 25

CHRISTMAS---1864.

ELEGANT AND USEFUL GIFT BOOKS!!

AT THE

WOBURN BOOKSTORE!

A large assortment of

ANNUALS,

POETICAL WORKS,
BIBLES,
TESTAMENTS, &c.

JUVENILE BOOKS!

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

PORT FOLIOS,

PAPER KNIVES, INKSTANDS,

CARD CASES, LADIES'

WRITING DESKS,

BACKGAMMON BOARDS,

DOMINOES,

GAMES,

PUZZLES,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

TOYS.

Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864.

Quick Sales and Small Profits."

NEWELL STILES,

SUCCESSOR TO

J. W. HAMMOND,

LYCEUM BUILDING, WOBURN,

Dealer in CLOTHING for MEN
and BOYS; Also, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET
BAGS & FURNISHING GOODS. A large
assortment of first class goods constantly
on hand,

BOUGHT FOR CASH!

and to be

Sold for Cash ONLY!

— AT —

Prices that will Defy Competition!

dec 21-31

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Middlesex Journal.

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : No. 14.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS



HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 49.

By the 4th Section of the Act concerning the Militia, approved on the 14th day of May last, it was provided that the Commander-in-Chief should forthwith proceed to divide the Commonwealth into Military Districts of Companies, which shall be numbered, and a record thereof made in the office of the Adjutant General.

In accordance with the above provision of the Act, it is hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief that the Commonwealth shall be divided into Two Hundred and Forty-nine Military Districts, which are established and numbered as follows:

Military Company District.

No. 1-38 Boston 38 Companies

39-42 Cambridge, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 4 "

43 Chilmark, Tisbury, Edgartown, 1 Company

44 Nantucket, 1 "

45 Barnstable, Falmouth, Gosnold, 1 "

46 Yarmouth, 1 "

47 Harwich, 1 "

48 Barnstable, Chatham, Dennis, 1 "

49 Eastham, Orleans, 1 "

50 Truro, Wellfleet, 1 "

51 Provincetown, 1 "

52 Sandwich, Chassett, Hull, 1 "

53 Hingham, 1 "

54 So. Scituate, Marshfield, 1 "

55-57 Abington, 2 Companies

58 East Bridgewater, Hanson, 1 Company

59-60 West Bridgewater, Hyannis, 1 "

60-61 N. Bridgewater, W. Bridgewater, 2 Companies

62 Pembroke, Hanover, 1 Company

63 Duxbury, 1 "

64 Kingston, Plympton, Hall, 1 "

65 Middleborough, 1 "

66-67 Plympton, Carver, 2 Companies

68-69 Marion, Marion, Rochester, Warcham, 1 Company

69 Norton, Easton, 1 "

70-72 Taunton, 3 Companies

73 Attleborough, 1 Company

74-75 Uxbridge, Dighton, 1 "

76 Somersett, Swansett, Seekonk, 1 "

75 Freetown, Berkley, Lake, 1 "

77-81 Fall River, 5 Companies

82 Fairhaven, Acushnet, 1 Company

83-86 New Bedford, 4 Companies

87-88 West Dartmouth, 1 Company

89-90 W. New Bedford, Franklin, Wrentham, 1 "

90 Medfield, Medway, 1 "

91 Sharon, Foxborough Mansfield, 1 "

92-93 Canton, Walpole, Dedham, 2 Companies

94 Stoughton, 1 Company

95 Randolph, 1 "

96-97 Weymouth, 2 Companies

98 Quincy, 1 Company

99-100 Dorchester, Milton, 2 Companies

101 West Roxbury, 1 Company

102 Roxbury, 4 Companies

103-105 L. Bedford, Middlefield, N. Reading, 1 Company

106-107 Lynn, Swampscott, Nahant, 4 Companies

111-112 Malden, Head, 2 "

113-114 North Andover, 2 "

115-116 South Danvers, 2 "

116 Danvers, 1 Company

119-120 Beverly, Wenham, 2 Companies

121 Rockport, 1 Company

122-123 Gloucester, 3 Companies

125 Hamilton, Essex, Manchester, 1 Company

126 Ipswich, 1 "

127 L. Bedford, Topsfield, Rowley, 2 Companies

129 North Andover, 1 "

130 Andover, Tewksbury, 1 "

0-131 Lawrence, 1 Company

132-134 Haverhill, Bradford, 2 Companies

135 Groveland, Georgetown, 1 Company

136 West Newbury, Newbury, 1 "

137-138 Newburyport, 2 Companies

139-140 Marlborough, 1 Company

141 Natick, Needham, Dover, 1 "

143-144 Ashland, Holston, Sherborn, 2 Companies

144 Franklin, 1 Company

145-146 Wayland, Sudbury, Marlborough, 2 Companies

147-148 North Weston, 2 "

149 Watertown, 1 Company

150 Waltham, 1 "

151 Belmont, W. Cambridge, Lexington, 1 "

152-153 Brookline, Brookline, 4 Companies

156 Somerville, Charlestown, 5 "

162 Melrose, 1 "

163-164 Medford, 2 Companies

165 Woburn, Winchester, 1 Company

167-168 Wilmington, Reading, So. Reading, 1 "

169 Carlisle, Concord, Lincoln, 1 "

170-171 Roxbury, 1 Company

172 Littleton, Boxborough, Stow, Acton, 3 Companies

173 Lowell, Chelmsford, Billerica, 1 Company

174 Dunstable, Tyngsborough, Groton, Westford, 1 "

175 Ashby, Townsend, Pepperell, 1 "

176 Sudbury, Southbridge, Sudbury, 1 "

177 Oxford, Webster, 1 "

178-179 Mendon, Blackstone, 1 "

179 Northbridge, Uxbridge, Douglas, 1 "

180 Millbury, Sutton, 1 "

181-182 Millford, 2 Companies

183-184 Granby, Upton, Southborough, Westboro, Hopkinton, 1 "

185-186 Boylston, Shrewsbury, Northborough, 1 "

187-188 Worcester, 7 Companies

189-190 Princeton, Leicester, Auburn, 1 Company

191 Spencer, Charlton, 1 "

192 Oakham, North Brookfield, 1 "

193 Warren, Brookfield, 1 "

194 Harvard, Northampton, 1 "

195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-567-568-569-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-577-578-579-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-587-588-589-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-597-598-599-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-617-618-619-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-627-628-629-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-637-638-639-639-640-641-642-643-644-644-645-646-646-647-647-648-649-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-656-657-658-658-659-659-660-661-662-663-664-664-665-666-666-667-667-668-669-669-670-671-672-673-673-674-675-675-676-677-677-678-678-679-679-680-681-682-683-683-684-685-685-686-686-687-687-688-688-689-689-690-691-691-692-692-693-693-694-694-695-695-696-696-697-697-698-698-699-699-700-701-701-702-702-703-703-704-704-705-705-706-706-707-707-708-708-709-709-710-710-711-711-712-712-713-713-714-714-715-715-716-716-717-717-718-718-719-719-720-720-721-721-722-722-723-723-724-724-725-725-726-726-727-727-728-728-729-729-730-730-731-731-732-732-733-733-734-734-735-735-736-736-737-737-738-738-739-739-7

The Middlesex Journal,
AND
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.—This number is our last for the old year, and to-morrow ushers in the New Year. To bid farewell to the old year and to welcome in the new, is therefore incumbent upon us, or we shall be behind hand in our next issue to wish our friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR, which we now cordially do.

The old year, 1864, checks to-day. Whether it fulfilled all the promises that it made, or rather all the hopes which men indulged in at the commencement of the year, and whether all the forebodings of evil resulted, which had been feared in the prospect, are questions for each and all to ask. What was once concealed from human view of the march of Providence, is now open. New pleasures and new sorrows have sprung up, and we are wiser, if not better now, for all our experience. With some it has been a year of prosperity in business, and they count their gains with no small satisfaction. The farmer has reaped his harvest and sold it or placed it in barns. Houses, barns, and stores, have been built, and vessels for commerce and the navy constructed, launched, and made their first voyages upon the sea. Battles have been fought and won or lost. Victories have often been achieved by the Federal forces, and the taking of Savannah, and that too without the drawback of bloodshed and the loss of life, is a noble ending of the year.

Death has been busy. Many have fallen on the field of strife and been buried where they fell, while others have died in the bosom of their families, and found sepulture in the land of their fathers. The young man who went out to fight his country's battles, has been borne back upon his bier and followed to his early grave by heart stricken mourners. The man in middle life has been taken from his avocations, and the aged citizen, smiling serenely on the present, and having many memories of the past, both sad and joyous, has quitted his hold of life and fallen quietly, like a decaying trunk in the solitude of a forest.

For the New Year, let us prepare to be wiser for our experience, better for our instruction, and happier by our discoveries of what constitutes true happiness and how it is to be won.

For our Country, we hope it may bring peace and Union, and a return of the good feelings of the olden time, when our States were not as now, dissevered, discordant, destructive. We should pursue this war for no ignoble ends. We can now afford to be greatly magnanimous, and in the hour of our triumph, to show, that all the ends we aim at are our country's good—her fair fame, her true interest, her perpetuity, righteousness and peace.

CONGRESSIONAL HOLIDAYS. Mr. Editor.—There are practices and customs in vogue among us, both in private and public life, which we tolerate from long habit, never questioning their propriety or equity. We allow them as a matter of course. Among them is the Congressional Holidays. Why and when they were instituted—they have become an institution—it is not needless here to inquire—not certainly at the creation. In some matters our congressional members resist accountability to their constituents and perhaps this is one. When our nation was ruled by the indolent and dissipated despots of the south, it is not so strange that congress should have made its own gratification of more consequence than the interests of the country; but being now rid of that influence a reform ought to be expected.

Our representatives get together early in Dec., organize, appoint their committees, and then what: adjourn over the Christmas and New Year's Holidays from one to two weeks. No matter how important the questions pending or how critical the public affairs, as at present; they must and do have their holidays, and that too, notwithstanding it is the short session with a limited number of days for business, and vast interests requiring attention. They not unfrequently extend their deliberations into the Sabbath, when pressed at the close of the session. Why not anticipate such emergencies, give up a needless custom, let their wives and children, who are best fitted for it, perform the customary gratulations and rejoicings, and hold themselves to their responsible and pressing duties. Their own consciences, their constituents and the great interests of the country would thereby be better satisfied. What if our generals or other subordinate officials should leave their posts, for such frivolous pretensions, when important crises were at stake? Let our delinquent representatives answer.

To young men and women desirous of a thorough business education: we would call your attention to the advertisement of the Boston Mercantile Academy. It is highly approved and encouraged by many of the most influential merchants and business men of Boston.

Our Army Correspondence.

City Point, Va. Dec. 24, 1864.

MR. EDITOR.—In my last communication I spoke of the Battle Field, and proposed to continue the subject in a future article, with some account of Hospital scenes. My notes being mislaid the subject was dropped; they now coming to light I resume it. I wrote of the battle field, its close, the burial of the dead; next come the sad and solemn duties of the Hospital. How cool and calm the operator proceeds to his task. How familiarly he examines a wound, extracts a ball, cuts off a limb and ties up an artery. How indifferently he says "take him away and bring up another one." How easily he steps over great puddles of thick blood. How handily with his foot he pushes out of the way an amputated leg or arm. "Hold him still, give him another dose of ether; he kicks so I can't keep the saw anywhere." "Hold on to him now, while I pull down this artery and tie it up, if not, he will bleed to death in five minutes more." "Give him more ether; he twitches so I can never get this flap of skin over the end of the bone so but the stitches will break out." "There, that will do; take away the sponge, and carry him off." "Come, fetch him along." He is laid upon a rough table—a young man, with beauty and intelligence, that grim war cannot efface. He has been struck in the knee by a minie ball; it has passed upwards and out of the thigh, shivering the joint and severing some small arteries that cannot be closed or compressed. The wound is a mortal one, and skill can avail nothing. The patient revives, and is told his condition. O what a look of mournful and mute anguish he offers for a reversal of that crushing announcement; but a shake of the head gives him no hope. In his place is laid a bronzed faced and strong built man, who has been struck by an exploded shell upon the ankle; every bone in the joint is broken, his foot only hangs with threads of flesh; it is quickly removed, and the subject awakes and is startled no more at the loss of a foot, than that it should be done without pain.

Another is brought forward, who, while in the act of loading his gun, has been struck in the shoulder, the ball passing out upon the edge of the opposite blade. By carefully probing, the wound is found to be a smooth and clear cut, that if kept open and cool may heal. Another, in turn, is reached, with a frightened countenance that is in my memory still. The whole of the lower jaw back to the roots of the tongue has been torn asunder by a cannon ball, and hangs by rags of flesh resting upon the breast. No science can lengthen his few remaining hours; a blanket is spread over his head and soon he has passed from life to death. Next a poor fellow, while loading a cannon, has been struck by a spent ball, with just force enough to break both legs between his ankle and knee. They are compound breaks, so bad that no setting or splintering can save them; almost as quick as I am writing it, they are both removed: he awakes to find himself legless. He does not grieve at the loss to himself, but sheds many tears at the thought of that wife and little ones dependent upon him for bread at home. The next subject, is a Capt. of Infantry, shot square through the lungs; at every breath the air gushes out of the opening, while internal bleeding is fast strangling him. Before he can be removed he dies, faintly whispering incoherent sounds of that gentle wife that is so soon to feel the hand of death. Another is presented, with his hand torn with the bursting of his own gun; the fingers are all gone, the thumb hangs by a muscle; his hand is taken off at the wrist, and he laughs that it has been done without pain. Next a Colonel of the 36 Reg., who had been in service but six weeks, six feet two inches tall, a full and noble built man, who, when he left home, took his wife and mother, one under each arm, raised them to his face, and kissed them without stooping. He was laid upon the table, one hand taken off at the wrist, one arm at the elbow, and one leg above the knee. After his limbs had been removed and while being dressed, he said his wife thought it "so grand to charge the enemy." "What would she think to see me now, after this charge?" He continued, "I shall die, but to die for one's country is glory and gain." A young drummer boy, 15 years old, shot through both legs, was next presented. He was weak with the loss of blood; both legs had to be taken off; with a deathly smile on his soft cheek, he was removed, singing, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." His lips quivered and death extinguished that youthful voice—his soul so young and gentle, went home to God who made it. Next a Cavalryman, with the side of his face laid bare and his left ear all gone by a saber cut; the hanging cheek is replaced and dressed, but the ear lost cannot be restored. He rallies and says, "I struck my saber through his rebel heart, and will do it to another soon." Let us pass over many, with small flesh wounds, that are soon dressed, until we come to an object covered with a blanket; the covering is removed, and the senses sicken to behold a mass of panting flesh, that nothing but a strong hold of life could give breath. An artilleryman has been struck sideways upon the chest and bowels by some sharp, swift missile, and the

whole outward covering of the vitals carried away. The heart and lungs can be seen working with sinking force; while we look, but for a moment, pulsation stops and another victim dies. We move along and come to the side of a delicate formed and fair skinned boy, of not more than seventeen summers; his hair is long and hangs in thick brown curls from a round head; his face shows no traces of a heart steeled to war and the vices of a long campaign. Great clots of blood, thick with dust and powder, cover one side of his young brow. Beneath the hair the scalp has been torn up, the skull broken, and the brain is now oozing out. All that is known of his injuries is from the mouth of a companion near by, who saw him in close struggle for life with two rebel infantrymen, he holding them at bay with the butt of his gun, after his last charge of powder was spent. While we were looking at him, his great heart, true in death as in life, for a moment brushed away the cloud that darkened reason, and his lips whispered, "Mother, I killed them, but others cut me down," and, as he raised his hand to his head, his eyes brightened up with the mild glow of death, a smile covered his face, and the brave boy was gone—his early death a crushing witness in the great day of reckoning against the black crime of rebellion. R.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Editor of the Journal:

Your correspondent, "Justice," will be much relieved and pleased to hear that not a single thing complained of in his article last week is true. His remarks have reference to the Central Grammar School. There is no such rule as he speaks of in regard to tardiness, nor has there been. No child has been sent away as he states, nor has any child received a check for breathing.

It is true that a habit of tardiness is a very serious and growing evil in our Central Grammar School, an evil which every parent of a child in the school is interested to have abated. There were two hundred cases last term, and it may be confidently affirmed that the greater part of these were unnecessary. They were all the way from two minutes to an hour and a half, operating to the injury of the school, both in studies and discipline. I say this more particularly of the great number of unnecessary cases, for the children discriminate, and frequent instances of tardiness, without sufficient excuse, must inevitably let down the discipline of a school, thus tending to the injury of all the pupils.

Every parent will see that in so large a school—from a hundred and fifty to two hundred—there can be no such thing as discipline and progress without stringent rules, which will sometimes seem severe in particular instances. It is equally plain that it is quite impossible for the teacher to investigate every case. At the same time, the rule complained of does discriminate, and makes special provision for special cases. Moreover the rule does not require a child to be sent away from the school in any case, but permits the teacher, at his discretion, to send a child to the Parent or to a member of the Committee.

I feel quite sure that if the parents will visit the Central Grammar School, as they are hereby earnestly invited to do, and make themselves acquainted with the actual condition of things, they will be perfectly satisfied that the discipline is judicious and kind, and that the instruction, both by the Principal and his Assistants, is faithful and thorough, securing to their children advantages of a very high order, and claiming their hearty sympathy and co-operation for those who are laboring with good ability and earnest devotion to promote the great objects for which our public schools are maintained. Yours, &c.,

J. C. BODWELL.

Woburn, Dec. 29, 1864.

CHRISTMAS TREES.—The young folks of the Baptist Society of this town spent a delightful evening over their Christmas trees on Monday night. The large and small vestries were crowded with happy, expectant faces, and after the children had relieved the loaded tables of refreshments, the presents were distributed from two large & beautifully ornamented trees, the company having a merry time over some of the gifts, especially for the "old folks" who were very glad for the time being to be mustered into the regiment of children. The exercises were interspersed with some very fine singing, and after joining in a prayer of thanksgiving, the happy company broke up at a seasonable hour. During the evening the Pastor read the despatch from Sherman, received that day, making a Christmas gift of the city of Savannah to the Nation through their President, and asked them if they could accept it. It was accepted with three hearty, loyal cheers.

KEROSENE LAMP EXPLOSION.—The alarm of fire on Thursday afternoon was occasioned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in the hands of a young lady, at the Central House, whose hands were badly burned.

ENIGMA.—My first is a kind of Butter. My second a kind of liquor (licker). My whole is something pertaining to firearms.

Ans.—Ramrod.

WINCHESTER.

CHRISTMAS TREE CONCERT.—The Annual Christmas Concert and Tree came off on Friday Evening of last week in the vestry of the Cong. Church. In connection with the singing a set of pictures or photographic views were exhibited by means of a lantern, under the direction of Mr. Adams, which added much to the entertainment. The views were mostly of foreign parts and prominent buildings, and objects of interest therein. A few comic pictures were interspersed, which afforded infinite delight to the children. The singing was very good, although the exhibition of the pictures rather interfered with it. Mr. J. C. Johnson who gets up this Concert every year, as a finale to the year's gratuitous instruction in singing to the children, aims to make it pleasant and agreeable to all. In this he succeeded this year as on previous ones to a remarkable degree. No one who is interested in children can fail to be benefitted by such gatherings and be grateful for the opportunity afforded their children of coming together in this way. After the singing and exhibition, the presents, of which there were a great number, were distributed from the tree by Mr. Johnson and others.

The vestry was crowded with the parents and friends, who appeared to enjoy the scene and the occasion.

CHRISTMAS.—It is to be regretted that on the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour, the services in our churches in town should not be suited to the occasion.

No matter if there is a difference of opinion as to the particular day when this event should be observed, the fact that throughout the Christian world on this day it is commemorated by thousands of professing Christians, together with its importance as a Christian stand-point, justify its observance by all denominations and that its return should be joyfully hailed and welcomed in festive strains and in words of good cheer. It is pleasant to see with every recurring year, more attention paid to the observance of this event, and that so many of the churches are decorated with evergreen, and appropriate services performed.

Surely no better opportunity is offered to the Christian minister to present and enforce those great truths which our Saviour came to teach and exemplify in his life.

EXCELSIOR.

PRIVATEERING.—In our vexation and annoyance at the injury which has been done to our commerce by the rebel privateers, many people are apt to imagine that in audacity and success they have never been equalled. But in these qualities they do not approach to the privateer heroes of our two wars with Great Britain.

One of the most remarkable of the privateersmen of the revolution was Commodore Whipple of Providence. His first cruise was a most remarkable one, and appears more like romance than reality. The prize money from his captures on his cruise amounted to more than a million of dollars. The most eccentric and daring of his exploits was performed in July, 1779, when he encountered the homeward-bound Jamaica fleet of nearly 150 sail, convoyed by a British seventy-four gun frigate and some smaller men-of-war. He concealed his own guns, hoisted British colors, and joined the fleet as one of their number. Thus he sailed in their company for several days, and each night he was busily occupied in making captures from them, one at a time being taken, manned with officers from his own vessel, and then steered to different points of the compass, so that by morning she was out of sight. In this way he captured ten richly laden vessels, eight of which arrived in American ports.—*Salem Gazette*.

HOW TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDSHIP FOR THE PAPER.—Subscribe and pay for it. Send your printing and advertising to the office. Help to make the paper interesting by sending items of local interest to the editor. Do not expect the editor to call attention to your business for nothing. Come forward promptly and pay the bills due to the office. If any of our readers consider any of these suggestions personal, we advise them to case their conscience at once.

The above from the Freeport Journal is equally applicable in this locality.

The Richmond Whig of the 22d has a lengthy review of the resources of the Confederacy in fighting men. The number of white males between the ages of seventeen and fifty in 1860 was estimated at 1,431,356. After making account of losses by every means, and after all deductions, the present number subject to military duty is set down at 729,257. The resources at their command for replenishing their armies, which consists of youths passing annually from sixteen to seventeen years, is calculated at 62,467.

Now that coal is so dear, we read with interest that Mr. Babinet, the distinguished scientific Frenchman, has announced to the French Institution his success in cooking without fire. He places his food in a black pot, covered with several panes of glass, and stands it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the food is said to be of a better flavor than that which is cooked in the ordinary way. But no sun, no dinner.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston read a paper before the Natural History Society, in which he announced the discovery of an inexhaustible locality of emery

The Fenian Panic continues in Canada, many towns being in constant alarm, while rumors of assassinations, conspiracies, &c., are rife. Churches are used for drill-rooms and in some places the inhabitants are gathered for safety under a single roof, strongly guarded.

The suppression of the rebellion in China is not altogether favorable, so far as concerns the propagation of evangelical truth. From testimony lately received, it would appear that the people are returning with new zeal to the old idolatry which had received such heavy blows at the hands of the insurgents. Idolatrous temples are being rebuilt, and idol-services resumed.

Rev. B. F. Clark of North Chelmsford, has issued a pamphlet, in which he endeavors to show that the Maine Law, so called, is impracticable, and should give way to a stringent license law, like that urged upon the attention of the Legislature last winter.

The Lieutenant General of the United States army was walking on the dock at City Point, a day or two ago, apparently absorbed in thought, and with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, when a negro guard touched his arm, saying, "No smoking on the dock, sir." "Are these your orders," asked the general, looking up. "Yes sir," replied the negro, courteously, but decidedly. "Very good orders," said Grant, throwing his cigar into the water.

A minister who had been reproving one of his elders for over-indulgence, observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'Here's to you,' there's no saying how long they might have gone on."

Advices from the blockading squadron off Galveston, state that during the week ending the 9th inst, six blockade runners were captured on the coast of Texas.

A cruel practical joke was that of Mr. Lowe, the "aeronaut" when in a recent ascent in the vicinity of Philadelphia, he dropped a straw image of a man from his balloon at a height of a mile and a half. The inhabitants of the region, who were of course eagerly watching the balloon, rushed from all quarters to the spot where the figure fell, and were doubtless greatly disappointed to find something less horrible than they expected.

Gen. Sherman in a recent letter says: "My idea is that every young and middle aged man ought to be proud of a chance to fight for the integrity of his country. I would like to see all trade and commerce absolutely cease until this conflict is over, and all who can fight and won't fight ought to be banished, and those who won't support those who do fight ought to be denationalized."

There yet languish in Rebel slaughter-pens of the Andersonville pattern fifty thousand of our Northern soldiers. Of the hundred thousand Rebel prisoners in comfortable and well-warmed barracks, those at Elmira, N. Y., receive ten cents a day for their labor in making their quarters more healthful and comfortable. Those at Point Lookout receive similar labor whiskey and tobacco rations. To all, everywhere, vegetables are regularly issued, and to most blankets have been given.

SAVANNAH CAPTURED.—An official despatch from General Sherman dated Savannah, Dec. 22d, was received by the President on the 25th, announcing his occupation of that city, and the capture of 150 guns, plenty of ammunition, and about 25,000 bales of cotton. Another despatch from General Foster states that "Savannah was occupied on morning of the 21st inst. Gen. Hardee, anticipating the contemplated assault, escaped with the main body of his infantry and light artillery on the morning of the 20th, by crossing the river to Union Causeway, opposite the city. The rebel iron-clads were blown up, and the navy-yard was burned. All the rest of the city is intact and contains 20,000 citizens, quiet and well disposed. The captures include eight hundred prisoners, one hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives in good order, one hundred and ninety cars, a large supply of ammunition and materials of war, three steamers and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton safely stored in warehouses. All these valuable fruits of an almost bloodless victory have been, like Atlanta, fairly won. I opened communication with the city with my steamer to-day, taking up what torpedoes we could see and passing safely over others. Arrangements are made to clear the channel of all obstructions."

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in the middle of the State of Massachusetts, in the town of Chester, twenty-seven miles from Springfield. Practical trials of this emery by skilled workmen have proved that it is fully equal to the best London prepared emery from Naxos, and in the fairest trials it was found to excel that emery in the work it performed in grinding hardened sword blades, in the ratio of 20 to 15. The Chester emery after grinding 20 swords, was far from being used up, while never more than 15 blades had been ground by the wheels attached with the London emery.

A lawyer, son, what disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six-sided building which he occupied, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them thus:

"What do you stand there for, like a pair of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them. "I was thinkin' so, till the devil poked his head out the windy."

Married

In Stoneham, Dec. 25, by Rev. Swift Byington, Mr. James Peyton to Mrs. Emily P. Farrington, all of Stoneham.

In Winchester, Dec. 26th, by Rev. E. C. Towne, of Medford, Mr. Jacob C. Stanton, Jr., to Miss Sarah S. Symmes, both of Winchester. No cards.

Died

In Woburn, Dec. 26, Mr. Moses Persons, aged 82 years, 4 mos. 3 days.

In Woburn, Dec. 26, George Hollis, aged 3 years, 4 months.

At Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 2, William M. Cobbett, of Woburn, attached to Co. M, 1st Mass. H. Artillery, aged 27 years, 11 days.

Special Notices.

NOTICE

To the Wives of Prisoners of War.

All those who wish to draw their husband's pay, while he is a prisoner, are requested to meet the Treasurer, at the State Aid Room, on MONDAY, the 2d day of January, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

GAWIN R. GAGE, Treasurer.

Dec. 30, 1864.

Mrs. CARLING would respectfully inform the people of Woburn, that she has got a new sewing Machine, (Singer's) and is prepared to do family work of all kinds. Her residence is near Horn Pond.

dec31-3t

LOST.—Between Woburn and Wilmington, an otter cuff, which the finder will please leave at the Journal Office. A suitable reward will be paid for its recovery.

dec31-3t

TO OUR PATRONS.—We would remind our readers that this season of the year is a time when they are constantly liable to sudden coughs, influenza, sore throat, &c., while the children are in constant danger from croup, throat and lung complaints. It is important that every head of a family should provide a remedy that is ready at all times for immediate use, whether assailed at the dead hour of night, with the breaking out of a hard cold, and racking of a violent cough, or the children with that most dangerous of all diseases—croup—or at the midday hour, you should always be prepared. In Cose's Cough Balsam, you will find a ready and effectual remedy. It grapples and controls instantaneously the most stubborn coughs, while in croup it is a sovereign cure. The price is but forty cents per bottle—the bottles twice the size of any other at the same price. Delays are dangerous. You should always have it in the house. It can be found at all our drug stores.

dec17-1m

NOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Woburn Bank are hereby notified that a special meeting will be held at their BANKING ROOM, January 9th, 1865, at 7:1-2 o'clock, P. M., to act upon the question of organizing and becoming an Association for Banking Purposes, under the laws of the United States, and to transact any and all business necessary for the accomplishment of the same.

Per order of the Directors.

E. J. JENKS, CASHIER.

Woburn, Dec. 24th, 1864. 2t*

PICTURES FOR THE PEOPLE!

DAVIS & CO.,

AT NO. 2 WINTER STREET.

Are the Photographers of Boston. The elite of the city and country, daily through this establishment to procure pictures, which are executed here, either singly or in groups, in the finest style, and under their famous blue sky-light, which adds such beauty to all their productions.

Card Photographs, \$3 per dozen.

dec 24-2t

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

FRANK B. DODGE, Practical Watchmaker. Also dealer in CLOCKS, GOLD

WATC HES, GOLD CHAINS, LOCKETS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, Fine Silver Plated Ware, plated on genuine Alabaster, Silver Spoons, Butter, Fruit and Pie Knives, Napkin Rings, Coral Beads, Thermometers, &c.

Engraving to order. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired. VIOLIN STRINGS constantly on hand.

dec 25

MRS. HALE
Has a good assortment of
YARNS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
— ALSO, —
BLUE, GRAY, RED,
and
FANCY FLANNELS,
LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS,
DRESS BUTTONS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!

Round Combs,
Back Combs,
Waterfall Combs,
Hair Brushes,
Toilet Soaps,
— ALSO —
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
SONTAGS, CLOUDS, HOODS!
— AND —

SKATING CAPS,
Also a nice line of
DRESS GOODS!

Cheap for the Times!!
dec31-3t

PETROLEUM!!

COLL J. TURNER,
118 WATER STREET,

Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE
DIVIDEND PAYING

PETROLEUM
OIL COMPANIES.

Parties desirous of making investments in

These Money-making Schemes,

may rely upon his knowledge of the various Companies, and for his integrity and business qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Editor of this paper, and to

MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER,
107 & 109 STATE STREET,
Boston.

dec 31-3m

Letters Remaining Unclaimed,

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 31st day of Dec. 1864.

To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertisements," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising, not called for within a month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Allen, E. G. McLaughlin, Daniel M.

Breaslan, James Neals, Abby Mrs.

Brown, Allie C. G. Paney, Charles

Lynch John Yates, Mary.

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Encourage trade in its legitimate

Channels.

Hovey's Balm

FOR THE

HAIR.

Half a gross of this valuable preparation for

W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

dec24



CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, AT C. S. ADKINS

1865

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!

GOOD AS THE BEST!!

The undersigned, having taken the store on Main street, 2d door South of Woodbury's Dry Goods Store, will inform the citizens of this place and vicinity, that he has a good stock of the very latest styles of

ALEXANDER BEAL, Executors, Boston, December 13, 1864.

dec17-3t

New Jewelry Store.

The undersigned having taken the Store on Main street, 2d door South of Woodbury's Dry Goods Store, for the purpose of carrying on the

JEWELRY BUSINESS

in all its branches, hopes, from several years' experience in the business, to have a share of public patronage. In view of which he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.

Watches carefully Repaired and Adjusted.

Clocks, Jewelry, and Fans repaired on short notice.

Spectacles, Glasses, &c., &c., neatly Engraved. Old Plates, Pictures, &c., &c., neatly Engraved.

Old Gold and Silver bought and taken in exchange.

C. H. DANIELS.

Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864.

ly

dec17-3t

Perfumery.

LUBINS, JACQUES, WRIGHTS,

PHALON'S, and EDREDIUS'

Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty different odors. For sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

sept 19

W. C. BRIGHAM.

NEW GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS AND New Years,

CONSISTING OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

Jewelry,

Silver Ware,

and Plated Forks.

Spoons, Ladles, Butter Knives,

Pie Knives, &c.

— SPLendid

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

—

SPOONS, NAPKIN RINGS,

GOLD, PLATED, JET,

AND COMMON

BRACELETS,

THE NEW STYLES OF

LARGE BUCKLES,

Gold and Silver Thimbles,

Lockets, Gold Chains,

Gold, Silver and Steel-bowed

SPECTACLES,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

Diaries,

Pocket Books,

Thermometers,

Table Matts,

Pocket Knives,

Table Cutlery,

&c.

F. B. DODGE.

WOBURN, Dec. 17th, 1864.

—

Boston Mercantile Academy,

228

Washington Street, corner Summer.

This Institution offers to Young Men and Ladies inducements for obtaining an

education.

—

Dr. J. R. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that regard has even increased, and in valuing this medicine I have taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of your White Pine Compound, prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your

medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been favorably received."

The undersigned, having had the opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound, it has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been favorably received at first.

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RECIPE FOR A SENSATION NOVEL.

Try with me and mix
What will make a Novel,
All folks to transfix
In house or hall or hotel.
Put the ealdron on,
Set the bellows blowing;
We'll produce anon
Something worth the showing.
Toora-loora loo,
Toora-loora leddy;
Something neat and new,
Not produced already.

Throw into the pot
What will boil and bubble;
Never mind a plot,
Tis n't worth the trouble.
Character's a jest,
Where's the use of study?
This will stand the test
If only black and bloody.
Toora-loora, etc.

Here's the Newgate Guide,
Here's the Causes Celebes;
Tumble in beside
Poison, gun and sabre.
These Police reports,
Those Old Bailey trials,
Horras of all sorts,
To match the Seven Vials.

Toora-loora, etc.
Down into a well,
Lady, thrust your lover,
Truth, as some folks tell,
There he may discover.
Stepdames, sure though slow,
Rivals of your daughters,
Bring us from below
Styx and all its waters.
Toora-loora, etc.

Crime that knows no bounds,
Bigamy and arson;
Murder, blood and wounds,
Will carry well the farce on,
Now it's just in shape;
But with fire and murder,
Treason too, or rape,
Might help it on the further.
Toora-loora, etc.

Tame is Virtue's school;
Paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave and fool,
And always a Detective,
Hate instead of Love,
Gloom instead of Gladness;
Wit and Sense remove,
And dash in lots of Madness.
Toora-loora, etc.

Stir the broth about;
Keep the flame up steady;
Now we'll pour it out;
Now the Novel's ready.
Some may jeer and jibe;
We know where the shop is,
Ready to subscribe
For a thousand copies!
Toora-loora, loo;
Toora-loora leddy;
Now the dish will do,
Now the Novel's ready!
[Blackwood's Magazine.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.—1. Keep out of debt unless you know how you can get out when you get in; and pay promptly, and as fast as you can. Debts stimulate the man of energy to extra exertions, but the lazy man is not affected by them.

2. It is rarely good policy to buy much land when what you now own is not half cultivated.

3. To borrow money to build a showy house when one of less pretension will answer just as well is unwise. To lend money when your farm needs to be drained and better tilled, is little better.

4. A system of improvements laid out for a farm and labor to bring them about would make agriculture more interesting than it is.

5. It is rarely wise for farmers to borrow money on mortgage of their farms, with which to enter the mercantile profession. Rarely do men engage in this pursuit without previous training and not become bankrupt.

6. To buy your stock at fabulous prices when you do not know what to do with it, to make it brief, is very unwise.

7. To keep poor stock when you can keep good at the same cost, and four times the profit, does not pay.

8. To change from one kind of farming to another often, because what you raised this year is low, is not always judicious; ten chances to one your crops will be up next year and that which is up now will be down.

9. Do not try to grow those crops for which your soil is not adapted.

10. If you have a good location do not sell expecting to better it in some other place. "Any place but this place," may do for the traveller, but not for the farmer.

11. Rarely commence improvements until your plans are matured, else undue labor and money will be wasted.

12. If your crops are poor, plant less and cultivate more.

13. Overseer workmen as much as possible; not to do so is to "leave your purse open."

14. Keep ahead of your work, or it will keep ahead of you.

15. Resolve that your farm shall be a profitable one, if industry and good management will make it so.

16. Invest more in valuable improvements, than in fancy mining stock.

17. When you make experiments keep within the influence of natural laws; these are the farmer's helpers, and without them all agriculture is impossible.

18. Sell when the prices are high, keep when they are low.

19. Remember "good harvests make men prodigal, bad ones provident."

20. Do not try to save at the spigot, when the bung-hole is open."

21. Remember, that a "farmer on his feet is better than a gentleman on his knees."

22. Give your children a good education, physically, intellectually and morally.

23. At 45, if you are well off, cultivate the intellectual and moral faculties more, and work less.

24. Take an interest in all improvements in agriculture.

25. Use machinery instead of muscle, when you can.

26. Get hold of the long end of the lever, if you would work to profit.—*M. L. Ohio Farmer.*

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—The various expeditions which from year to year and decade to decade have attempted to penetrate the icy regions at the north, in their time attracted the wonder and admiration of the world. At first these expeditions sought to discover a north-west passage from the Atlantic into the Pacific. Then they were seekers after the men who had gone on the original search, and at last the whole subject, which occupied so much of the attention of civilized nations, has been left to the work of one solitary man. The last two expeditions, one of which has been completed, and the other now remains uncompleted, are the expeditions of Mr. Hall, from the first of which he returned two years ago, and on the second of which he is at the present moment engaged, having gone back to the Arctic regions during the past summer. The account of his first expedition has just been published by Harper & Brothers, in a large octavo volume, with admirable illustrations, and adds one to the numerous books on Arctic exploration and adventure. This is without exception the best Arctic book published, so far as relates to making us acquainted with the regions and with the inhabitants. It is the first book which has really introduced the Esquimaux to the acquaintance of the civilized world. The reason for this consists probably in the fact that Mr. Hall made his home among the people, living with them in their huts, eating, drinking, and sleeping with them, week after week, so that he writes of them as of personal friends. He is evidently a warm-hearted, frank and impulsive man himself, and the book is full of evidence of his exceeding susceptibility to emotional feelings. The reader will like him all the better for it. There seems much more of warmth in the regions he visited after reading his book. We get to thinking of the Esquimaux as something else than lumps of ice, or frozen blubber. They seem, from Mr. Hall's account, to be people of very gentle and tender feelings, full of human sympathies. It would not be strange if they were otherwise. Think of seal-hunting, which consists in sitting motionless over a hole in the ice for any time from two to forty hours, waiting for a stroke with the spear at a seal when he comes up to blow. This is the ordinary occupation of an Esquimaux, and with thermometer at fifty or seventy below freezing point, it would not be surprising if Esquimaux blood ran cold. But it does no such thing. Take a single proof. When one hut is short of provisions all the huts are short. When one has abundance all have abundance. They divide in times of distress and famine, and the hunter who brings in a seal to his family, if others are in want, at once supplies them. This is a noble characteristic, and it is of value as tending to support the idea that Sir John Franklin's men may be living at this day among the Esquimaux. It is hardly possible that they were not hospitably treated everywhere among these people. The food of the people is of a sort that would not suit a fadistic stomach here, but Mr. Hall speaks highly of it nevertheless. He declares that the whale-skin, when frozen raw, is very good eating for a hungry man; and when treated to a pickle, as pig's feet are in Ohio and elsewhere, he says the article is very fine. He commands the seal's blood eaten hot as a soup, and the liver eaten raw, like bread, with a modicum of blubber by way of butter or cheese. It is evident that Mr. Hall is no hypocrite in saying that he liked these articles. He writes with the utmost frankness and simplicity, and the reader is forced to believe every word that he says. The habits of life of these *lunuit* people are very regular and industrious. The men hunt, and the women take care of things at home after the civilized fashion. A good wife is as much of a blessing, and as highly esteemed, by an Esquimaux as by a New Englander. She tends the lamp, which is the central point in an Esquimaux home. It gives warmth, does the cooking, dries the wet clothes and the man repairs damages in his hunting gear. If blubber fails, the lamp burns low or goes out, and then an Esquimaux hut is a dismal place.

One of the most curious facts presented by Mr. Hall is that water, for drinking purposes, is a scarce article in Arctic regions in the winter. If the oil lamp fails no snow can be melted and no water procured. It is something strange to think of men suffering as much from thirst in regions of eternal snow, as on the hot sands of a desert. But this is actually the case.

We have not space at present for an account of Mr. Hall's journeys and discoveries. For these the reader must go to the book itself. And after reading it, we are quite confident that every one will feel an additional interest in that solitary and lonesome expedition on which the adventurous author is now traveling among the Esquimaux.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alternative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of the Stomach, Skin, arising from Bodily Weakness, and all other inherent in the system or external causes.

NOTHING that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any important value, but it is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found invaluable as a preventative and irresistible as a remedy and those who resort to it for the cure of these diseases are struck by the courage and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very simple course of this remarkable Tonic and Ague Remedy, after taking a pint with quinine for months in vain, until fairly saturated with that dangerous alkaloid, are not unfrequently restored to health within a few days by this simple Bitter.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Hypersensitivity and less common forms of INDIGESTION, and particularly in cases of the most malignant forms of the disease.

It cures the effects of the most malignant forms of the disease.

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